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SUGGESTIONS

FOR THE

SYSTEMATIC COLLECTION OF THE FOLK-LORE OF GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

THE study of Tradition has at length won a recognised place in antiquarian research. Nobody now disputes that the superstitions, the customs, the tales, the songs, and even the proverbial sayings of a people may throw unexpected light upon its history; and from the investigation and comparison of such things as these, once deemed unworthy of notice, scientific men have begun to reconstruct the unrecorded past of humanity, and to interpret in a surer manner the records too often misread, or for which all previous guesses have failed to find an intelligible meaning. To a nation like ours, welded together out of elements so many and so diverse, the science of Folk-lore has a special interest. The examination of traditional customs and institutions, as well as of traditional beliefs, and what, by a happy contradiction of terms, has been called traditional literature, has proved that human thought under very different conditions is everywhere essentially the same. No sooner, however, has this been done than the question arises whether distinctions of race may not be discovered, in spite of—nay, interwoven with—this very identity. When a people is itself of composite origin, or when, though physically pure, it has been subjected to alien influences, can we assign to each component part, or to each alien influence, its due share in the civilisation finally attained? Can we define the direction and extent of the thought of any pure

race, if there be any pure races of mankind, as evidenced by its traditions? Can we ascertain how far such a race, coming into contact with other races, either higher or lower in culture, may have affected them with its practices or with its speculations?

The British Islands offer these problems in some of their most complicated forms. When history dawns on Britain, it is found in the occupation of a number of tribes all in a greater or lesser degree of barbarism. The advancing civilisation of the Continent had already touched, but hardly more than touched, the south-eastern districts, while northward and westward the gloom and desolation of savagery grew deeper and deeper with distance. The classical geographers and historians attribute various origins to the British tribes; and modern inquirers have arrived at the conclusion that they consisted in the main of two branches of the Celtic race, firstly Gaels and secondly Cymry, superimposed upon a stratum, possibly by no means homogeneous, of aborigines, or at least of earlier inhabitants belonging to a totally different family of mankind. The Roman soldiery, drawn from every nation beneath the imperial sway, may have left no traces of their sojourn here, where numbers of them doubtless made their permanent abode; but later settlers, Angles and Saxons, Danes, Norsemen, and Norman-French, have transformed the language and character of the population of by far the greater portion of the country. In the other parts of Great Britain, and in Ireland and the outlying islands, the process has been simpler; and there may be districts where remoteness and poverty have until now preserved the people in such purity of descent as their forefathers could have boasted in the days of Julius Cæsar.

But everywhere there has lingered, and lingers still among the uneducated classes, a number of traditions—songs, tales, proverbs, riddles, games, customs, institutions, leechcraft,

superstitions—distinct from and only partially sanctioned by the religion, the literature, the science and arts, which together sum up what we understand by civilisation. These traditions constitute our Folk-lore. The constituent parts of a population so mixed have doubtless all contributed their quota to its folk-lore. The web of varied and often brilliant colours it exhibits to us has been woven of threads dyed in many a struggle with nature and with man in other lands than these. To unravel the web thread by thread would help us to understand much of our past history; it would give us a keener and more sympathetic insight into the history and constitution of other peoples. But, for this purpose, the first requisite is a far more accurate and searching investigation into the geographical distribution of our traditions, and a far more exact transcription of them from the living utterance than has ever yet been attempted. We want to know the places where such and such beliefs, or institutions, or sayings are found, not vaguely, but with the particulars of county, parish, and village; the persons who practise or repeat them, their names, ages, occupations, birthplaces; from whom they derived the traditions, and so on. And we want the traditions themselves set down sincerely, nothing extenuated, nothing embellished, nothing forgotten. This close and scientific observation, too, is the more urgent, since the traditions are dying daily from our midst.

As a starting-point for the work of collection it is desirable to know what has already been recorded—not that it will be superfluous to record it again with increased precision and fuller particulars, but that we may verify it where we can, and that when we come across a tradition not previously noted we may recognise it as such, and may with keener interest run it, if we can, to earth.

It is with this view that a beginning has been attempted with the Folk-lore of Gloucestershire in the extracts printed

in the following pages from Rudder's *History of Gloucestershire*, Atkyns' *Ancient and Present State of Glocestershire*, and the first four volumes of *Gloucestershire Notes and Queries*. It is not of course pretended that these three works exhaust the recorded folk-lore of the county. Fosbrooke, Rudge, the Court Rolls, the records of corporations, *Notes and Queries*, the *Transactions of the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archæological Society*, the *Berkeley Manuscripts*, the publications of the Cotteswold Club,[1] and the mediæval chroniclers and gossip-mongers, are among the most obvious sources yet unexamined; and they are only a few of many. Nor are all the notes brought together here of equal importance. Some of them are valueless for want of precision in the record, or of due attestation; while others bear signatures, or at least initials, of well-known gentlemen whose authority is undoubted; and the latter notes are usually marked by accuracy. But all of them demand further investigation, that we may know how far the customs and superstitions referred to extend, how lately they have been acted on, and what variations exist. And the worst may stand, not only as notes of interrogation, but also as examples "how not to do it". On the whole, therefore, it seemed better to the Council of the Folk-lore Society to print what follows as an indication of the kind of literary work remaining to be done, and a foundation for the more difficult, but more useful and far more interesting, task of collection from the lips and the hands of those who still repeat in speech and practice the traditions they have received from their fathers.

There must be many educated persons who are familiar with the beliefs and practices of the uneducated, and who would find it a source of pleasure to record and discuss these beliefs and practices if they were assured of the importance attached

[1] Extracts from a single paper read to the Club, though not included in its transactions but published separately many years ago, are given under the head of "SUPERSTITIONS, MISCELLANEOUS".

to them. Already the science of Folk-lore is indebted for some of its most valuable material to clergymen, medical men, elementary schoolmasters, and to ladies in various stations of life—material gathered all over the country, often amidst onerous avocations, from which it has been a relief to the collectors to turn to subjects not merely of scientific value, but subjects fruitful of human sympathy with their lowlier neighbours. There are many persons, too, who, though they may be careless of folk-lore *as such*, take a lively interest in every detail of local history and antiquities; and it is believed that they would be glad to assist in storing up in a convenient form, for historical or scientific use, traditions which may throw light on the past of their county or neighbourhood.

In a pamphlet having above all a practical aim, it might be expected that a word or two should be spent on the best method of collection. But this subject has been so fully treated, by one so much better qualified than I am to give practical hints, in the *Handbook of Folk-lore*, recently issued by the Folk-lore Society, where also lists have been given of the things to be looked for, that I hesitate to set down what can at best be a repetition of the things there said. It may not, however, be superfluous to point out that, in some departments of Folk-lore particularly, little can be done until confidence has been established between the collector and those from whom he is seeking information. The peasant does not talk freely with one whom he regards as separated from him by education or position; and it has been so much the modern habit to laugh at his superstitions that it is not easy always to convince him of the real interest and perfect good faith of the inquirer. These are difficulties which only tact and patience and genuine enthusiasm can overcome.

To anyone who is sufficiently interested to take up the literary part of the work, it may be suggested that a careful note should be taken, at the foot of *each* extract, of the full title, name of author, date and place of publication, and name

of publisher of every book examined. The extracts should be made each on a separate piece of paper, *verbatim et literatim;* and any context explanatory of the matter referred to, or describing the place where any observance is practised, or the scene of any legend, should be included.

Perhaps I may add, that neither in the extracts which follow here, nor in any that may be made by others, will the collector be understood to adopt any of the opinions expressed by the writers. In some of the examples following the opinions are probably well founded; in others they are mere guesses which may turn out to be more or less correct, but which in any case want verification; in others again they are the outcome of theories now exploded. They are retained here because their expression is frequently so bound up with the facts related as to be inseparable, without recasting the paragraphs in my own words—a course which the copyist cannot feel at liberty to take.

Any ladies or gentlemen willing to aid in the systematic collection and collation of the folk-lore of the county will confer an obligation by forwarding their names and addresses to the Secretary of the Folk-lore Society, or to me; and if a sufficient number are found to be interested in the subject, it may be practicable to form a county committee to superintend the work. Meanwhile it is proposed to print the more important contributions from time to time in *Folk-Lore*, the journal of the Society, and ultimately thoroughly to sift the whole and publish the result in a volume. The names of the contributors will always be given, unless the contrary be specially desired.

E. S. H.

Barnwood Court,
Gloucester,
January 1892.

EXAMPLES

OF

TRADITIONS ALREADY RECORDED.

AGRICULTURAL CUSTOM.

Bitton.

Having briefly touched on the antiquities and natural history of the place, I shall just mention a particular custom which formerly prevailed, and is not, even now, wholly laid aside. There are three meadows which are common after the hay of the first crop is taken off. The proprietors of three estates break those meadows in the following manner: One of them turns into the first a white bull, another into the second a black boar, and the remaining proprietor puts a black stone-horse into the third meadow; after which, those who have a right of common drive in their stock immediately. What could give rise to this custom may be a matter of speculation; but I conjecture, that the same reason that obliged the parson of many parishes to keep a bull for the use of his parishioners, might also oblige the abbat of Keynsham, to whom the meadows formerly belonged, to provide a male of each of the before-mentioned species for the use of the parish where the meadows lie; and the obligation continued in force on the possessors after the dissolution of the monasteries.

A New History of Gloucestershire. Cirencester: printed by Samuel Rudder, 1779, p. 295.

BERKELEY WITCH AND TOAD.

Berkeley.

Berkeley Castle is one of the few buildings of that sort which is still preserved from ruins. . . . The Hall in the castle is exceedingly large, and very much admired for its ancient ornaments; and on the left hand at the entrance is the stuffed skin of an animal, which the old women of the town and neighbourhood believe to be that of a monstrous toad found in the dungeon of the castle; but it appears

to be a seal-skin, or something much like it. . . . Those who would see the long story of the witch of Berkeley may find it in *Haywood's History*.

RUDDER, p. 270.

Berkeley Legends.—As the best reply to sundry correspondents who have asked for particulars of the Witch and the Toad of Berkeley, we give the following, for which we are indebted to Mr. J. H. Cooke's *History of Berkeley*, pp. 42-4:—Berkeley, as may have been expected, is especially rich in tales of legendary lore, many of which have been preserved by Smyth in the invaluable series of manuscript histories compiled by him A.D. 1600 to 1639, to which we are so deeply indebted. The most remarkable of these stories is that of the witch of Berkeley, which Southey has made the subject of a ballad poem. The following is the version given by Smyth, taken from Trevisa's translation of the *Polychronicon* of Reinulph of Chester:—"About that time a certaine woman in Berkeley accustomed to evil arts, when as upon a certaine day shee kept a feast, a Chough which shee used delicately to feede cackled more loud and distinctly than shee was wont to doe, which when shee heard, the knife fell out of her hand, her countenance waxed pale, and havinge fetched a deepe groane, with a sigh said, 'Nowe this day is the plow come to my last furrowe'; which beinge said, a messenger coming in, declared to her the death of her sonne, and of all her family exposed to present ruine; the woman presently laye downe and called to her such of her other children as were monkes and a Nunne, who cominge shee thus spake unto them: 'I a wicked follower of an evil art and worse life vainly thought to have beene defended by your praiers, now I desire to be eased by you of my torments, because judgement is given against my soul, but peradventure you may keepe my body if it bee fast sewed in a stag's skin; make yee for mee a chest of stone, fast bound and cemented with iron and lead, settinge the same upright, and also bound about with three iron chaines; use singers of Psalms for forty nights and pay for soe many masses by dayes; and if I shall so lie for three nights, on the fourth day bury my body in the ground.' But all was in vaine, for in the two first nights which the psalmes were in soundinge, the

Divells havinge easily broken the doores, as lightly brake the two utmost iron chaines; and on the third night about cock-crowinge, the place shakinge, one with a terrible countenance and of a mighty tall stature, havinge broken open the cover of the chest commanded the dead body to arise, who answeringe that shee could not by reason of the bonds; 'bee thou loosed', quoth hee, 'but to thy woe'; and presently all the barres being broken, hee draweth her out of the Church, and setteth her upon a blacke horse, neighinge before the doore, and soe went away with loud soundinge cries heard four miles off." [Reference is made to William of Malmesbury and the *Chronicon de Abington*, and to the similar story told concerning Charles Martel.]

The legend of the toad belongs to a much later age, and is thus given by Smyth:—"Out of which dungeon in the likeness of a deepe broade well goinge steepely down in the midst of the Dungeon Chamber in the said Keepe, was (as tradition tells,) drawne forth a Toad, in the time of Kinge Henry the seventh, of an incredible bignes, which in the deepe dry dust in the bottom thereof, had doubtlesse lived there divers hundred of yeares; whose portraiture in just demension, as it was then to me affirmed by divers aged persons, I sawe, about 48 years agone, drawne in colours upon the doore of the Great Hall, and of the utter side of the stone porch leadinge into that hall; since, by pargettors or pointers of that wall washed out or outworne with time; which in bredth was more than a foot, neere 16 inches, and in length more. Of which monstrous and outgrowne beast the inhabitants of this towne, and in the neighbour villages round about, fable many strange and incredible wonders; makinge the greatnes of this toad more than would fill a peck, yea, I have heard some, who looked to have beleife, say from the report of their Fathers and Grandfathers that it would have filled a bushell or strike, and to have beene many yeares fed with flesh and garbage from the butchers; but this is all the trueth I know or dare beleive." . . .—*Editor.*

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, edited by the Rev. Beaver H. Blacker, M.A.; vol. ii, London, Wm. Kent & Co. (1884), pp. 306-7.

BRUTE ANCESTORS.

Lechlade. Of the manor and other estates. The following particulars are extracted from the public records: 'Henry de Fereres holds Lecelade in Brictuoldesberg hundred. Siward a baron held it. . . ' Domesday-book, p. 77.

In our antient books is the following fabulous account of the descent of Siward. The daughter and heiress of a great earl, of the royal blood of Denmark, walking in a wild forest, was ravished by a bear, and bore a son with ears like a bear. This son of a bear succeeded his mother in the earldom, and was father of Siward, who quits Denmark, and arrives in England, where he is kindly received by King Edward the Confessor; and upon a quarrel with Tosti Earl of Huntingdon, he slew him, and carried his head to the King, who in reward gave him the earldom of Huntingdon and Northumberland, and made him governor of the northern counties, which were much infested by the Danes.

RUDDER, pp. 518-9.

BUILDING LEGENDS.

Church-down. The church stands at the top of a steep sugar-loaf hill, whence there is a very extensive prospect over the vale, particularly up as high as Worcester. There is a silly tradition in this part of the country, that the church was begun to be built on a more convenient and accessible spot of ground, but that the materials used in the day, were constantly taken away at night, and carried to the top of the hill; which was considered as a supernatural intimation that the church should be built there. The parish takes its name from the situation of the church upon the hill or down. It is vulgarly called *Chosen*, and few of the common people know the proper name of it.

RUDDER, p. 339.

In the *Antiquary* (Sept. 1881), vol. iv, p. 133, Mr. Theophilus Pitt, A.K.C., has written:—During a tour in Gloucestershire, from which I have just returned, I paid a visit to the village of Church-down, about four miles from Gloucester on the east, and six from

Cheltenham on the west (*sic*). The church dedicated to St. Bartholomew is built on the summit of Churchdown Hill, and the ascent to it is steep and tortuous. It has a nave and north aisle, and on the inside of the tower wall there is this inscription: "Thys Bel hows was buyldede in the yere of our Lorde Gode, 1601." On making inquiries about the church, I was told the story, of which the following account is from Rudder's *Gloucestershire* (1779), p. 339:—[Then follows the account above.] There is another story, which, like the one just given, is told by many people in Gloucestershire. On the other side of Churchdown Hill, as one walks from the railway station, there is a village called Hucklecote, anciently Ukelcoed. It is said that during the service in Churchdown Church, when the people had replied with the usual "And make Thy chosen people joyful", one of the people from Hucklecote got up and said, "And what have the Hucklecote people done?" Whether it was on this account or not that the Churchdown villagers were called the "chosen" people, and Churchdown itself called "Chosen", I do not profess to say; but it is nevertheless a fact that many of the country folks round about do not know that the village has any other name than "Chosen". The rivalry between the two villages may possibly account for the removal of the stones of the church during building.—*J. G.*

My father, who forty years ago lived at the Zoon's Farm, Hucclecote, informs me that he knew the clerk who was generally credited with thus distinguishing himself, and that his name was William Ursell.—*H. C. W.*, Cheltenham.

GLOUCESTER NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. ii (1884), p. 222.

There is a large class of legends referring to the removal by the Evil One of the stones or materials intended to be used in the erection of a church, so as to hinder or stop the work. Traditions of this kind may be met with at Folke and Holnest, in Dorsetshire; Matching, in Essex; Glastonbury, in Somerset; and Bisley in Gloucestershire. . . . At Cam, in Gloucestershire, there is at the Cam east end of the church, a sculptured monument, dated 1685, representing the sad judgment upon a farmer named Perrott, who

was ploughing on a Sunday, and was killed by part of the plough-chain striking his head. The chain has suddenly snapped and part of it is flying back against his head, while a single link has escaped, and is close behind him. . . . Some legends have reference to a strike for wages among the workmen. Thus, Minchinhampton Church, in Gloucestershire, is said to have a portion of its roof formed out of old tombstones, because there was a strike among the carpenters when the church was restored. . . . Cam Church, already mentioned, is said to have been originally dedicated to St. George; and a story is told of a clothier who stole a statue of this saint from the porch, and carried it in his wagon to Colebrook, where it was set up as an inn-sign. The present church is dedicated to St. Mary, but in its modern restoration a good sculptured boss, representing St. George and the Dragon, has been erected in the vaulting of the porch to commemorate the ancient tradition. . . . We must conclude our present subject with another notice of Bisley. We began by referring to the fact that, like some other churches, it was intended to have been built several miles off, but the Devil every night removed the stones, and the architect was obliged at last to build it where it now stands. When the church was restored some time ago it was found that the story had a real meaning. The place where, as tradition says, the church ought to have been built was occupied formerly by a Roman villa, and portions of the materials of that villa were found embedded in the church walls, including the altars of the Penates, which are now, however, removed to the British Museum. The Roman gods had, in fact, supplied materials for the Christian temple. There is, moreover, at Bisley a very celebrated cross, erected, it is said, over a well, to which the following legend is attached. Bisley Church was out of repair, and among the masons at work was one named Pearse, who with the rest at dinner-time sat round the well to eat and drink. Just as they were waiting for the clock to strike the hour of one for returning to work, Pearse, on hearing it, cried out and fell backwards into the well. This occasioned the common Gloucestershire proverb, "There's one, said Pearse, when he fell in the well." It is said by Abel Wantner, in his MS. history of Gloucestershire,

Minchinhampton.

Cam.

Bisley.

now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, that this sad event (for Pearse was drowned) caused the churchyard to be excommunicated, and the parish was obliged to bury at Bibury, this being probably the nearest outside the jurisdiction which had excommunicated Bisley. All that we have to say about this legend is merely humbly to suggest that it is rather improbable that clocks were erected in those times (13th century) to strike the hour in a village churchyard; and that it seems also rather unfair that an accidental death and burial merely in water instead of earth should cause so serious a punishment or penalty to the parish. The explanation of the proverb is therefore hardly satisfactory.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. i (1881), pp. 390-1, quoting an article in the *Building News* as given in the *Gloucestershire Chronicle* of 16th October 1880.

[As to the occurrence of Roman remains in churchyards, and the probability that churches were built on the sites of pagan sacred rites and burial-grounds, see *Gloucestershire Notes and Queries*, vol. i, pp. 369, 427, 458, where the instances given are Notgrove, Nether Swell, Condicote, and Wyck Risington.]

BURIAL OF EDWARD II.

Gloucester Cathedral.

On the north side of the choir lies the unhappy King Edward the Second, who was very barbarously murdered at Berkeley Castle, September 22, 1327, and brought hither by the abbat of St. Peter's. The common tradition is, that he was drawn by stags; for which reason there are several paintings of them round the pillars at each end of his tomb.

RUDDER, p. 126.

COOK'S FOLLY.

See—

Fate. Prophecies Fulfilled.

CUSTOMS, MISCELLANEOUS.

It is said to be a custom in this county, and it may be so in other counties, to place loose straw before the door of any man who beats his wife. Is this a general custom? and if so, what is its origin and meaning?—*G. A. W.*

The custom noticed by your correspondent is certainly observed in Worcestershire, and perhaps elsewhere. The loose straw, or chaff, at the door of the wife-beater, is intended as an indication to his neighbours that he has been *threshing*.—*S. E. B.*

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. iii (1887), p. 70.

[A quotation given from the *Folk-lore Journal*, June 1884, p. 187, indicating the existence of this custom at Stratford-on-Avon, and another from Henderson's *Folk-lore of the Northern Counties* (1879), p. 32, indicating its existence in Yorkshire, near Preston.

IBID., p. 197.]

The following letter, addressed to the editor of the *Standard*, appeared in the paper on the 18th April 1889:—"Sir,—*A propos* of your leading article on "Totems", I have a striking recollection of an incident that occurred some years ago in Gloucestershire. I was walking with a friend through a wood, when we came in sight of several jackdaws. My friend at once raised his hat, and upon seeing my look of surprise, he laughingly exclaimed, "Always take your hat off to the jackdaws."—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, WALTER WATTS, Lower Clapton, April 17.

IBID., vol. iv, London, Simpkin (1889), p. 470.

Fosbrooke, in his *History of Gloucester*, 1819, pp. 300, 301, under the head of "Grammar Schools", has inserted the following particulars, which need, I think, some little explanation:—"Two very singular customs, now exploded, shall also be mentioned. Children were first sent to school in the beginning of spring; and on this night our earlier ancestors used to ask them in their sleep, whether

they had a mind to book or no? If the answer was favourable, it was a good presage; if not, they turned them over to the plough" (Hawkins's *Musick*, ii, 5). After tobacco came into use the children carried pipes in their satchels with their books, which their mothers took care to fill, that it might serve instead of breakfast. At the accustomed hour everyone laid aside his book and lit his pipe, the master smoking with them, and teaching them how to hold their pipes, and draw in the tobacco. At this era people even went to bed with their pipes in their mouths, and got up in the night to light them (*Antiquarian Repertory*, ii, 99)".—*C. T. D.*

IBID., vol. i (1881), pp. 335-6.

[What *night* is referred to in the citation from Hawkins?]

Upton St. Leonard's.

A lady of the name of George, living at the Parsonage, which she holds, together with certain lands under the bishop (it being a rectory impropriate), has been in the habit of distributing annually cake and ale to poor housekeepers of this parish, and it is alleged to have been done by the owner of that property from time immemorial; but the origin of the custom is now no longer traceable. The quantity of ale given is what can be made with three bushels of malt, and the bread distributed is five dozen of penny and three dozen of twopenny loaves. (Edwards' *Old English Customs and Curious Bequests and Charities*, extracted from the *Reports of the Commissioners for enquiring into Charities in England and Wales*, vol. xvi, p. 60.)

IBID., vol. ii (1884), p. 417.

DAYS AND SEASONS.

Randwick and Hawkesbury.

Balaam's Ass Sunday: an Old Custom.—In *Notes and Queries*, 7th S., v, 426, the Rev. A. W. Cornelius Hallen has written:—In two districts at least in Gloucestershire it was the custom fifty years ago for the people of the neighbouring parishes to throng to Randwick Church, near Stroud, and to Hawkesbury Church, near Chipping Sodbury, on the second Sunday after Easter, when the story of Balaam was read in the lesson for the day. Probably this

was a relic from the days of miracle plays. On this day not only the church but even the churchyard of the two privileged places were often thronged. Doubtless the custom prevailed elsewhere, and churchwardens' accounts might throw some light on the origin of it.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. iv (1889), pp. 178-9.

Innocents' Day.—[A muffled peal is recorded as rung on this day at Maisemore, Woodchester, and Churchdown, Gloucestershire, Pattingham, Staffordshire, and Norton, near Evesham, Worcestershire, and a half-muffled peal at Wick-Rissington, Gloucestershire, and Minety St. Leonard's, Wiltshire.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. ii (1884), pp. 31-2, citing *Notes and Queries*, 1st S., xi, 8; xii, 342; 2nd S., vii, 245, 306, 407; and *Kalendar of the English Church*, 1866, p. 194.]

Randwick. *May-Day.*—In the village of Randwick, hard by the Stroud cloth-mills, at the appointed daybreak, three cheeses were carried upon a litter, festooned and garlanded with blossoms, down to the churchyard, and rolled thrice mystically round the sacred building; being subsequently carried back in the same way upon the litter in triumphal procession, to be cut up on the village-green, and distributed piecemeal among the bystanders.—*Household Words*, 1859, vol. xix, p. 515.

In this county the children sing the following song as they dance round the Maypole:—

"Round the Maypole, trit-trit-trot!
See what a Maypole we have got;
Fine and gay,
Trip away,
Happy is our new May-day."

Aunt Judy's Magazine, 1874, No. xcvii, p. 436.

IBID., p. 265.

Mr. Charles Harry Poole, in his *Customs, Superstitions, and Legends of the County of Somerset* (London, 1877), p. 11, reminds

us that in ancient times it was customary for persons of all ranks to go out a-Maying. A friend, the Rev. R. A. Taylor, writes to me (he says) as follows:—"On Clifton Downs, yearly there is a meeting of those who go a Maying." May is considered as the boundary-day that divided the confines of winter and summer, allusively to which there was instituted a sportful war between two parties; the one in defence of the continuation of winter, the other for bringing in the summer. Clifton.

[This he proceeds to describe, but it does not appear that he refers to any known local custom.]—*G. A. W.*

IBID., pp. 234-5.

"*Mothering Sunday.*"—In Hone's *Table Book*, vol. i, col. 625, there is this letter from Bristol, dated March 28, 1827:—"To the accounts in the *Every-Day Book* of the observance of Mid-Lent, or 'Mothering Sunday', I would add, that the day is scrupulously observed in this city and neighbourhood; and, indeed, I believe, generally in the western parts of England. The festival is kept here much in the same way as the 6th of January is with you: that day is passed over in silence with us. All who consider themselves dutiful children, or who wish to be so considered by others, on this day make presents to their mother, and hence derived the name of 'Mothering Sunday'. The family all assemble; and, if the day prove fine, proceed, after church, to the neighbouring village to eat frumerty. The higher classes partake of it at their own houses, and in the evening come cake and wine. The 'Mothering cakes' are very highly ornamented, artists being employed to paint them. This social meeting does not seem confined to the middling or lower orders; none, happily, deem themselves too high to be good and amiable. The custom is of great antiquity; and long, long may it be prevalent amongst us." Bristol.

IBID., p. 230.

The following communications have appeared in *Notes and Queries*, 7th S., v, 245, 316, and will serve as a sequel to what was given upon the subject in this publication, vol. ii, p. 230:—

1. It may be interesting to put on record that one of the customs of "merrie England"—mothering—still survives in some of the rural parts of Gloucestershire. The fourth Sunday in Lent is the anniversary of this festival, which has come from an ecclesiastical ordinance to be a family gathering. Instead of looking forward to meet in "mother church", young people away from home look forward to this day to assemble once again beneath the old roof-tree. Servants who ask of their mistresses permission to leave their duties for a few hours, consider "It is Mothering Sunday" as quite a final argument. The only accessory in connection with this institution known to me is the cake, a suspicious-looking creation, coated with white and embellished with pink.—*Edward Dakin*, Selsley, Stroud.

Selsley, near Stroud.

2. My own experience, for the past thirty-seven years, in country parishes shows me that this Mid-Lent observance is still a valued institution, chiefly among cottagers. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, whose experience of rural life is considerable, bases the sketch of his sermon for Mid-Lent Sunday on "The Motherhood of the Church" (*One Hundred Sermon Sketches*, 1887). I imagine that Mothering Sunday about a half a century ago was also observed by middle-class people, and in the families of professional men, much after the same fashion that now obtains among cottagers. I was born on Mothering Sunday in the year 1827, a circumstance that naturally prevented my mother from attending the annual Mothering Sunday dinner that had always been held on that day in her father's home. And my advent, I have been told, broke up that Mothering Sunday festival, which was held for the last time in my mother's family on the day of my birth.—*Cuthbert Bede.*

3. Cake was not the only attraction of Mothering Sunday at the "Swan Inn", Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire; there was wine also for all the servants, who were at liberty to bring their friends and sweethearts, and doubtless the same custom prevailed in other houses. The old landlady, who nearly twenty years ago dispensed these "motherings", was then over ninety, and has passed away; but I am told that the custom still survives.—*E. Walford*, M.A.—*G. A. W.*

Wotton-under-Edge.

IBID., vol. iv (1889), pp. 158-9.

[*New Year's Eve.*—The Gloucestershire Wassail song, sung on New Year's Eve, is given from Bell's *Early Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England* (Bohn's Standard Library), p. 403. (Cf. *Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, by James Henry Dixon, edited by Robert Bell, Lond., N.D., p. 183.) The music is also given. Whence?

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. i (1881), p. 55.]

Gloucester. *September 29th.*—The custom of hanging out bushes of ivy, boughs of trees, or bunches of flowers at *private* houses as a sign that good cheer may be had within, prevails in the city of Gloucester at the fair held at Michaelmas, called Barton Fair from the locality.—*Notes and Queries*, 1st S., ix, 113.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. ii (1884), p. 267.

An Old Twelfth-day Custom.—Twelfth-day, now popularly associated with the close of Christmas festivities, was, in days gone by, celebrated as a sort of carnival, the special object being to do honour to the three Wise Men. . . The name Twelfth-day itself, no doubt, dates from the time of King Alfred, who established the twelve days after Christmas as holidays, of which the Epiphany was the last. These twelve days, too, were dedicated to the twelve Apostles; and it still is customary in some parts of England for one large and twelve small fires to be lighted on the eve of Twelfth-day, intended to represent our Lord and the twelve Apostles. The fire for Judas Iscariot is put out as soon as lighted, and the ashes are scattered; but the remaining twelve are allowed to burn as long as possible, and various divinations for the ensuing year are drawn from the way in which they burn, and from the time at which they go out. This custom was once kept up with much spirit, and oftentimes as many as sixty of these fires might be seen burning at once. At Pauntley, Pauntley. in Gloucestershire, and the surrounding neighbourhood the servants of each farmer used formerly to assemble in one of the fields that had been sown with grain. Twelve fires with straw were then made in a row, around one of which, much larger than the rest, the servants drank a cheerful glass of cider to their master's health, and

success to the future harvest. Afterwards, on their return home, they feasted on cakes soaked in cider, which they claimed as their reward for sowing the grain. Blount remarks that this custom, under a different form, was observed in Staffordshire, where the inhabitants made a fire on the eve of the Epiphany, in memory of the blazing star which conducted the three Wise Men to the manger at Bethlehem. And in Ireland (to quote the words of Sir Henry Piers, Bart., in his *Description of the County of Westmeath*), "on Twelve-eve in Christmas they use to set up as high as they can a sieve of oats, and in it a dozen of candles set round, and in the centre one larger, all lighted. This in memory of our Saviour and his Apostles, the lights of the world."

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. i (1881), p. 16.

[Fosbrooke's *Gloucestershire*, 1807, vol. ii, p. 232, is quoted as the authority for the ceremony at Pauntley, the fires being stated to be made "at the end of twelve lands".

IBID., vol. ii (1884), p. 265.

Hazlitt's edition of Blount's *Tenures of Land and Customs of Manors* (1874) is quoted, giving an account of the same custom, which is there said to prevail "in Gloucestershire, particularly about
Newent. Newent and the neighbouring parishes". The twelve fires are said to be made "on the border of" one of the fields sown with wheat, "in the most conspicuous or elevated place"; and the cakes are described as "made of carraway, &c., soaked in cider".

IBID., p. 362.]

See also under—

Food, Distribution of, at St. Briavel's.
Games.
Manorial Customs.
Mock Mayors.
Parish Fights.
Rushes strewn in Churches.
Wells and Springs.
Whitsun Ale.

DRAGON-SLAYING.

Common occurrences are improper for history, because uninterest- Deerhurst.
ing; and the marvellous and wonderful are to be admitted with caution. Finding the following story in Sir Robert Atkyns, is my only reason for giving it a place in this account. The story is, that a serpent of a prodigious bigness was a great grievance to all the country about Derhurst, by poisoning the inhabitants and killing their cattle. The inhabitants petitioned the king, and a proclamation was issued out, that whosoever should kill the serpent should enjoy an estate on Walton-hill in this parish, which then belonged to the crown. One John Smith, a labourer, engaged in the enterprize, and succeeded: For having put a quantity of milk in a place to which the serpent resorted, he gorged the whole, agreeable to expectation, and lay down in the sun, with his scales ruffled up. Seeing him in that situation, Smith advanced, and striking between the scales with his axe, took off his head. The family of the Smiths enjoyed the estate, when Sir Robert compiled this account, and Mr. Lane, who married a widow of that family, had then the axe in his possession.

RUDDER, pp. 402-3.

[Atkyns omits the milk, stating only that Smith, "finding the serpent lying in the sun, with his scales ruffled up, he struck between, etc."

ATKYNS, pp. 202-3.]

EDWARD II.

See—

Burial of Edward II.

FATE. PROPHECIES FULFILLED.

Sneed Park House, though seated on an agreeable eminence, is Westbury.
sheltered by hills on every side. . . The terrace commands the river Avon, and the whole navigation of the city of Bristol, at less than a quarter-of-a-mile below it; . . The ground, on every other side of Sneed Park House, falls, with an easy descent, to a little rill which

feeds some fish-ponds, beyond which it rises gradually again, and terminates the view not far from the edge of Durdham down; where, upon a delicious situation within the park walls, and near the point of St. Vincent's rocks, stands an octagon tower, which forms a pretty object to the house, and to all the country thereabout. It commands a bird's-eye view of the rocks, and of both sides of the river Avon, as well as of the Severn, shut in by the mountains of Wales; and consists of three good rooms, with an observatory at top. It was built two or three hundred years ago, as supposed by one Cook, from whom it vulgarly obtained the name of *Cook's Folly*. The rooms are fitted up, and the tower is made use of as a Belvidere to Sneed Park House.

RUDDER, p. 802.

A volume in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 27,951) contains the diary of an Irish clergyman whilst on two visits to England, the first in 1761, and the second in 1772. On the latter occasion he made his way to London by Bristol, which he reached on the 8th August after an unusually quick passage of 44 hours. After noticing in rather high-flown terms the scenery of the Avon gorge, he writes:—"The most elegant of the English chateaus we this day saluted were S^{r} Edward Southwell's and M^{r} Cook's Folly, whose enchanting woods, extensive lawns, and hanging gardens drank plentifully of the streams of Avon, as appeared from the blooming verdure of their groves and lively hue of the herbage and plantations adjoining the river. And since 'tis generally allowed that travellers as well as poets are either granted or take extraordinary liberties, give me leave to introduce the sequel of M^{r} Cook's Folly by way of episode to this nearly finished voyage. This gentleman, they tell you, was a citizen of Bristol, who, by his extensive knowledge & industry in trade, had acquired a very large fortune. But how to dispose or secure it gave him the greatest anxiety & uneasiness imaginable. . . . He was resolved therefore w^{t} to do, & in consequence purchased this farm, pull'd down y^{e} old barns, & built greater, wherein he fancied he might bestow y^{e} whole fruits and goods of his time & labour. And tho' his soul was not required from him y^{t} night he co^{d} not with any precision say but it possibly

might, & was determined, let y^e^ worst happen y^t^ c^d^, to prepare at least an Inn to bait at by erecting a famous Monum^t^ for himself, & a Tower as high as that of Babell, consisting of many winding stories in y^e^ inside, but quite perpendicular & smooth w'out. This very whimsicall structure we are informed owed its rise to y^e^ vision of a spectre he saw (or strongly fancy'd he saw), which told him y^t^ notw'stand'g his great fortune & accumulated wealth, he sh^d^ at length most certainly be devourd by a snake. Self preservation therefore prompt^g^ him to live here as long as he co^d^, he raised this Folly, over w^ch^ he thought those dangerous reptiles could not have y^e^ least influence or dominion, w^ch^ was to him a kind of Heaven, Had he not erected on y^e^ opposite side of y^e^ river a seraglio inhabited by snakes & scorpions, w^ch^ causd him to undergo y^e^ very punishm^t^ he dreaded, being stung to death w^th^ y^e^ charms of their glittering smiles & caresses until he was quite eaten up & devoured w^th^ a legion of complicated vices, diseases, and poverty." . . .—*J. L.*

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. iv (1890), pp. 416-7.

FOOD, DISTRIBUTION OF, AT ST. BRIAVELS.

St. Briavels. The parish joins to the forest of Dean, in which the inhabitants have a common of pasture and common of estovers; and they have also common of wood and of pasture in Hudnolls, confirmed to them by an Act of Parliament 20 C[has.] 2.

They have a custom of distributing yearly upon Whitsunday, after divine service, pieces of bread and cheese to the congregation at church, to defray the expense of which, every householder in the parish pays a penny to the churchwardens; and this is said to be for the liberty of cutting and taking the wood in Hudnolls. The tradition is that the privilege was obtained of some earl of Hereford, then lord of the forest of Dean, at the instance of his lady, upon the same hard terms that lady Godiva obtained the privileges for the citizens of Coventry.

RUDDER, p. 307.

GAMES.

Stoball, an Obsolete Game.—Smyth relates, in his *Berkeley Manuscripts*, that in the reign of Elizabeth the Earl of Leicester, with an extraordinary number of attendants and multitudes of country people, who there resorted to him, and "whom my neighbours parallel to Bartholomew faire in London, came to Wotton and thence to Michaelwood Lodge, castinge down part of the pales, which like a little park then enclosed the Lodge (for the gates were too narrow to let in his trayne), and thence went to Wotton Hill, where hee plaid a match at stoball." Fosbrooke, who quotes this account in his *Gloucestershire*, vol. i, p. 125, adds: "I have searched Strutt's book written on the subject of games, and do not find stoball included. It was perhaps a derivation from stop-ball, a resemblance of cricket, and a local game." Aubrey, in his *Natural History of Wiltshire*, edited by Britton, and published in 1847, thus describes the game as played in the seventeenth century: "*Stobball-play* is peculiar to North Wilts, North Gloucestershire, and a little part of Somerset near Bath. They smite a ball, stuffed very hard with quills and covered with soale leather, and a staffe, commonly made of withy, about three feet and a halfe long. Colerne downe is the place so famous and so frequented for stobball-playing. The turfe is very fine, and the rock (free-stone) is within an inch and a half of the surface, which gives the ball so quick a rebound. A stobball-ball is about four inches diameter, and as hard as a stone. I doe not hear that this game is used anywhere in England but in this part of Wiltshire and Gloucestershire adjoining."—*G. A. W.*

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. ii (1884), p. 373.

Minchinhampton.

On Easter Monday at Minchinhampton men and women used until lately—the custom may not as yet have ceased—to play a gigantic game of "thread the needle" all down the street, beginning, I think, at the Park Gate. It would be interesting to learn the origin of this local custom, of which I have not seen any mention in print.—*Thomas Roach*, M.A., 17, Miles Road, Clifton.

IBID., vol. i (1881), p. 453.

LADY RESTORED TO LIFE.

I have met with the following statement:—"Eliza, the wife of Sir W. Fanshawe of Woodley Hall, in Gloucestershire, was interred, having, at her own request, a valuable locket, which was her husband's gift, hung upon her breast. The sexton, proceeding to the vault at night, stole the jewel, and by the admission of fresh air restored the body, who had been only in a trance, and who, with great difficulty, reached Woodley Hall in the dead of night, to the general alarm of the servants. Sir William, being roused by their cries, found his lady, with bleeding feet and clothed in the winding-sheet, stretched upon the hall. She was put into a warm bed, and gave birth to several children after her recovery." On what authority, let me ask, has this statement been made? and, if true, when did the occurrence take place? Change the scene to the town of Drogheda, in Ireland, the lady's name to Harman, and the locket to a ring, and you have a tolerably accurate account of what occurred in the last century, and with the tradition of which I have been familiar from my childhood.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. i (1881), pp. 2-3.

It strikes me that there is a mistake here, and that the matter referred to is not connected with Gloucestershire. Besides, I cannot find elsewhere any mention of "Sir W. Fanshawe, of Woodley Hall", in that county. The story may have had its origin in the following remarkable occurrence :—

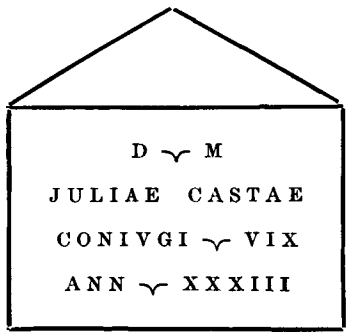
Ann, eldest daughter of Sir John Harrison, Knt., of Balls, Hertfordshire, was born in London, March 25, 1625, and died January 20, 1679, having been for thirteen years the widow of Sir Richard Fanshawe, ambassador to the Court of Madrid, and having three years before her death applied herself to the composition of a most interesting memoir of her eventful life, with the single-minded object of setting before her son the bright example of his father's conduct, whether as a loyal subject of the Crown, tried by the extremes of adversity and prosperity, or in his domestic

relations as a faithful and affectionate husband. But, to come to the matter I wish more particularly to mention. When she was only three months old, her mother fell sick of a fever, and, falling into a trance, was accounted as dead. In that condition she remained for two days and a night, many of her relatives and friends being permitted to take a last view of her remains. Amongst them was a physician named Winston, who felt so convinced that he was not in the presence of death, that with a lance he cut the sole of one of her feet. Blood at once began to flow, and by the application of proper remedies animation was restored. By her bedside stood Lady Knollys and Lady Russell, and when her eyes, on first opening, fell on the exceedingly wide sleeves that were then worn, she murmured, "Did you not promise me fifteen years, and are you come again?" A few hours later she told her husband and the Rev. Dr. Howlsworth that, whilst she lay in the trance, it seemed to her that she was in a strange place impossible to describe, and that a great quiet was upon her, except that her mind was troubled about her infant. Suddenly two beings stood before her, clad in long white garments, who asked the cause of her unhappiness. Then she fell on her face, and cried, "Oh, let me have the same grant given to Hezekiah, that I may live fifteen years to see my daughter a woman!" Her prayer was accepted, and according to Lady Fanshawe, her mother lived exactly fifteen years from the date of her singular vision.—*M. C. B.*

IBID., p. 407.

LEECHCRAFT.

[Speaking of the discovery of Roman antiquities, Rudder quotes Dr. Stukeley thus:] "We saw a monumental inscription upon a stone of Mr. Isaac Tibbot's, in Castle Street, in very large letters, four inches long. It was found at a place half a mile west of the town, upon the north side of the Foss-road, called the Querns, from the quarries of stone thereabouts. Five such stones lay flat-wise upon two walls, in a row, end to end, and underneath were the corpses of that family, as we may suppose. He keeps Julia Casta's skull in his summer-house, but people have stole all her teeth out, for amulets against the ague. . . "—*Itineraria Curiosa.*



Cirencester.

RUDDER, p. 346.

There are more parishes and hamlets of this name than of any other. It is derived from the Ash-trees growing in these places; which tree has many medicinal virtues, but not valued because the tree is so common. A few ash-boughs, thrown into any pond where there are plenty of toads or frogs, will undoubtedly destroy most of them in two or three days. The bark of it, in a greater quantity, has the same effect as the Jesuit's bark so renowned for curing of agues and fevers. The fire-ashes of it draw blisters. The keys of it pickled are an excellent, wholesome sauce, and a great expeller of venom. Pliny's account concerning the ash-tree must not be omitted. He asserts, That, if a fire was on one side of a serpent, and ash-leaves on the other, the serpent would sooner go into the fire than into the ash-leaves.

Aston-Blank.

THE ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE OF GLOCESTERSHIRE, by Sir Robert Atkyns, Knt., 2nd edition, London, 1768 (original edition published in 1712), p. 118.

Bourton on the water.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1794), vol. lxiv, pt. ii, p. 597, there is a communication from a correspondent living in Gloucestershire, signed "Bourtoniensis", and to the following effect:—I was applied to for silver to make a ring for a young girl of the place where I live. The girl's mother came to me; and after a prelude of "Sir, I hope you will excuse my boldness!" "I do not wish to offend you!" "I beg your pardon for troubling you!" &c., &c., with a great many more introductory phrases, which almost put me out of countenance, not being able to guess what dreadful tale she would unfold—at length she said that her daughter, a young girl in her teens, was very much troubled with convulsion fits. "Well," cried I, a little recovered from the surprise she had occasioned, "do you mistake me for a doctor?" "No, sir, but I came to beg that you will collect five sixpences of five different batchelors, which you will be so good as to convey by the hands of a batchelor to a smith who is a batchelor, for him to make a ring for my daughter, to cure her fits." Thus the mighty business was out. It was to be kept a profound secret; not the persons who gave the money were to know what or for whom they gave it to. I did as desired; and, behold! it cured the girl. This I can affirm.

The writer adds that it must be the power of imagination entirely that did this; and that he has since known instances with the same effect, though differing as to the number of sixpences, some taking three, seven, or nine, to make the ring.—*G. A. W.*

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. iv (1889), pp. 580-1.

["Bourtoniensis" was probably a bachelor himself.]

See also under—

Superstitions, Miscellaneous.
Wells and Springs.

MANORIAL CUSTOMS.

Wickham.

Of the Church, etc.—This is a peculiar, and is visited by the bishop and arch-deacon in the manor-house. And the lord of the manor, by custom, entertains the visitor with a cake, a loaf, a

pound of butter, a quarter of a sage-cheese, and a quarter of a plain cheese, a dozen of ale, and six bottles of strong beer. The vicar has the probat of wills within the peculiar.

RUDDER, p. 818.

Widford. The parish consists chiefly of arable lands and woodlands. A house called Cap's Lodge, tho' lying within the boundaries of the forest of Whichwood, belongs to Widford, where, by antient custom, the inhabitants of the town of Burford assemble, on Whitsunday yearly, and chuse a lord and lady. They likewise claim the privilege of cutting wood, and of hunting with dogs, and killing deer in the forest; but the latter is compounded for, by delivering to them two bucks annually, on a certain day, with which the principal inhabitants of the town make an entertainment.

IBID., p. 822.

They "claim a privilege *for the poor* to cut wood".

ATKYNS, p. 431.

Wickham, or Child's Wickham. Here is a custom from time immemorial, for the lord of the manor to give a certain quantity of malt to brew ale to be given away at Whitsuntide, and a certain quantity of flour to make cakes; every one who keeps a cow sends curd, others plumbs, sugar, and flour; and the payers to church and poor contribute 6$^{d.}$ each towards furnishing out an entertainment, to which every poor person of the parish who comes, has with a quart of ale, a cake, a piece of cheese, and a cheesecake.

RUDDER, p. 817.

Weston Subedge. It is said that the hundred court was formerly kept on the top of the hill, above the village; and Sir Robert Atkyns was of opinion that the hundred received the name of Kiftsgate, from a gate near the place where the court was held.

IBID., p. 810.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

Siston. [At Siston, on Thursday the 16 October 1712, at the marriage of Dorothea, daughter of "Esq^r Trotman" of Siston, to Samuel, eldest son of Lenthall Trotman, Esq., of Bucknell, as described by an eye-witness, on the return from church after the ceremony,]—"As the Bride and Bridegrowm entered the hall door, 4 gentilmen held a larg damesk cloth over the Bride and Bridegrowm's head, whilst there was a noble large cake broak over their heeds, a set of musissiners being placed in a gallarri over the great stayers welcomed the bride and bridegrowm home in the best manner they could, and played up the dinner, which was very splendid and great. . . . Suppertime being come the other devirtions ware laide a side to go to that which was as good as the dinner and 2 rich sackposets in noble large silver basans and a riche large bride cake garnished on the top with fine dried sweetmeats stuck very thick on it. All the family ware presented with fafours from the bride, and I had the honour to have one among the rest. We concluded the evening with danceing and card plying, ringing of bells, and drinking helth and joy to the bride and bridegrowm. thus ended the weding-day. On friday the 17. in the morning every chamber window ware surranaded with music to call us all up." [The feasting continued until Saturday night; "the musissions ware then Discharged." "A weding sermon" was preached on Sunday. On Monday some of the guests left; but visits were paid and some amount of feasting continued that day and the next.—Extracted] from a MS. preserved at Siston Court for several generations, but now in the possession of Colonel Hibbert, of Bucknell Manor, Oxfordshire, and entitled 'John Sanders, his book, 1712: the Account of my Travils with my Mistress' . . . . The "mistress" was Sarah, youngest daughter of Samuel Trotman, Esq., of Siston Court, Gloucestershire, and of Bucknell (who died in 1684), and wife of the learned George Hickes, D.D., Dean of Worcester, 1683-91.—*Editor.*

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. ii (1884), pp. 276-8.

There is a custom in Tidenham and the adjoining parishes of barring the way of a newly married couple by holding a rope across their path, which is not lowered, and their journey allowed to be continued, until money is given to drink their health: failing a rope, anything is called into use, even handkerchiefs. I am told that formerly this practice was in force at the church-door, which of late years has not been allowed. Does anyone know its origin?—*J. B. Cowburn.* Tidenham.

IBID., p. 569.

MOCK-MAYORS.

Although the following quotation relates to a parish three or four miles outside the south-eastern border of Gloucestershire, its insertion is solicited with a view to gaining information in reference to similar celebrations in this county, which were probably not uncommon. The paragraph appeared in one of some papers entitled "Rambles about Bath", written by James Tunstall, M.D., and published in a local newspaper about forty years ago. Speaking of "the secluded" parish of Weston, near Bath, Dr. Tunstall said:— Weston, near Bath.

"In this village a mock election of mayor is sometimes celebrated. The inauguration in 1834 took place as follows. After a sumptuous dinner, the mayor of the 'ancient city of the seven streams' entered the hall in full procession, with mace-bearers, aldermen, and recorder, attended by the ambassadors of foreign countries, music, &c. He then had a burlesque oath administered to him by the town-clerk, by which he bound himself to protect the rights, luxuries, and comforts of the corporation; to maintain peace with Twerton and all foreign countries; to protect the streams and water-courses, and to steal water when required for corporation purposes, and to use his authority exclusively for its benefit. An armed champion then threw down a gauntlet, defying to mortal combat all who should impugn the privileges of the ancient city; the civic dignitaries then did homage, and the town-clerk opened the charter chest, and among other authentic documents read Julius Cæsar's original charter, granted in consequence of services rendered in providing billets for his army when encamped on Lansdown. The mayor then addressed

the citizens, and said that Bath had usurped the rights of this ancient city, not only in regard to corporate privileges, but also in its medicinal springs. The Weston springs had, indeed, wonderful qualities: one of them was of a petrifying nature, while a gouty gentleman, having fallen into a brook, had never suffered from any disorder since. His tomb might be seen in the churchyard."

Elections of mock-mayors are believed to have ceased after the year above mentioned—1834—the Municipal Reform Act having passed in the following session. It would be interesting to collect any local reminiscences of the custom.—*J. L.*

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. iv (1890), pp. 74-5.

Randwick. At this place an annual revel is kept on the Monday after Low Sunday, probably the wake of the Church, attended with much irregularity and intemperance, and many ridiculous circumstances in the choice of a *Mayor*, who is yearly elected on that day, from amongst the meanest of the people. They plead the prescriptive right of antient custom for the licence of the day, and the authority of the magistrate is not able to suppress it.

RUDDER, p. 619.

In confirmation of my statement that the custom of electing mock-mayors was common in former times, I append extracts from a letter published, without signature, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May 1784, curtailing also the song, which in point of incoherency is worthy of the author of "George Ridler's Oven", and may possibly be from the same inspired pen. It may be inferred from the writer's opening remarks that the ducking-stool was still in use in some parts of England.

Randwick. "As I was last year passing through the village of Randwic, near Stroud, in Gloucestershire, my attention was attracted by a crowd of people assembled round a horsepond, in which I observed a man, on whom I imagined the country people were doing justice in that summary way for which an English mob is so famous, though I was at the same time surprised to hear them singing, as I thought, a psalm, since I never knew that to be a part of the form of such

judicial proceedings. I soon, however, was informed of my error, and learned that it being the 2d Monday after Easter, the people of the parish were assembled, according to an annual custom (the origin of which no one could tell me) to keep a revel. One of the parish is, it seems, on the above-mentioned day, elected mayor, and carried with great state, colours flying, drums beating, men, women, and children shouting, to a particular horsepond, in which his worship is placed, seated in an arm-chair; a song is then given out line by line by the clerk, and sung with great gravity by the surrounding crowd.

THE LORD MAYOR OF RANDWIC'S SONG.

When Archelus began to spin,
And Pollo wrought upon a loom,
Our trade to flourish did begin,
Tho' Conscience went to selling broom.

When princes' sons kept sheep in field,
And queens made cakes with oaten flour,
And men to lucre did not yield,
Which brought good cheer to every lower.

But when the giants, huge and high,
Did fight with spears like weavers' beams,
And men in iron beds did lie,
Which brought the poor to hard extremes:

When cedar trees were grown so rife,
And pretty birds did sing on high;
Then weavers liv'd more void of strife
Than princes of great dignity.

Then David with a sling and stone,
Not fearing great Goliah's strength,
He pierc'd his brains, and broke his bones,
Though he was nine feet and a span in length.

CHORUS.

Let love and friendship still agree
To hold the bonds of amity.

"The instant it is finished, the mayor breaks the peace by throwing water in the face of his attendants. Upon this much confusion ensues; his worship's person is, however, considered as sacred, and

he is generally the only man who escapes being thoroughly souced. The rest of that day, and often of the week, is devoted to riot and drunkenness. The county magistrates have endeavoured, but in vain, to put a stop to this practice. The song was given me by the clerk of the parish, who said it had never been written before. It wants, you observe, some explanation."—*J. L.*

The following short cutting from the *Gloucestershire Chronicle*, April 14, 1888, will not be deemed out of place:—*Runnick Mop.* In accordance with an ancient custom, the "mayor" of Randwick has been elected, the honour falling upon Mr. Arthur Barrett, and on Monday he was "installed" by being carried in a large chair to the pool near the church—the procession being headed by the Westrip fife and drum band and then "ducked", upon which the band struck up the national anthem. The church bells rang out merry peals, and the procession marched around the village. Subsequently the Rising Sun was arrived at, and song and dance ushered in the reign of the "New Mayor of Randwick".

To the foregoing may be added a more lengthy extract from the *Gloucester Journal* of the same date:—The mock ceremony of electing a mayor in connection with the ancient festival known in the vernacular as "Runnick Swop", was duly observed in the village of Randwick, Stroud, on Tuesday night, amid more than the usual interest and excitement, and with less of disorder than in other years. The distinction of being placed in the mayoral chair at Randwick is not one to be coveted; for besides that it carries with it but little of dignity, at any rate in the mode of installation, it is expensive. The mayor elect does not give a dinner, but his self-constituted supporters look to him to provide the wherewithal to pay for the liquid refreshment, without which the election would probably be accounted a tame affair. The office is not, therefore, much sought after; but if the villagers decide on their mayor, and he hide himself, they seek after him, and thrust the honour upon him. No searching was necessary on Tuesday, however, for the mayor elect (a labourer of the place), probably concluding that any attempt to evade those who would do him honour would be futile, was to hand. Apparently there is no authentic information as to the origin of the election, or rather of

the mode of installation; but the villagers have an explanation which, for considerations of good taste, must not be repeated here. To come to the ceremony, about eight o'clock the Randwick Church bells were set ringing, and a procession, which included the major portion of the inhabitants of the place, men, women, and children, headed by a fife and drum band from an adjoining village, set out from the Rising Sun inn, which seems to be the head-quarters. The mayor elect was held aloft by six men in an old chair which has done duty many times before. In lieu of the usual paraphernalia of office the mayor wore "military" uniform. Arrived at a pool near the church, the chair was lowered into a shallow part of the pool, the occupant's feet touching the water, while he and any of the spectators who were near were literally douched with water. A declaration of election was pronounced, and the band played the national anthem. A procession round the village to the head-quarters followed, the band playing "See the conquering hero comes". The village was quiet by half-past eleven.—*Editor.*

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. iv (1890), pp. 142-4.

[Fisher's *Stroud* is quoted in *G. N. and Q.*, vol. i, p. 146, as giving the name of the festival as *Randwick's Wap*, and suggesting a connection with *Wapenshaw*.]

OATHS IN THE MINE-LAW COURT, FOREST OF DEAN.

Forest of Dean.

Of the Courts of this Forest. There are three courts incident to all forests. 1. The court of attachment. 2. The court of swanimote. 3. The justice-seat. . . . Besides these courts, which are common to all forests, the hundred of St. Briavels, being in the crown, retains the privilege of a court-leet, which is held at the castle.

There are also two other courts held here, which, being of peculiar natures, deserve particular notice.

The first I shall mention, *etc.* . . .

Another court, called the mine-law court, is held before the constable of St. Briavels, as steward of the court, or his deputy,

for the trial of all causes arising between miners, &c., concerning the mines, &c. But from 4th Annæ to 5th G[eo.] 1 it was held before the deputies of Charles earl of Berkeley, who in the court papers is stiled, Lord high steward of her majesty's court of pleas, courts leet, and of the mine-law court, within the forest; the Earl having obtained a patent for these purposes, altho' he was not constable of the castle. At this court, none are to be present but the constable, or his deputy, the gaveller, castle-clerk, and free-miners, who must be natives of the hundred of St. Briavels, and have worked in some of the mines at least one year and a day. The parties and witnesses are sworn upon a bible, into which a piece of holly stick is put, and are obliged to wear the hooff, or working cap on their heads, during examination. . . .

I can find no mention made of the mine-law court in any record before the 10th C[has.] 1, when the earl of Pembroke, as constable of the castle of St. Briavels, and warden of the forest of Dean, claimed to be judge of it.

RUDDER, pp. 32-3.

The late Rev. H. G. Nicholls, Perpetual Curate of Holy Trinity, Dean Forest, in his *Account of the Forest of Dean* (Lond., 1858), p. 149, mentions a curious custom observed on taking an oath in the Mine Court, dating apparently from the thirteenth century, and continuing to the middle of the eighteenth :—"The witnesses in giving evidence wore their caps to show that they were free miners, and took the usual oath, touching the book of the Four Gospels with a stick of holly, so as not to soil the sacred volume with their miry hands." The same stick was usually employed, as Mr. Nicholls has remarked in a foot-note, being considered by long usage as consecrated to the purpose.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. i (1881), p. 432.

PARISH FIGHTS.

Long Hope. Part of *Yartleton-Hill* lies in this parish, and part in several others. Annually, on the first day of May, there is a custom of assembling in bodies on the top of that hill, from the several

parishes, to fight for the possession of it, upon which account it is sometimes called *May-Hill*. What gave rise to this custom I cannot with any certainty learn; but some are of opinion that it is a relick of the antient *Campus Martius*, which was an annual assembly of the people upon May-day, when they confederated together to defend the Kingdom against all foreigners and enemies as mentioned in the laws of Edward the Confessor.

RUDDER, p. 533.

PLACES, MISCELLANEOUS TRADITIONS ABOUT.

Elmore. A rock, called *Stone-Bench*, runs across the Severn here, but the water is seldom low enough to make it fordable. Here is also a place of deep water, called *Groundless-Pit* (made by the floods breaking the sea-wall) commonly, tho' erroneously, said to have no bottom.

RUDDER, p. 439.

St. George's. In the highway, about two hundred yards westward of the church, stood *Don John's Cross*, which was a round freestone column, supported by an octangular base. The upper part of the column, and the cross at top, were probably destroyed by the parliament's party in the great civil war, who demolished every thing of that sort. When the church was built, it was removed, and the base is now deposited at the door of an adjacent house. It is very uncertain what event this was intended to preserve the memory of; but tradition says, that here the corpse of one *Don John*, a noble Spaniard, rested on its way to the place of its interment. If there be any foundation for this story, it might be shipped for Spain, from the port of Bristol.

IBID., p. 459.

Lidney. The *New Grounds* here are a tract of about a thousand acres of land next the river. . . . I cannot learn for a certainty when the waters first deserted these grounds. . . .

That the tide in the Severn should abate of its former height and power, and confine itself within a narrower channel, so as to leave dry this large tract of land, which it once overflowed, is an opera

tion in nature not to be accounted for by all our philosophy. Whatever was the cause, I am inclined to think the event was not sudden, but gradual and progressive; and that even the old meadows here, which lie higher and further up, are acquisitions from the river, tho' of longer standing. And I am the rather disposed to think so, from a tradition which the inhabitants have still among them, that the tide in its usual course formerly came up to a bank of earth called the Turret, just without the churchyard; and that a large ship was built near the place where there is now a spring of fine water, called the Turret-well.

IBID., p. 524.

Bagendon. Bearidge-bridge is within this parish, and lies on the river Churn, and in the road from London to Glocester. It was so called, either from tradition of a bear herd's killing a woman in that place; (the gibbet on which he was hanged, was lately standing there) or from being the bearers way from Bisley, for the inhabitants to bury at Bibery; or, which is most probable, from the barrow, or burying-mounts, near the large Roman camp, which lies in London road, on the west side of the river Churn.

ATKYNS, p. 129.

Cirencester. The Danes in the year 879, took it from the Mercians, under the leading of Gurmond their general, who built a tower in that place, the ruins whereof are now visible; and at this day, by corruption, it is called Grismond's Tower. There goes a fiction, as if Gurmond had been an African prince, and had taken this town by a stratagem, setting it on fire by sparrows. This is mentioned by the learned Alexander Neckham, in his poem, who was the sixth abbot of this monastery in the year 1213, and was buried in the church of Worcester, at the entrance into the church.

IBID., p. 177.

Raingworthy near Wickwar St. Avilda, a virgin, was martyred at Kinston, in this parish: she was reported to have worked many miracles, and her body was removed to the abbey of Glocester.

IBID., p. 324.

Henry duke of Lancaster resided here in the reign of king Edward the Third, where his only son came to an unfortunate end, which determined the duke to leave the place; and his horse casting a shoe at his departure, the inhabitants nailed it to the church door, where it remains as a memorial of that event at this day. Kempsford.

RUDDER, p. 510.

PREHISTORIC MONUMENTS, SUPERSTITIONS CONNECTED WITH.

In a paper on the "Rude Stone Monuments of Ireland", written by Colonel Wood-Martin, M.R.I.A., and printed in the *Journal of the Royal Historical and Archæological Association of Ireland* (April, 1887), 4th Series, vol. viii, this passage occurs:—"At Minchin Hampton, in Gloucestershire, there is an ancient stone menhir, or tolmen, called the Long Stone. At its lower end is a perforation through which children used to be passed for cure, or prevention, of measles, whooping cough, and other infantile ailments. Similar stones in Cornwall are said to be employed in the same way, as also in India." Can any correspondent supply particulars? . . . — *G. A. W.* Minchinhampton.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. iii (1887), p. 672.

On the east side of the town lies Tor-barrow-hill, which is undoubtedly a *tumulus*, as the name signifies. This must certainly be the hill said to stand in Colton's-field, near Cirencester, and of which there is a strange account, in a paper printed by William Budden, 1685, and preserved in the Bodleian Library, among Dr. Rawlinson's papers. Cirencester.

[In a foot-note.] The story is to the following effect: Two men digging a gravel pit at the foot of this hill, having sunk four yards deep, discovered an entrance into the hill, where they found several rooms with their furniture, which being touched, crumbled to dust. In one of them were several images and urns, some with ashes, others full of coins, with Latin inscriptions on them. Entering another, they were surprized at seeing the figure of a man in armour, having a truncheon in its hand, and a light, in a glass like a lamp, burning

before it. At their first approach, the image made an effort to strike, so at the second step, but with greater force; but at the third it struck a violent blow, which broke the glass to pieces, and extinguished the light. Having a lanthorn, they had just time to observe, that on the left hand (I suppose of the figure) lay two heads embalmed, with long beards, and the skin looking like parchment, when hearing a hollow noise like a groan, they hastily quitted those dark appartments, and immediately the earth fell in and buried all the curiosities.—Camden was informed by credible persons, that at the suppression of monasteries, there was found a lamp burning in the vault of that little chapel wherein Constantius Chlorus was thought to be buried. Lazius, says that antiquarian, tells us that the antients had an art of dissolving gold into a fat liquor, and of preparing it so that it would continue burning in the sepulchres for many ages.—*Camden*, v. 2, col. 880, in his account of York city.

RUDDER, p. 347.

PROVERBS.

The following are given in Grose's *Provincial Glossary*, etc. (2nd ed., London, 1790), under the head of Gloucestershire:—

1. *As sure as God's in Gloucestershire.*—A saying originating from the number and riches of the religious houses in this county; said to be double in number and value to those founded in any other in England.

2. *You are a man of Durseley.*—Used to one who has broken his promise, and probably alluded to an ancient and notorious breach of faith, by some inhabitants of that town, the particulars of which are now forgotten.

3. *It's as long coming as Cotswould barley.*—This is applied to such things as are slow, but sure. The corn in this cold country, on the Woulds, exposed to the winds, bleak and shelterless, is very backward at the first, but afterwards overtakes the forwardest in the county, if not in the barn, in the bushel, both for quantity and goodness thereof.

4. *A Cotswould lion.*—That is, a sheep; Cotswould being famous for its sheepwalks or pastures.

5. *He looks* (or *seems*) *as if he had lived on Tewksbury mustard.* —Said of any peevish or snappish person, or one having a cross, fierce, or ill-natured countenance. Tewksbury is a market-town in this county, famous for its mustard, which is extremely hot, biting, and poignant, and, therefore, by this proverb, supposed to communicate those qualities to persons fed with it.

6. *As thick as Tewksbury mustard.*—Said of one remarkably stupid. See Shakespeare, Hen. IV.

7. *The Tracies have always the wind in their faces.*—A superstitious legend. Sir William Tracy was one of the four knights who killed that turbulent prelate Thomas Becket; for the punishment of which offence it miraculously happened that whenever any of the Tracy family travelled, either by land or by water, the wind always blew in their faces. This, Fuller justly observes, was, in hot weather, a blessing instead of a curse, exempting the females of that family from the expense and trouble of buying and using a fan.

To the foregoing many might be added. In fact, in Smyth's Berkeley Manuscripts, which are shortly to be printed for the Bristol and Gloucestershire Archæological Society, there is "a very remarkable collection of old Gloucestershire proverbs and folk-lore." —*G. A. W.*

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. ii (1884), pp. 59-60.

Ship-shape and Bristol Fashion.—[Quotations given from *Notes and Queries*, 6th S., xi, 26 and 118, illustrating the use of this proverb, and embodying extracts from the *Daily News* of 20 Oct. 1884, and Dana's *Two Years before the Mast*, ch. xx.

IBID., vol. iii (1887), p. 122.]

[In an extract from a paper by James Baker in *All the Year Round* (4 Sept. 1886), vol. xxxix, pp. 107-9, the following proverbs from Smyth's Berkeley Manuscripts are given and explained:—]

Hee thinkes himselfe as great as my Lord Berkeley.
Wee mend like sowre ale in sommer.
Day may be discerned at a little hole.
The grey mare is the better horse.

Hee hath offered his candle to the divell.—"Old Fillimore of Cam, goinge in anno 1584, to p'sent S^{r} Tho: Throgm: of Tortworth with a suger lofe, met by the way with his neighbor S. M.: who demanded whither and vpon what busines hee was goinge, answered, 'To offer my candle to the Divill': which cōminge to the eares of S^{r} Tho: at the next muster hee sent two of Fillimores sonnes soldiers into the Low countries, where the one was slayne, and the other at a deere rate redeemed his returne."

If once againe I were Jacke Tomson or John Tomson, I would never after bee good man Tomson while I lived.

Hee hath sold a beane and bought a peaze.

Hee hath sold Bristoll and bought Bedminster.

Simondsall newes.—"The clothiers, horscarriers, and wainmen of this hundred, who weekely frequent London, knowinge by ancient custome that the first question (after welcome home from London) is 'What newes at London?' doe vsually gvll vs with feigned inventions, devised by them vpon those downes; which wee either then suspectinge vpon the report, or after findinge false, wee cry out 'Simondsall newes'. A generall speach betweene each coblers teeth."

Hee is as milde as an hornett.

Poorly sitt, ritchly warme.

In little medlinge is much ease,
Of much medlinge comes no sound sleepinge.

Smoke will to the smicker, i.e., the fairest.

Bee the counsell better, bee it worse,
Follow him that beares the purse.

The owner's foot doth fatt the soile.

The master's eye doth feed the horse.

As the goodman saies, soe it should bee; but as the good wife saies, soe it must bee.

Beware the fox in a fearne bush: "*i.e.*, Old fearne of like colour keepes often the fox vnperceived. Hypocrisy often clokes a knave."

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. iii (1887), pp. 632-4.

There is a proverb in Gloucestershire that *it ain't spring until you can plant your foot upon twelve daisies.*

IBID., vol. i (1881), p. 43.

PUSEY HORN.

And Mrs. Jane Allen resides at Guiting. She is descended, on the mother's side, from the very antient family of Pusey, of Pusey, in the county of Berks, which flourished there in the time of king Canute the Dane. She is possessed of that famous Charter-Horn, of which Mr. Pegge gives some account in a work entitled *Archæologia*, published in the year 1775. This horn is ornamented with silver gilt rims, and a broad silver ring in the middle, and neatly mounted on hound's feet, which support the whole. It was produced in court before lord chancellor Jefferies, in the reign of king James the Second, and proved from the inscription upon it, and other admissible evidence, to be the identical horn, by which, as by a charter, king Canute conveyed the manor of Pusey to the family of that name, about 700 years before. It appears to have been originally a hunting horn, but as a hound's head, of silver gilt, is made to screw in, as a stopper, at the small end, it is supposed to have been also a drinking horn. Guiting-Temple.

RUDDER, p. 465.

ROBIN HOOD.

The family of the Robins's, sometimes called Bowher, have been anciently tenants of this manor. The scite of the manor of Matson was in the Robins's 17 Hen. VIII, and the high hill in the neighbourhood was called Robins's Wood Hill. . . . There is another hill at Church-Down, about three miles distant, arising in like manner in the midst of the vale; and these two are called Robin Hood's Butts. Matson Churchdown.

ATKYNS, p. 289.

RUSHES STREWN IN CHURCHES.

Here was a custom, which prevailed 'till lately, of strewing coarse hay and rushes over the floor of the church, which is called *Juncare;* and the lands which were subject to provide those materials, now pay a certain sum of money annually, in lieu thereof. Cerney (South).

RUDDER, p. 328.

Turley and Haw.

They still retain the antient custom at this place, which formerly prevailed at many others, of strewing the floor of the church over with grass on Whitsunday and Trinity Sunday, and there is an acre of ground given to maintain it.

IBID., p. 779.

Juncare (v. t., in old records), to strew rushes; *juncus* (s., in botany), a genus of plants, a bulrush; *juncous*, full of rushes. (Ash's *Dictionary*, 1779.) *Juncare* (old Latin), to strew with rushes, according to the old custom of adorning churches. (Bailey's *Dictionary*, 1789.) These two works contain obsolete words and law terms. The day for strewing is sometimes called "Rush-Sunday". Redcliffe Church is still adorned with flowers, and strewed with rushes, on Whit-Sunday, in accordance with the will of William Mede, who gave a tenement, in 1494, to defray the expense, and for a sermon, etc. (Taylor's *Bristol*, p. 1.) [Cf. *Bristol Past and Present*, vol. ii, p. 209.]—*William George*, Bristol.

Redcliff Church, Bristol.

[Then follow three extracts from *Notes and Queries* (5th Ser., xi, p. 435), containing replies to a query as to the derivation and meaning of the word *Juncare*, and an extract from the *Bristol Times and Mirror*, of 2nd June 1879, containing an account of "Rush Sunday at St. Mary Redcliff Church", the previous day.]

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. i (1881), pp. 98-9.

[On another page is a reference to Edwards' *Old English Customs and Charities*, 1842, pp. 216-17. And in vol. ii (1884), p. 421, is an account of a devise [*qu.* grant] to feoffees by William Spencer, under which the ceremony at St. Mary Redcliff is annually performed.]

ST. CHRISTOPHER.

Bibury.

There was a colossal figure of St. Christopher painted against the wall of this church, in pursuance of an opinion that prevailed in the ages of ignorance and superstition, that whosoever had seen the image of that saint, should not die of sudden or accidental death; whence, says the author of the French Historical Dictionary,

"he is represented of a prodigious size, carrying the infant Jesus upon his shoulders, and placed at the gates of cathedrals, and at the entrance of churches, that everybody may see him the more easily." Accordingly, this figure was opposite to the entrance at the south door of the church; but it hath lately been covered with white-wash, and nothing remains to be seen but the two following lines, incorrectly written in antient characters, under the figure.

"Xp̄ofori sc̄i speciem quicunque tuetur,
Illo nanque die nullo langore gravetur."

Which may be thus englished:

"*Saint Christopher's fair figure who shall view,*
Faintness nor feebleness that day shall rue."

RUDDER, p. 286.

ST. EDITH.

Robert Marmion attended the Duke of Normandy in his conquest of England, and was well rewarded by him with the castle of Tamworth in Staffordshire, in which place the nuns of the abbey of Polesworth had great possessions. He had also the manor of Queinton given to him. . . . Queinton.

This Robert Marmion took away the abbey of Polesworth from the nuns of that place, and drove them to Oldbury. But when Marmion was in bed at Tamworth, says the legendary story about that matter, Saint Edyth, to whom the abbey was dedicated, appeared to him with her crosier, and told him, that unless he restored the abbey to the nuns, he should have an evil death, and go to hell; and then striking him on the side with the crosier, she vanished. Upon which, under great anxiety, he confessed to a priest, restored the abbey immediately, and was well.

RUDDER, pp. 614-5.

ST. GEORGE.

The following extraordinary story of St. George, as it is related in an antient manuscript festival, written about the time of King Henry the Sixth, and in the possession of a particular friend, may

serve as a specimen of our language, of the credulity of the people, and of the state of religion at that time: and tho' a legendary tale, may afford some entertainment to the reader.

DE FŌ STĪ GEORGIJ [OF THE FEAST OF ST. GEORGE].

Gode men & wymen suche a day &c. ze shull have the feest of Seynt George the whiche day ze shull come to chyrche ī the worshyp of God & of his hooly martyr Seynt George . that bouzte hys day ful der for we redē ī hˢ lyf thᵗ thʳ was an orrybul dragō bysyd' a cyte thᵗ was called Syrene of the whych dragō mē of the cyte wer so aferd thᵗ by coūsel of thᵗ kyng uche day thʸ zyuē hym a sheep & chyld for to ete for he shulde not com īto thᵉ cyte to ete hē . thēne whē all the chyldrē of the cytè wer etē . for enchesō thᵗ thᵉ kyng zaf hē thᵗ coūsel thʸ const'ynede hym thᵗ had but oon dawztʳ for to zeve hur to the dragō as thʸ had zevē her chyldrē byfore thēne the kyng for fere of the pepul wepyng & gret sorow makyng delyv'ed hē hys dowgtʳ in her beste aray . & thʸ settē hur in the place thē as they wer woned to sette her chyldrē to abyde the dragō & a sheep wᵗ hur . but thene by the ordynāce of God Seynt George coom rydyng that wey . & whē he syz the aray of the maydē he thouzte wel thᵗ hoe shulde be a wōmō of gᵗ worshyp & asked hur why hoe stode th'r wᵗ so moornyng chere . thene onswered hoe & sayde . gentul knygt wel may I moorne & be of heve cher thᵗ ā akyng dowztʳ & now am set her to be an orrybul dragon' p'ye thᵗ etē all the chyldrē of thˢ cyte . & for all they bē etē now mot I be etē also . for my fadʳ gaf hē that coūsel . & th'fore gentul knyzt go hēn' faste & save thy self lest he lese the as he wol me . Damysel q' George thᵗ wer gtᵉ shame to me thᵗ am a knyzt wel arayed zyf I shulde fle & thu thᵗ art a wōmō abyde . thēne wᵗ thys word anoō the orybu worme putte up hys hed spyttyng fyr owt of hˢ mowth & p'fered batel to George . thēne made George a c'sse byfore hym & rood at hym wᵗ hys spere wᵗ suche a mygte thᵗ he bar down the dragō to the yrthe . thēne bad he the damysel tye hir girdul abowt hˢ nekke & lede hym aftʳ hur into the cyte . thēne the dragō sued hur forth as hᵗ had ben a gētul hownd mekely wᵗout any mysdoyng . but whē the pepul of the cyte syz the dragō come they flowen uche mon īto

hujue for ferde . thēne George called the pepul ageyn & bad hē not be aferd . for zyf they woldē beleue ī C^r^st & take C'stēdomé he wold slen hym byfore hem anoō & so delyverē hē of hē enimy . thēne wer they all so glad th^t^ twenty 1000 of mē w^t^owte wymē & chyldrē were fulwed anoō fyrst the kyng & al hys howshold w^t^ hym . And thēne he slowz the dragō & bad hem to tye to hym oxon & drawe hym owt of the cyte th^t^ the savor of hym shulde not greve hem . & then he bad the kyng bylde church' fast in uche cornel of the lond & be lusty to here godd' servyse & do honor to all mē of hooly chyrche & evermoore have minde & cōpassion of all that wer nedy & pore . thēne whē George had don th^s^ & t^r^ned all the lond to crystē feyth . he herde how the emporor Dioclicyn dude mony c'stē men to dethe . thēne gode he to hym & booldly repreved hym of hys cursed doyng . thēne the emp'ro^r^ anoon commanded to do hym into p'son & legge hym th^r^ uprygt & amylstoon on hys breste & so to preste hym to dethe . But whē he was sēved so . p'yed god of helpe . & anoō god kept hym so th^t^ he felde noo harm in noo party of hys body . but whē the empō herde th'ofe he bad make a wheel & settē h^t^ ful of hok^s^ ī th^t^ oon sude & swerd' poynt' styked ī an oth' wheel ageynst th^t^ . & sette George ī the myddul & so turnd the wheel' for to have alto rased hys body on eyther syde . but when he was in th^s^ turmentry he p'yde C'st of soken & he was holpen anoō . thēne aft' he was put ī a hoot lyme cullē & closed th'in to have be brend . but God of h^s^ mygt turned the heete īto coolde & so he lay th'e thre day' & thre nygtus . & whē he had leyn th'e so longe th^t^ th^y^ wōde he had be brend alto clene powd' . thēne was he foūde lygte & mery & thonkyng god . thēne aft whē he was fat & set byfore the emp'ō . he rep'ued hym of hys false godd' & seyde th^t^ they wer but fynd' & w^t^owtē mygt & false at nede . thēne was the empō to bette hys mowth w^t^ ston' tyl h^t^ was alto poned . & thēne he made to bete hys body w^t^ dryed boole senowus tyl the flesh fel fro the boon' & h^s^ bowell' mygtē be seyn . & zet aft' that th^y^ madē hym to drynke venym th^t^ was maad strong for the noon^s^ to have puysoned hym anoō to deth . but when George had made a syyne of the crosse on hit he drank h^t^ w^t^owtē any greef . so th^t^ for wōder th'of the mon th^t^ made the puyson anon tūed to the feyth of C'st & anoō aft' was doō to deth

for C'st' sake . thēne ī the nyzt aft' as George was in p'son p'yyng to God bysyly . God coō to hym w^{t} a g^{t} lygt & bad hym be of good comfort . for on the moraw he shulde make an ende of hys passyon & come to hym into the joye th^{t} ev' shall laste . and when he had don he sette a c'wne of gold on hys hed and gaf hym hys blessyng & steyz into hevē . thēne on the morow for he would not do sacryfyse to the emp'ō false godd' he made to smyte of hys hed & so he passed to God . & when the emp'ō wolde have go to hys palis the leyt fyre brende hym & al his frind'. In a story of Antyago h^{t} is writē tht whē c'stē men bysegeden jerusalem a feyr yong knygt appered to a pryst & sayde that he was Seynt George & was ledar of crystē men & thē he covenāded w^{t} hym th^{t} he wolde be w^{t} hē at sawtyng of the wallus . but whē the c'stē men coome to the wall' of jerusalem . the Saresen' wer so strong w^{t}in th^{t} the c'stē men durstē not clymbe upon her ladder' thēne coō Seynt George clothed in whyte & a reed crosse on h^{s} breste & gode up a laddā & bad the c'stē mē come aft' hym . & so w^{t} help of seynt George th^{y} wōnē the town & slowē all the Sarasen' that wer fownd, &c.

RUDDER, p. 461, note.

ST. VINCENT.

Clifton. There was a chapel on the top of these rocks, long since demolished, dedicated to St. Vincent, who was a native of Spain, and suffered martyrdom about the year 305. And once upon a time, I know not when, but before the port of Bristol was settled in the river Frome, a dispute is said to have arisen, whether a place called Say-Mills was not a more convenient port than another which was proposed, several large ships having been built in that place. One Goram, a hermit, because his hermitage lay on the side of the brook Trym, which ran down to Say-Mills, contended for that port; but the dispute was determined in favour of the river Frome, by St. Vincent's cleaving those rocks asunder, thereby giving passage to the river, in honour of the chapel that was so built and dedicated to him.

RUDDER, p. 376.

[Cf. ATKYNS, p. 188.]

STONES AND ROCKS.

This parish is bounded to the westward by the *Irmin-street*, one of the Roman ways passing thro' Cirencester; and at the distance of two miles from the town, but in this parish, there stands an antient rude stone, about four feet high, lately painted and mark'd as a mile stone. This is vulgarly called *Hangman's Stone*, because, it is said, a fellow resting a sheep thereon, (which he had stolen, and tied its legs together for the convenience of carrying it) was there strangled, by the animal's getting its legs round his neck in struggling. But this does not account for the stone's being placed there, and considering the common propensity of inventing stories to obviate names and things not generally understood, I have sometimes been of opinion that all this is fiction, and that the right name of the stone is *Hereman-stone*, so called like the Roman way upon which it stands, from *Hereman*, a *soldier*; and that the stone is an antient monument for some military person. Preston.

RUDDER, p. 606.

SUPERSTITIONS, MISCELLANEOUS.

Superstitious people say that if the first butterfly you see in the opening of the year is white, you will eat white bread during the remainder of the year; which is another way of saying that you will have good luck; but that if your first butterfly be brown your bread will be brown, and your luck also. To cure whooping cough, let the patient eat a roasted mouse. To cure the ear-ache, procure a snail, and let the froth, which the snail, when pricked, exudes, be dropped into the ear. To cure the ague, sew up a living garden snail in a bag, and wear both round the neck for nine days; then open the bag and throw the snail into the fire; it is said to shake like the ague, and the patient is never again troubled with this tedious complaint. To cure a wart, procure a snail, and prick it as many times as you have warts in number; then stick the snail upon a thorn in the hedgerow, and as it dies, so will the warts wane and disappear. This charm has many variations.

Gloucestershire people also believe that after an open grave on a Sunday, a death is sure to take place within a month.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. i (1881), p. 43.

Churchdown and neighbourhood.

"F. S.," writing from Churchdown, sent what follows to *Notes and Queries* (5th S., v, 364):—At the risk of very likely repeating what has been sent you by others, I would note the following instances that obtain in this part of the country, near Cheltenham:—

1. That it is lucky to keep mince-meat from Christmas to Easter.

2. That if the first butterfly you see in the opening year is *white*, you will eat white bread during the year, which is probably tantamount to your having good luck; but if the first is *brown* you will eat brown bread—that is, be unlucky.

3. It is the custom with old housewives here, when they bake their bread, to prick a cross upon the dough with a fork, or the loaves will not turn out well. This will soon be of the past, for the baking at home, as well as the brewing, is practised less and less, through wood becoming more and more scarce.

In the first volume of the same Series, p. 204, a communication from "F. S.", to this effect, had appeared:—As this county comprises wold, vale, and forest, it is well to state that the locality to which my notes refer is in the north-east corner of the plain, between Gloucester and Cheltenham.

1. Pluck a few of the hairs from the dark cross on the back of a donkey; sew them up in a black silk bag, which is to be hung round an infant's neck when teething, and the child will be proof against fits or convulsions, at least for that turn. The old crone who recommends this practice has, as usual, never known a case of failure, during a long experience.

2. For reduction of a wen, or "thick neck", in females, an ornamental necklace is sometimes made of hair taken from a horse's tail—some say that it must be taken from the tail of a grey stallion. This must be plaited together, and forms, when fastened in front with a neat gold snap, a rather attractive ornament amongst farmers' daughters.

And another note from the same, in the same volume, p. 324:—

The kind of sorcery known as the "evil eye" cannot be exclusively claimed as a Gloucestershire superstition, for it is one most extensive in its range; yet a person may live for many years in a parish or district without its presenting itself to his observation. In the course of the year 1873 I was called upon officially to distribute a parish dole amongst the poor householders of Churchdown, near Cheltenham, who were assembled to receive it in the schoolroom. This charity-money had to be given away in accordance with the donor's will and testament, to which a by-law had been recently added, that those claimants who possessed house and land of their own were ineligible. In consequence of this ruling, two or three of those present had to be "scratched" from the list of applicants. I noticed, at the time, that one of the rejected, a tall stalwart man, of grim and grisly feature, kept his eye, with a sort of malignant expression, fixed intently upon me. To this I gave, at the moment, little heed, being busily engaged; and had I thought of it at all, should have simply concluded that it was only an expression of passing disappointment on my friend's part. The next day, however, a poor woman inquired of my wife "how I was", and told her that several of those present yesterday having noticed the man's staring at me with an evil eye, very feelingly expressed a hope that "nothing would happen to me". My inditing this account shows, at any rate, that as yet it is not so bad a case as that set forth in the old Scotch rhyme:—

> "There dwelt a weaver in Moffat toun
> That said the minister would dee sune;
> The minister dee'd; and the fouk o' the toun
> They brant the weaver wi' the wudd o' the lume,
> And ca'd it weel-wared on the warlock loon."

(R. Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, Edinburgh, 1826, p. 23.)

Another correspondent, "L. H. H.", soon after wrote, p. 383:— Churcham.
Within the recollection of the present vicar of the parish of Churcham, Gloucestershire, after public baptism, the then parish monthly nurse invariably washed out the mouth of the recently regenerated infant with the remaining sanctified water. She assured the vicar it was a safeguard against toothache. In the same parish

it has always been the practice, when possible, to ring a muffled peal on Innocents' Day.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE NOTES AND QUERIES, vol. iii (1887), pp. 228-9.

Calling upon a person who had just removed to a new residence, I found him in his garden, and, amongst other alterations, ordering a bed of parsley to be immediately removed from the place where it then grew to another. This order, it appears, had before been given more than once, and as the person addressed still seemed to pay no attention to it, he was asked the reason, and at once replied that he had no intention of doing anything of the kind. He was quite willing to root it up and destroy it entirely, but transplant it he would not, and said, moreover, that he did not know anyone who would willingly take upon himself the consequences of such an act. Such effect had his remonstrances, and so contagious is superstition of this kind, that the bed was allowed to remain undisturbed, and I have no doubt that, if in the same possession, it so remains to the present day. . . .

Some men were employed in removing an old hedgerow, partially formed of Elder trees. They had bound up all the other wood into faggots for burning, but had set apart the Elder, and inquired of their master how it was to be disposed of. Upon his saying that he should, of course, burn it with the rest, and ordering it to be faggoted, one of the men said, with an air of undisguised alarm, that he never *heard* of such a thing as burning *Ellan Wood*"; and, in fact, so strongly did he feel upon the subject, that he refused to participate in the act of tying it up. The name used by the man here referred to for this wood, is worthy of remark, as being pure Saxon; and is, I believe, the ordinary word for it, through a considerable portion of the Vale of Gloucester. This fact is sufficient to indicate with precision the ethnological source of the superstition. [The author goes on to quote from Grimm's *Deutsche Mythologie* (cf. ed. Stallybrass, pp. 651-2) in proof of the sacred character of the elder among the Teutonic races and the Lithuanians.] To say nothing of the virtues still attributed to the juice of its berries as a wine, of its flowers as a cosmetic, and of its pith and

bud as a cure for ringworm, which are generally known: by favour of Lord Ducie, another of its valuable qualities, of which I was not previously informed, has come to my knowledge. A small piece of it cut from a young shoot just above and below a joint, so as to leave the bud projecting at each end of it after the fashion of a rude cross, borne constantly about the person, is a most *certain* and effectual cure for Rheumatism. I produce two pieces of the proper form, of which any one is quite at liberty to take notice; but in order to prevent any contention for them amongst gentlemen afflicted by that very distressing affection, I will at once state that *these* pieces, although perfectly orthodox in cut, are not in the slightest degree to be depended upon, as they did not grow in a *churchyard;* only the trees growing in consecrated ground being endued with the property indicated. As Lord Ducie's neighbourhood is highly favoured by the existence of such a tree, applications have been repeatedly sent to the person who gave me these slips, from a considerable distance, for the like; and some of the recipients, it is said, are able and willing to give it a good character, of fourteen or fifteen years' standing.

NOTES ON CERTAIN SUPERSTITIONS PREVALENT IN THE VALE OF GLOUCESTER, read to the Cotteswold Club at the Tewkesbury meeting, by John Jones, Gloucester. Gloucester, N. Perrins, N.D.

See also under

Leechcraft.

SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGES.

Of the Abbey. . . The inhabitants say there is subterraneous passage from this place to Coscomb, which was called the Abbat's-lodging. One Freeman of Didbrook, in this neighbourhood, declared to an old man at the abbey house, that he went so far in it 'till he came to a pair of iron gates, which stopt him from proceeding; that the top is handsomely arched with stone, and in the walls are niches, or seats, all along. The mouth, or opening, he said, was in the orchard near the house; but Freeman is dead, and nobody could show it me, yet the people give entire credit to his relation. Hayles.

RUDDER, p. 488.

WELLS AND SPRINGS.

Abston and Wick. The hamlets in this parish are . . . 2. Holy Brook, so called from a spring dedicated to the holy virgin.

RUDDER, p. 212.

Bagendon. Trinity-mill, in this parish, obtained that name because it belonged to that chantry [the chantry of Holy Trinity in the parish church of Cirencester]. And a spring of fine water is still known by the name of Trinity-well for the same reason, to which many virtues are attributed, particularly that of curing sore eyes.

IBID., p. 259.

Barnsley. The antient name of this place is Barnesleis, as in *Domesday-book*. Barnwell in Cambridgeshire is explained by Mr. Campden to signify *the wells of children or barns; for young men and boys met there once a year upon St. John's eve, for wrestling, and the like youthful exercises, and also to make merry with singing and other musick.* And it is possible that Barnsley may have taken its name from young people assembling in like manner, for their diversion, upon the *lays* or pasture-grounds of this place at stated periods.

IBID., p. 259.

Puckle-church. There is a well in this parish, dedicated to St. Aldam, which water is esteemed very good for sore eyes and diet drinks.

ATKYNS, p. 321.

Siston. Generally called Sisen [near Bristol] . . . There is a spring in this parish, esteemed for its wholsome water, and is dedicated to St. Bridget.

IBID., p. 344.

WHITSUN ALE.

On the Coteswolds is a customary annual meeting at Whitsuntide, vulgarly called an Ale, or Whitsun-ale. Perhaps the true word is Yule, for in the time of druidism, the feasts of yule or the grove

were celebrated in the months of May or December.[1] These sports are resorted to by great numbers of young people of both sexes, and are conducted in the following manner. Two persons are chosen, previous to the meeting, to be lord and lady of the yule, who dress as suitably as they can to the characters they assume. A large empty barn, or some such building, is provided for the lord's hall, and fitted up with seats to accommodate the company. Here they assemble to dance and to regale in the best manner their circumstances and the place will afford, and each young fellow treats his girl with a ribband, or favour. The lord and lady honour the hall with their presence, attended by the steward, sword-bearer, purse-bearer, and mace-bearer, with their several badges or ensigns of office. They have likewise a page, or train-bearer, and a jester, drest in a party coloured jacket, whose ribaldry and gesticulation contribute not a little to the entertainment of some part of the company. The lord's music, consisting generally of a pipe and tabor, is employ'd to conduct the dance.

All these figures, handsomely represented in basso-relievo, stand in the north wall of the nave of Cirencester Church, which vouches sufficiently for the antiquity of the custom. Some people think it a commemoration of the antient drink-lean, a day of festivity formerly observed by the tenants and vassals of the lord of the fee, within his manor, the memory of which, on account of the jollity of those meetings, the people have thus preserved ever since. It may, notwithstanding, have its rise in druidism, as on these occasions they always erect a may-pole, which is an eminent sign of it.

I shall just remark, that the mace is made of silk, finely plaited with ribbands at the top, and filled with spices and perfume, for such of the company to smell to as desire it. Does not this afford some light towards discovering the original use, and account for the name of the mace, now carried in ostentation before the steward of the court, on court days, and before the chief magistrate in corpora-

[1] In the North of England, Christmas is called Christmas-yule, and Christmas gambols, yule games. Yule is the proper Scotch word for this festival. *Vide* 10 Annæ, c. 13.

tions; as the presenting of spices by great men at their entertainments was a very antient practice?

RUDDER, pp. 23-4.

There is a very curious representation in the north wall, at the top of the church, of a *Whitson-Ale*, with the lord and lady in high relief, and the steward, purse-bearer, and all the mock-officers which attend that kind of merry-making, almost peculiar to this country. *See* pp. 23, 24.

IBID., p. 361.

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CONTENTS.

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	Agricultural Myths	1
II.	Ancient Omens	5
III.	Birth Customs	10
IV.	Cure Charms	12
V.	Death Omens	29
VI.	Fairies (or Frairies and Pharisees)	33
VII.	Folk Tales	40
VIII.	Funeral Customs	49
IX.	Games	56
X.	Harvest Customs	69
XI.	Legends	74
XII.	Love Charms and Tests	94
XIII.	Miscellaneous Customs	102
XIV.	Miscellaneous Omens	113
XV.	Nursery Rhymes	141
XVI.	Proverbs and Similes	145
XVII.	Sleep Charms	157
XVIII.	Weather Myths	160
XIX.	Well Worship	167
XX.	Witchcraft	167

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INTRODUCTION.

THE extracts from printed sources, more or less available, together with a few additions from oral testimony, which the skill and industry of Lady Camilla Gurdon have gathered in the following pages, are further justification for the action of our Council in the dis-interring of local records of customs, superstitious beliefs, and aught else included within the psychical department of the Science of Man known as "Folk-Lore."

The value of the material thus collected lies in what may be called its achromatism. It comes to us unrefracted through the prism of prejudice or pre-conceived theories, bringing before us "the things commonly believed" among the folk, gentle as well as simple, into whose minds no doubt or question as to *whether* the thing was, only as to *when* and *how* it was, ever entered. It is, to change the comparison, from such rich ore as these old deposits of primary thought supply, that the folk-lorist may smelt the material which discloses the history of its origin and formation.

A glance at the section-headings of this Collection shows that Suffolk—and it is not pretended that the whole county

has been ransacked—has proved richer in such deposits than might, *prima facie*, have been expected. The Rev. R. Forby, in his valuable *Vocabulary of East Anglia*, published in 1830, speaks of the absence of weird and gloomy legends and other elements of the "poetry of superstition" in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, and attributes this partly to the level and monotonous nature of a county whose tame features, instead of feeding belief in the spirits and demons and ogres of mountains, caves, valleys and torrential streams, created the gentler types, the helpful or spiteful "little folk," the housewifely-fairy, the walking ghost of haunted halls and manor-houses, and the wise women who injured the cattle. A second reason assigned by Mr. Forby for paucity of materials is the stern fanaticism which marked the people of East Anglia two centuries ago. They were "the first to associate in support of the Parliament against King Charles, and the principles of Puritanism prevailed among them for many years in their utmost rigour. It is scarcely necessary to say that the Puritans abhorred and proscribed every superstition but their own, which consisted principally in a firm belief in witchcraft." Forby adds that this belief is, in fact, "the only really popular and prevailing instance of superstition existing among us."* Puritanism, starting as a revolt against the ceremonial of a State Church, became, in the nature of things, a revolt against ecclesiastical authority, and an assertion of the supreme authority of Scripture, which involved unquestioning belief in everything found within its four corners; therefore belief in witchcraft.

* *l.c.* II. 388.

In this the Puritans were neither inconsistent nor singular. In 1665, Sir Matthew Hale, trying two women for witchcraft, said: "That there are such creatures as witches, I make no doubt at all, for the Scriptures have affirmed so much,"* and a century later, when the laws against witchcraft, which had lain dormant for many years, had been repealed,† John Wesley wrote in his journal: "the giving up witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible."‡ With the old belief—the equal value of the component parts of Scripture—such contention was not to be gainsaid. But with the purblindness which cannot see that although "there are diversities of operations," the essence of supernal agency must be the same, the Puritans compounded for beliefs

"they were inclined to
By damning those they had no mind to,"

hence the force of Mr. Forby's remark that, "they abhorred and proscribed every superstition but their own." "Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret," which we may freely translate: "you may expel superstition with a pitchfork, but it will come back between the prongs;" and despite the activity of Puritanism (of which, as of Dissent generally, East Anglia was once the great stronghold), in repressing what it looked on as "old wives' fables," the inherited and persistent beliefs were passed on in secret through beldam to beldam from generation to generation, and are yet held as "gospel truth" in many a bye-nook of Suffolk. The history

* Cf. Deut. xviii. 10; 1 Sam. xxviii. 7, 8; 2 Chron. xxiii. 6, etc.
† By 10 George II. 1736.
‡ Cf. Exodus xx. 18.

of the decline in the belief in witchcraft, as in other forms of Satanic activity, shows that illusions and falsities are not killed either by argument or repression; they die of inanition when changes to which they cannot adapt themselves occur in the intellectual or spiritual atmosphere. In connection with this subject, which occupies so large a space in the extracts, special thanks are due to Lady Camilla Gurdon for unearthing the details of the trial of Amy Duny and Rose Callender at Lowestoft (*vid. infra*, pp. 194—199). It was just observed that, however varied the form of belief in the action of supernatural causes, the substance is the same; and in reading the extracts in which, for example, magic is seen to play so large a part, its difference from witchcraft seems to consist only in this: that while the one is due to direct personal action and influence, the other is due to impersonal agencies and remote or less direct influences. The large number of examples given on pp. 14—17; 19—21; 26, 30, 31, 193, 201, come under the head of "sympathetic magic" or belief in interaction due to superficial correspondences, which is an universal note of barbaric thought; and their presence would call for special comment, did we not meet at every turn with evidence that we have but to scratch the rustic to find the barbarian underneath. Mr. Frazer's *Golden Bough* and Prof. Jevons's Introduction to Plutarch's *Romane Questions* may be consulted with advantage in this connection, while to their numerous references may be added that given by Prof. Burnet to the numbers of Pythagoras. "33. When you rise from the bedclothes, roll them together, and smooth out the impress of the body;" the reason being

that some evil-disposed person might stick pins in the impress.*

Very interesting also are the additions to the folk-lore of medicine supplied by cures and charms, and by the barely extinct (*vid.* p. 28) practice of passing sickly or deformed children through a cleft ash, which tree, it will be remembered, was held only second to the oak as a sacred object by the "Aryan"-speaking races of Europe, and, like the oak, was probably worshipped by an older race. The examples of that wide-spread custom of "telling the bees" when the death of a member of the family occurs, embodying the pretty and touching idea of community between the owner and his possessions, suggests reference to the still extant custom along the East Coast (which, I think, is known on the Cornish coast also), of putting a ship "in mourning" when her owner dies by painting a narrow blue streak round her. The decay of private ship-owners is fatal to the continuance of a custom which has a touch of poetry and of the old communistic idea in it, the personality of a ship being keenly felt by all connected with her, and the more so when, as often happened, she was, at her christening, named after the owner, his wife, or child.

While upon this topic I will further digress in the hope of obtaining additional information from students of customs which may throw light upon the origin of the still existing practice, in cases of private partnerships in vessels, of dividing the shares into sixty-fourths. The following

* *Early Greek Philosophy*, p. 104.

extract from a letter from my friend the Hon. John Abercromby, after a visit made by him to Sweden and Denmark, throws some light on the matter:—

"I promised to try to find out for you if the Scandinavians knew of any such custom. I regret to say that all my enquiries resulted in a shake of the head, and a muttered 'I never heard of it.' But though I could learn nothing from my informants, mostly captains of steamers, I think I have a clue to the mystery. In the Viking ship preserved at Christiania I counted 16 oars on each side. If they worked in double shifts this would give a crew of 64 rowers. As you are aware, the stones over a grave in the Viking period are sometimes arranged in the form of a ship with rows to mark the benches. There is one figured in a *Guide to Northern Archæology, by the Royal Soc. of North. Antiq.*, Copenhagen, edited by the Earl of Ellesmere (1848, p. 34), with 16 banks of oars."

In his *Village Community*, Mr. Gomme, basing his information on the authority of Mr. Hodgson, cites as a "typical example of the village community in India," the "existence of two classes of villagers: the original settlers or their descendants, and strangers not descended from original settlers. . . . The privileges of the original settlers are held by custom in four principal shares, and each principal share is subdivided into sixteen parts, making in all sixty-four shares."* Assuming that the ships of sea-roving folk were, like the lands of village communities, originally tribal, would not this explain the origin of a custom whose existence to this day is one of the most interesting examples of survival?

The extract from Major Moor's scarce *Oriental Fragments* describing the procession of the white bull at Bury St. Edmunds (p. 124) is an useful addition to Mr. Gomme's remarks on this matter in his last Presidential Address;†

* *l.c.* p. 32. † *Folk-Lore*, March, 1893, p. 9.

and in the adornment of the last sheaf at harvest-time with a green bough (p. 69), we have an example of a custom as to the practice of which, incited by Mr. Frazer's references to it in the *Golden Bough*, Lady Camilla Gurdon made numerous enquiries in South-East Suffolk.

The variety of the extracts tempts one to continue comments which, however, must have an end, especially as with the completion of the work of collection throughout the counties of Great Britain and Ireland, the classification of the material will follow, and its relative value and significance be made apparent. But that desired conclusion will not be reached for many a day.

The List of Authorities whence the following extracts are derived far from represent the books which Lady Camilla Gurdon has examined, and in many of which nothing bearing on the folk-lore of the county has been found. Her Ladyship wisely supplemented these labours by enquiries of old and young, gardeners, schoolgirls, and others, from whom a fair amount of corroborative matter has been gathered. Special thanks are due to Miss Nina Layard for the collection of games printed on pp. 62—66, and to Mr. Redstone, English master in the Grammar School at Woodbridge, the frequent occurrence of whose name at the foot of communications attests the services which he has rendered.

Lady Camilla Gurdon will permit me, in the name of the Council of the Folk-Lore Society, to express their deep obligations to herself, and to add their thanks to Miss Layard and Mr. Redstone.

EDWARD CLODD.

EXAMPLES

OF

TRADITIONS ALREADY RECORDED.

I.—AGRICULTURAL MYTHS.

Weeds. . . . I have heard confidently announced as if there could be no doubt about it, that weeds are natural to the ground, in the sense that the ground originates them; and that no man ever did, because no man ever could, eradicate them. They spring eternal from the ground itself, not at all necessarily from the seeds of parent weeds. . . . To this ignorance is superadded in the case of weeds a theological conception, that the ground has been cursed with weeds as a punishment for man's disobedience. It has therefore ever borne, and will ever continue to bear, for the punishment of the husbandman (but why should husbandmen only be punished), thistles and poppies and speargrass. It is then useless, not to say that it is a sign of a rebellious spirit, to attempt to clean one's land thoroughly. It is pious to accept this dispensation up to a certain point.

"Some materials for the Hist. of Wherstead," by F. B. Zincke, p. 178.

Stones.—I was some years ago assured by an educated farmer who had much intelligence, and who took in a weekly paper, that it was of no manner of use to have stones picked off one's land (I have heard the same opinion expressed by others) because—this was

the reason he gave—it is an undoubted fact that the land produces them. He insisted that this assertion of his was not only in accordance with the order of nature, because everything, even a stone, must have been produced, but was also a result of his own experience; for he had several times had the stones picked off a certain field, and now there were upon it as many as ever.

Ibid. p. 178.

A man at Martlesham had placed upon his window-sill a conglomeration of pebbles (Pudding-Stone). He told Mr. Redstone that it was a Mother-Stone. He believed it to be the parent of the pebbles.

From Mr. Redstone, Woodbridge.

Primroses.—At Cockfield, Suffolk, there are none, nor, it is said, do they thrive when planted, though they are numerous in all the surrounding villages, which do not apparently differ from Cockfield in soil.

The village legend says that here, too, they once were plentiful, but when Cockfield was depopulated by the plague, they also caught the infection and died, nor have they flourished since that time.—E.G.R. (Vol. VII., p. 201.)

Choice Notes (Folklore from *Notes and Queries*), 1889.
The vols. refer to Notes and Queries.

Virgin Mary Thistle.—The beautiful and magnificent *Carduus Benedictus*, or Blessed Thistle. Its broad bright leaves are marked with white well defined spots, as if they had held milk. Our popular legend . . . is that Our Lady, when thirsty, met with a cow; and being at a loss for a vessel for receiving the milk, perceived this species of thistle—but not then variegated—at hand, and using its broad leaf as a convenient cup, she willed that the species should, as a grateful testimony of its well-timed utility, ever indelibly retain the marks it then received from its useful application; and bear also the name of its pure patroness.

Edward Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 456.

Natur.—Providence—destiny. "Con-*tra*-ry"—strongly accenting the medial—"to natur." I was trying to explain to rather an intelligent farmer, how lightening was brought from a cloud, as practised by Franklin and others, but he was shocked at the impiety of the attempt, saying it was "contrary to natur."

Ed. Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 245.

St. Edmund's Day (*20th Nov.*)—

> Set garlike and beans at St. Edmond the King,
> The moon in the wane, thereon hangeth a thing:
> Th' encrease of a pottle (well proved of some),
> Shall pleasure thy household, ere peascod time come.

Thomas Tusser. "Five Hundred points of Good Husbandry," p. 49.

> Set garlic and pease,
> Saint Edmond to please.

Thomas Tusser. "Five Hundred points of Good Husbandry," p. 43.

Pudduck.—A toad . . . we, in common with Shakespeare, believe that spiders and toads "suck the poison" of the earth—a sentiment put into the fine speech of Richard II. on his landing in England—

> — Weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth:
> Feed not thy Sovereign's foes my gentle earth;
> But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,
> And heavy gaited toads, lie in their way.
>
> Richard II, Act III, Sc. 2.

Ed. Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 295.

Snake-spit.—Small masses of delicately white frothy matter* seen on leaves of weeds or wild flowers, in the spring mostly, popularly believed to be the saliva of snakes . . . *Frog-spit* and *toad-spittle* are other names for this froth, the origin of which has considerably puzzled rustic . . . philosophers.

Ibid. p. 369

* A secretion of larva of *Aphrophora spumaria.*

Howslick.—The house leek. *Sempervivum tectorum*—frequently seen on cottage roofs. This is a very ancient usage, as defensative against lightening.

Ed. Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 177.

Thunder Pipe. — *Thunder-bolt* — *Thunder-pic* — or *Thunder-stone.* Lithic cylinders, or frustra of cones, two or three inches long, and about the thickness of a black lead pencil, are so called; and are picked up and looked on with some reverence among us. The true sort are straight, and are, I believe, classed by naturalists among the *Brontiae* or *Belemnites.* But generally, most small stones of a cylindrical form are called by one of these names. We fancy some of them fall in thunderstorms . . . Shakespeare has the word and feeling as in Suffolk—

Fear no more the lightening-flash
Nor the all-dread thunderstone.

Cymbeline, IV, 1.

I have bared my bosom to the thunderstone.

Jul. Cæsar, I, 2.

Ibid. p. 431.

The Cross was made of Elder-wood. — Speaking to some little children one day about the danger of taking shelter under trees during a thunderstorm, one of them said that it was not so with all trees, 'for,' said he, 'you will be quite safe under an *eldern* tree, because the Cross was made of that, and so the lightning never strikes it.'

Mushrooms will not grow after they have been seen.

Suffolk. C. W. J., "Book of Days," vol. ii, p. 322.

II.—ANIMAL OMENS.

The Raven.—The belief that a visit, accompanied with a croak, from a raven bodes the approaching death of one of the family is as general here as elsewhere. . . . In my early time in Suffolk, while I was living at Freston, there was a pair which bred year after year in the contiguous parish of Woolverstone, in a lofty oak between the Hall and the river. One day my housekeeper, with faltering voice and distressful look, told me of having that morning been wholly knocked down by hearing and seeing the fateful visitor. As was natural, it did not occur to her that the visit and croak could have had any reference to herself; and so she thought it her duty—which, however, she was very loth to discharge—to inform me of what was in store for myself.

"Some materials for the Hist. of Wherstead," by F. B. Zincke, p. 171.

Bees.—As late as my early time here it was still the practice, when a death occurred in a house where bees were kept, for some members of the family to go to the bees and tap them; and when the bees came out, to whisper to them the loss the family had sustained. The supposition here was that, because the bees showed so much intelligence and were so industrious, they must be regarded as partners with or members of the family, and were entitled to the information that one of those for whom and with whom they were working was gone. It was believed that if they were not duly apprised of these events they would resent the neglect by making no more honey, or even by leaving the place. I knew a case in this parish where the owner of the hives, not being content with informing the bees of the death that had occurred, was in the habit of putting them into mourning; this she did by placing round each hive a band of crape. . . .

Another superstition about bees I fell in with while establishing an apiary, now many years ago, was the old and wide-spread one that they were not to be paid for with money. This originated

in the same idea as the practice just noticed. Their intelligence and industry entitled them to be treated as members of the family —at all events, should save them from being bought and sold like cattle.

Ibid. p. 170.

They (bees) are said to be so sensitive as to leave houses, the inmates of which indulge habitually in swearing.

"The New Suffolk Garland," p. 172.

It is unlucky that a stray swarm of bees should settle on your premises, unclaimed by their owner.

Going to my father's house one day I found the household in a state of excitement, as a stray swarm had settled on the pump. The coachman and I hived them securely . . . I was saying that they might think themselves fortunate in getting a hive of bees so cheap; but . . . one man employed about the premises looked very grave and shook his head . . . he told me in a solemn undertone that he did not mean to say there was anything in it, but people *did* say that if a stray swarm of bees came to a house, and were not claimed by their owner, there would be a death in the family within the year. . . .

Bees will not thrive if you quarrel about them.

I was congratulating a parishioner on her bees looking so well, and at the same time expressing my surprise that her next-door neighbour's hives, which had formerly been so prosperous, now seemed quite deserted. 'Ah!' she answered, 'them bees couldn't du . . . there was words about them, and bees'll niver du if there's words about them.' . . .

. . . A neighbour of mine had bought a hive of bees at an auction of the goods of a farmer who had recently died. The bees seemed very sickly and not likely to thrive, when my neighbour's servant bethought him that they had never been put in mourning for their late master; on this he got a piece of crape

and tied it to a stick, which he fastened to the hive. After this the bees recovered, . . . a result which was unhesitatingly attributed to their having been put into mourning.

Suffolk. C. W. J., "Book of Days," vol. i, p. 752.

Robins.—'You must not take robin's eggs; if you do you will get your legs broken,' is the saying in Suffolk. And accordingly you will never find their eggs on the long strings of which boys are so proud.

Their lives too are generally respected. 'It is unlucky to kill a robin.' 'How badly you write,' I said one day to a boy in our parish school; 'your hand shakes so that you can't hold the pen steady. Have you been running hard, or anything of that sort?' 'No,' replied the lad, 'it always shakes; I once had a robin die in my hand; and they say that if a robin dies in your hand, it will always shake.'

The belief in ill-luck through bringing small birds' eggs into a house is widespread in E. Anglia.

Various.—The cross on the donkey's back is still connected in the rustic mind with our Lord's having ridden upon one into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. . . .

It is lucky for you if martins should build against your house, for they never come to one where there is strife. . . .

It is unlucky to count lambs before a certain time; if you do, they will be sure not to thrive. . . .

It is unlucky to kill a '*harvest man*,' i.e. one of those long-legged spiders which one sees scrambling about perfectly independent of cobwebs; if you do kill one there will be a bad harvest.

. . . The poor hedgehog finds to his cost that the absurd notion of his sucking the teats of cows serves as a pretext for the most cruel treatment.

It is currently believed that if you put horse-hairs into a spring they will turn to eels. A few months ago, a labouring man told a friend of mine that 'he knew it was so, for he had proved it.' He had put a number of horse-hairs into a spring near his house, and in a short time it was full of young eels. . . .

The saying about magpies is well-known—

'One, sorrow;
Two, mirth;
Three, a wedding;
Four, death.'

Suffolk, C. W. J. *Ibid.* vol. i, p. 678.

Bishop-Barnabee, s. the pretty insect more generally called the Lady-bird or May-bug, *Coccinella septem punctata*, Lin. It is one of those few highly favoured among God's harmless creatures, which superstition protects from wanton injury. Some obscurity hangs over this popular name of it. . . . The name has most probably been derived from the Barn-Bishop; whether in scorn of that silly and profane mockery, or in pious commemoration of it, must depend on the time of its adoption, before or since the Reformation. . . .

Forby. "Vocab. of E. Anglia," vol. i, p. 26.

The booming of the bittern in places which it does not usually frequent, forebodes a rise in the price of wheat.

Rooks building near a house are a sign of prosperity.

A horse is believed to have the power of seeing ghosts; this is probably derived from the account of Balaam's ass discerning the angel.

The howling of dogs is a sign of ill-luck.

Crickets betoken good luck to the house they inhabit, and if they quit the house suddenly it is a very bad omen.

Ibid. vol. ii, appendix.

The robin red-breast and the wren
Are God Almighty's cock and hen;
The martin and the swallow
Are the next two birds that follow.

Old Adage.

. . . The superstitious dread of killing or hurting any of them still continues in full force . . . The martin in particular is believed to bring good luck to the house on which it builds its nest.

Ibid. vol. ii, p. 409.

If a pregnant woman meets a hare, and turns it back, the child will have a hare lip, but if she allows it to pass her, no harm will happen to her.

"The New Suffolk Garland," p. 177.

Pullet's Eggs.—"Them there little eggs is cock's eggs, an' if you was to hatch 'em, a cockytrice would come out. Tha's a sort o' sarpent."

A. W. T., "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal, 1877.

Mr. Redstone has known people who have objected to sleeping on a feather bed, and women who have refused to be confined upon one for fear lest there should be dow's (dove's) feather's in it, in which case if they died upon it, they would die hard.

From Mr. Redstone.

Lucky Bee.—A humble, or as *we* say, a *Bumble-bee*, got out to sea, quite from his latitude, and welcomed as a bringer of good luck, if he alight on board. He is not always so tenderly used ashore, by the boys at any rate, who, chasing him for his honey, as I was told, would pull him in two directly he was caught, "*lest he should eat up his own honey*," if he got the chance.

Ed. FitzGerald. "E. Anglian or Notes and Queries," edited by S. Tymms, vol. iv, p. 263.

Butter-fly.—Considered lucky, and therefore tenderly entreated when straying into house or net-chamber. I am told by a learned Professor that the same belief prevails in India.

Ed. FitzGerald. *Ibid.* vol. iv, p. 110.

Do you remember an old rhyme which I certainly have heard in Suffolk . . . it runs thus:—

"If the Slow-worm could see and the Viper could hear,
Then England from Serpents would never be clear."

Or thus:—

"If the Viper could hear and the Slow-worm could see,
Then England from Serpents would never be free."

I want to quote it and cannot be certain which is the proper form.

E. FitzGerald. *Ibid.* vol. ii, p. 118.

III.—BIRTH CUSTOMS.

Custum at the Birth of a Child.—There is an extraordinary notion in regard to the birth of children. As soon as they are born they ought, it is said, to be carried UP stairs,* or they will never *rise* to riches and distinction in their after life, and accordingly, if there are no attics for the nurse to climb up into, she will sometimes mount upon a chair or stool with the new-born baby in her arms.

"The New Suffolk Garland," p. 177.

Pin-basket, s. the youngest child in a family. The origin of so odd a name was probably this. When the birth of a first child is expected, and a basket of child-bed linen is to be provided, the female friends of the expectant mother made contributions to it, principally of their own needlework, as laced caps, cambric robes, silk wrappers, etc. Among them a large pin-cushion is always conspicuously ornamental. It is generally made of white satin, trimmed with silk or silver fringe, with tassels at the

* . . . There was a letter to "my dear, dearest Molly," begging her, when she left her room, whatever she did, to go *up* stairs before coming *down*."—Cranford, by Mrs. Gaskell, London. Smith, Elder, and Co., 15, Waterloo Place, 1870, p. 70.

corners. It is always the work of some unmarried lady, to whom it affords an exercise of her taste and ingenuity in disposing pins of different lengths, inserted into the cushion only by their points, in various and fanciful forms, so as to produce some resemblance of a light and elegant basket. These pins are never drawn out for use. The most sensible and experienced nurses would think that a thing of very evil omen. . . . So when the good woman has had a safe getting up it is put aside, and brought forward on the next occasion. On the birth of the last it would seem to fall to him or her as a sort of heirloom. . . .

Forby. "Voc. of E. Anglia," p. 252.

Babies born during "chime hours" have the faculty of seeing spirits and cannot be bewitched. The chime hours are three, six, nine, and twelve,—though an old nurse of the writer's acquaintance stated them as four, eight, and twelve. Children born with a caul are also born to good luck, and can never be drowned. Seamen have great faith in the virtues of a caul, believing that having one about their persons preserves them from all the dangers of the sea. As much as twenty guineas has sometimes been given for this valuable charm.

J. T. Varden. "E. A. Handbook," p. 107.

Superstitions about New-born Children.

It is unlucky to weigh them. If you do, they will probably die, and, at any rate, will not thrive. . . .

It is not good for children to sleep upon bones—that is, upon the lap. . . .

Cats suck the breath of infants, and so kill them. . . .

A mother must not go outside her own house-door till she goes to be churched. . . .

If you rock an *empty* cradle, you will rock a new baby into it. . . .

. . . There is a widely-spread notion among the poorer classes, that rice, as an article of food, prevents the increase of the population. . . . It is certain that there was not long ago a great

outcry against the giving of rice to poor people under the poor law, as it was said to be done with a purpose.

Suffolk. C. W. J., "Book of Days," vol. ii, p. 39.

At the birth of a first-born it is the custom that every visitor should give the nurse a present.

It is essential that both child and mother should come downstairs for the first time on a Sunday, and that the mother should go to church on a Sunday, when she first leaves the house.

Everything must be done on Sunday for the first time, in order that it may be successful.

The nurse washes a new-born child with gin to give it a fine complexion.

[From Mr. Redstone, Woodbridge.]

If a baby's finger nails are *cut* before it is a year old it will become a thief, hence they are generally bitten off.

J. T. Varden, "E. A. Handbook," p. 107.

Holy Baptism has also its signs and tokens. . . . If the child cries at the pouring on of the water it is a good sign; if it does not it will die—it is too good for this world.

Ibid. p. 108.

IV.—CURE CHARMS.

Many villages in the rural districts of the county are able to boast of their professor of the healing art, in the person of an old woman, who "bless" and "charm" away different maladies, especially wounds from scalding or burning, and who pretend to the power of curing diseases by certain cabalistic signs. . . . Two preliminaries are given as necessary to be strictly observed, in order to ensure a perfect cure. First, that the person to be operated

upon comes with a full and earnest belief that a cure will be effected; and secondly, that the phrases "please" and "thank you" do not occur during the transaction. The established formula consists in the charmer's crossing the part affected, and whispering over it certain mysterious words. There is a very prevalent notion that if once disclosed, these mysterious words immediately lose their virtue. . . . In consequence of this secrecy, it is difficult to ascertain what words are employed, the possessors generally being proof against persuasion or bribery. It must not be supposed that these ignorant people make a trade of their supposed art; on the contrary, it is believed that any offer of pecuniary remuneration would at once break the spell, and render the charm of no avail.

A clergyman calling at a cottage one day, saw a small loaf hanging up oddly in a corner of the house. He asked why it was placed there, and was told that it was a *Good Friday loaf*, a loaf baked on Good Friday, that it would never get mouldy, and that it was very serviceable against some diseases, the bloody flux being mentioned as an example. Some weeks after, the clergyman called again with a friend at the same house, and drew his attention to the loaf which was hanging in its accustomed corner. The owner of the house, full of zeal to do the honours of his establishment, endeavoured to take the loaf gently down, but failing in the attempt, he gave a violent pull, and the precious loaf, to his great dismay, was shivered into atoms. The old man collected the fragments and hung them up again in a paper bag, with all the more reverence on account of the good which the loaf, as he alleged, had done his son. The young man, having being seized with a slight attack of English cholera, in the summer, secretly "abscinded" and ate a piece of the loaf, and when his family expressed astonishment at his rapid recovery, he explained the mystery by declaring that he had eaten of the Good Friday loaf and had been cured by it. . . . It was ascertained from other persons that such loaves were far from being uncommon in the parish.

See Forby. "Vocabulary of E. Anglia," vol. ii, p. 402.

Cures for the Whooping Cough.—Procure a live flat-fish—a "little dab" will do; place it whilst alive on the bare chest of the patient, and keep it there till it is dead.

If several children are ill, take some of the hair of the eldest child, cut it into small pieces, and put them into some milk, and give the compound to the youngest child to drink, and so on throughout the family.

Or let the patient eat a roasted mouse; or, let the patient drink some milk which a ferret has lapped; or, let the patient be dragged under a gooseberry bush or bramble, both ends of which are growing in the ground. It is also said that to pass the patient through a slit in the stem of a young ash tree is a certain cure.

Some people procure hair from the cross on the back of a donkey, and having placed it in a bag, hang it round the necks of their invalid children. The presumed efficacy in this hair is connected no doubt with the fact that the ass is the animal which was ridden by JESUS, and with the superstition that the cross was imprinted on its back as a memorial of that event.

An instance is known of a woman who obtained a certain number of "hodmidods" or small snails. These were passed through the hands of the invalids and then suspended in the chimney on a string, in the belief that as they died the whooping cough would leave the children. At Monk's Eleigh a live frog was hung up the chimney, in the belief that its death by such means would effect a cure.

Cures for the Ague.—Miss Strickland, in her "Old Friends and New Acquaintances," thus mentions a superstition that existed in her own district of the county. "Go to the four cross ways to-night, all alone, and just as the clock strikes twelve, turn yourself about three times and drive a tenpenny nail into the ground up to the head, and walk away from the place backwards before the clock is done striking, and you'll miss the ague; but the next person who passes over the nail will take it in your stead."

The Rev. Hugh Pigot, late of Hadleigh, says that during his residence at Hadleigh a few years ago, he, whilst suffering from ague, was strongly urged to go to a stile—one of those that are placed across footpaths—and to drive a nail into that part over which foot passengers travel in their journeys.

Miss Strickland thus speaks of another remedy for this disease. . . . 'In one district of Suffolk I have heard of the following superstitious practice. A man who had been labouring under an obstinate ague for several months purchased a new red earthenware pan in which he put the parings of his fingers and toe nails, together with a lock of hair, and a small piece of raw beef, which in order to render the charm effectual, he considered it necessary to steal. He then tied a piece of black silk over the pan and buried it in the centre of a wood, in ground that had never been broken, in the firm belief that, as the meat decayed, his fever would abate and finally disappear. . . .

To swallow a spider or its web when placed in a small piece of apple is an acknowledged cure for the ague. Miss Strickland heretically mentions an instance of its being tried in vain; but its failure excited great astonishment. "As true as I'm alive, he (the ague) neither minded pepper and gin taken fasting on a Friday morning, nor blackbottle spiders made into pills with fresh butter." The patient should take a handful of salt and bury it in the ground, and as the salt dissolves, the patient will recover from the ague. Or the patient should gather some teasels from the hedgerows, and carry them about his person.

There was formerly a person in Hadleigh who charmed away the ague by pronouncing, or, rather, muttering, over each child a verse of Holy Scripture, taken, it was believed, from the Gospel of St. John.

To Prevent Swelling from a Thorn.—

"Christ was of a Virgin born,
And crowned with a crown of thorns;
He did neither swell nor rebel,
And I hope this never will."

—At the same time let the middle finger of the right hand keep

in motion round the thorn, and at the end of the words, three times repeated, touch it every time with the tip of your finger, and with God's blessing you will find no further trouble.

To Stop Bleeding from Wounds and Arteries Cut or Bruised.—Repeat these words three times, desiring the blessing of God:

"Stand fast; lie as Christ did
When he was crucified upon the cross;
Blood, remain up in the veins,
As Christ's did in all his pains!"

To Cure Bleeding at the Nose.—Wear a skein of scarlet silk round the neck, tied with nine knots down the front. If the patient is a male, the silk should be put on and the knots tied by a female, and *vice versa.*

To Cure Toothache.—Always dress and undress the left leg and foot before the right one. Mr. Rayson, writing in "The East Anglian," says that he has known this habit adopted and continued through life.

The Rev. Hugh Pigot says: "There was an old woman, of very witch-like appearance, who was supposed to have great skill in curing burns. She prepared a kind of ointment, and when a patient applied to her she placed some of it upon the part affected, then made the sign of the cross over it, and muttered certain mysterious words, which she would not disclose to any one." After many enquiries with the view of ascertaining what were the words employed on these occasions, the reverend gentleman heard from a man the following curious formula, the words of which must be repeated three times:—

"There were three Angels came from the North,
One brought fire, the other brought frost;
Come out fire, go in frost,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

There are many variations of this charm, but in substance the above is correct.

There are many persons who profess to be able to cure warts, or "writs," as they are called, by passing the hand over them, and muttering at the same time some mysterious word. The operator takes care to ensure his credit against mishaps, for as a necessary condition of success, he must be told the *exact* number of warts which are worn by the applicant for a cure. If, therefore, the remedy fails, he attributes the failure to his having been kept in ignorance of the real number of warts.

If persons have any scruple against consulting such accredited professors of the healing art, they may get rid of their warts in other ways. Thus, let the patient *steal* (it must be stolen, or it will have no efficacy) a piece of beef and bury it in the ground, and then as the beef decays, the warts will gradually die away. Or, go to an ash tree, which has its "keys," that is, husks with seeds upon it, cut the initial letter both of your Christian and surname on the bark, count the exact number of your warts, and cut as many notches in addition to the letters as you have warts, and then as the bark grows up your warts will go away. Or, take the froth of new beer, apply it to your warts when no one sees you (for secrecy is absolutely necessary), do not wipe it away, but let it work off of itself, for three mornings, and your warts will disappear. Or, gather a green sloe, rub it on your warts, then throw it over your *left* shoulder, and you will soon be free from them.

To hang a flint with a hole in it over the head of your bed is a preservative against the nightmare.

Another remedy is, before you go to bed, place your shoes carefully by the bedside "coming and going," that is, with the heel of one pointing in the direction of the toe of the other, and then you will be sure to sleep quietly and well.

To cure, or rather to prevent cramp, take the small bone of a leg of mutton, and carry it always about with you in your pocket. Or, wear a ring made out of an old coffin handle on one of the fingers. The parish clerks have been known to preserve the old coffin handles found in churchyards for the purpose of making *cramp rings*.

To Cure Wens or Fleshy Excrescences.—Pass the hand of a dead body over the part affected, on three successive days. The Rev. Hugh Pigot has known this to be tried at Hadleigh.

"The New Suffolk Garland," edited by John Glyde, jun., Ipswich.

Mrs. Bunn, a person living at Clopton, used to bless burns. This gift, Mr. Hooke believes, she inherited from her mother. Some years ago Mr. Hooke burnt his hand, and he went to Mrs. Bunn to have it blessed. She moistened her finger with her tongue, and touched the burn, uttering certain words known only to herself. The pain was relieved for about an hour, after which it returned.

(Told to Camilla Gurdon by the Rev. S. Hooke, Rector of Clopton.)

. . . A galvanic ring, as it is called, worn on the finger, will cure rheumatism. One sometimes sees people with a clumsy-looking silver ring which has a piece of copper let into the inside, and this, though in constant contact throughout, is supposed (aided by the moisture of the hand) to keep up a gentle, but continued galvanic current, and so to alleviate or remove rheumatism.

. . . I recollect that when I was a boy a person came to my father (a clergyman) and asked for a 'sacramental shilling,' *i.e.*, one out of the alms collected at the Holy Communion, to be made into a ring and worn as a cure for epilepsy.

Fright is . . . looked upon as a cure for ague. I suppose that, on the principle that *similia similibus curantur*, it is imagined that the shaking induced by the fright will counteract and destroy the shaking of the ague fit. An old woman has told me that she was actually cured in this manner when she was young. . . .

Fried mice are relied on as a specific for the small-pox, and I am afraid that it is considered necessary that they should be fried *alive*.

With respect to whooping cough, again it is believed that if you ask a person riding on a piebald horse what to do for it, his recommendation will be successful if attended to. My grandfather

at one time always used to ride a piebald horse, and he has frequently been stopped by people asking for a cure for whooping cough. His invariable answer was, 'Patience and water-gruel.'

Ear-rings are considered to be a cure for sore eyes; . . . their efficacy is believed in even after the ear has healed.

Warts are expected to be cured by charms. A gentleman well known to me states that, when he was a boy, the landlady of an inn where he happened to be, took compassion on his warty hands, and undertook to cure them by rubbing them with bacon. It was necessary, however, that the bacon should be *stolen*; so the good lady *took it secretly* from her own larder. . . . A near neighbour of mine has the credit of being able to charm warts away by counting them. I have been told by boys that she has actually done so for them, and that the warts have disappeared. . . .

There is a very distressing eruption about the mouth and throat, called the thrush, common among infants and persons in the last extremity of sickness. There is a notion that a person must have it once in his life, either at his birth or death . . . if a sick person shows it, he is given over as past recovery.

Suffolk. C. W. J., Chambers's "Book of Days," vol. i, p. 732.

Typhus Fever.—The milt or spleen of a cow, or the skirt of a sheep, applied to the feet is supposed to "draw" the fever from the head, and thus bring about a speedy cure. Some article of church plate placed upon the patient's stomach is also deemed very efficacious in this and kindred diseases.

J. T. Varden. "E. A. Handbook for 1885," p. 104.

Warts.—Procure a snail ("dodman") and a thorn from a gooseberry bush, pierce the former with the thorn, and anoint the warts with the shrine from it. Then bury the "dodman" without removing the thorn, and as it decays the warts will disappear. Strict secrecy is necessary to the success of this remedy. Count the number of warts exactly, and they will begin at once to waste, and finally go altogether. Bury a *stolen* piece of beef in the ground, as the beef decays the warts will waste away. A

highly approved remedy is also the making of the sign of the cross on each wart with a pin or pebble, which is afterwards to be thrown away.

Wens or Moles.—For these excrescences the popular charm is to pass the hand of a dead * man over them for three days in succession, the hand of a suicide or executed murderer being deemed more efficacious than that of one who has died a natural death.

Whooping Cough.—Hold the head of a live frog within the mouth of the child; then hang up in the chimney till it wastes; or a number of small "dodmans" are passed through the child's hands and hung in the same place. As they waste the cough takes its leave. . . . In some places the child is passed through a split ash-tree, or dragged three times under a gooseberry-bush or bramble which has both ends growing in the ground; or it is laid face downwards on the turf in a meadow, and the turf cut round it in the shape of a coffin, the child is taken up, and the flag turned roots uppermost, and as the grass withers the cough wastes. Or again, a large hole is dug in the meadow, and the child placed in it in a bent posture and *head downwards*; the turf removed in making the hole is then placed over him, and so remains until the poor little sufferer coughs. This must be done in the evening, and, like the last mentioned, in secrecy. . . .

J. T. Varden, "East Anglian Handbook," p. 105.

Cures for Whooping Cough (Woodbridge).—Lift the patient over and under the back of a crossed donkey—*i.e.*, a donkey bearing the sign of the cross.

Let the patient wear a piece of tarred rope as a necklace.

For Rheumatism.—Ashes of a mouse baked alive.

From Mr. Redstone.

* Miss M., of Woodbridge, suffering from an affection of the throat, was advised to lay the hand of a dead person upon her throat in order to effect a cure.

(From Mr. Redstone.)

A Suffolk Cure for Whooping Cough.—I was told of a wonderful cure for whooping cough lately by a woman in the place. Cut a slice of bread, wrap it in a piece of rag, and bury it. When it has been buried three days take it up and eat it. This woman had buried three slices on three different days, and when the last one was buried she took up the first and gave it to her child, sopped in milk with sugar. The bread has an earthy taste, which "does a deal of good."

R M. S. "Suffolk Notes and Queries." Ipswich Journal, 1877.

Whooping Cough.—The parent of the child finds a dark spider in her *own house*, holds it over the head of the child, and repeats the following:—

"Spider as you waste away,
Whooping-cough no longer stay."

The insect must then be placed in a bag and hung up over the fireplace; when the spider has wasted away the cough will be gone.

J. T. Varden. "E. A. Handbook for 1885," p. 101.

To Extract a Thorn from the Flesh:—

"Jesus of a maid was born,
He was pinched with nails and thorn,
Neither blains nor boils did fetch at the bone,
No more shall this, by Christ our Lord. Amen.
Lord, bless what I have said, Amen.
So be it unto thee as I have said."

Cure for Cramp.—Cramp bone. The *Patella* of a sheep or lamb. This charm is still in use by some few individuals . . . it is carried in the pocket—the nearer the skin the better, . . . or laid under the pillow at night. I have heard that some of strong nerve . . . have been known so temerarious as to wear the more potent spell of a human *patella*."

Ed. Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 89.

Caul. — The old superstition respecting a child's *caul* is still retained among us. One for sale is occasionally, though but

rarely, advertised in our county newspapers. It is supposed to secure good fortune to the wearer, and to be a preservative from drowning.

Ibid. p. 71.

Something like the following conversation passed the other day between a friend of mine and an old Suffolk gamekeeper. My friend had been suffering from rheumatism, and on this day was complaining of being more stiff than usual. "Well, sir," said the old man, "do you carry a potatoe in your pocket?" My friend replied that he had never heard of that as a remedy for rheumatism. "Well, sir, do ye try it. I have carried one in my pocket for many years. Only, mind ye, sir, it must be stolen. You must get it out of a neighbour's field." And upon this the keeper produced out of his pocket an ancient potatoe black with age, dry and hard as a racket ball. "Well Keeper, has it cured your rheumatism?" "I do'ent exactly know, sir, but I haven't had much of it lately."

D. "The East Anglian," new series, vol. iii, p. 371.

The Nightmare.—I recently observed a large stone, having a natural hole through it, suspended inside a Suffolk farmer's cow-house. Upon inquiry of a labourer, I was informed this was intended as a preventive of nightmare in the cattle. My informant (who evidently placed great faith in its efficacy) added that a similar stone suspended in a bedroom, or a knife or steel laid under the foot of the bed, was of equal service to the sleeper, and that he had frequently made use of this charm.

J. B. C. (Vol. iv, p. 154.) Choice Notes (Folk-Lore from *Notes and Queries*), 1889. The vols. refer to *Notes and Queries.*

All medicine should be taken "next the heart," which means, in the dialect of Suffolk, that the best time for taking medicine is to take it in the morning, fasting.

"The New Suffolk Garland," p. 179.

A lady who has married, but who has not by marriage changed her maiden name, is the best of all persons to administer medicine, since no remedy given by her will ever fail to cure.

"The New Suffolk Garland," p. 179.

There was, and perhaps still is, an idea in Suffolk that an infant will cut its teeth more easily wearing a necklace, ordinary glass beads or seeds strung together being sufficient for the purpose.

R. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal, 1877.

Charm against Bleeding at the Nose.—I have, when I was a child, seen women at the village shop buying a skein of scarlet silk to stop bleeding at the nose in children.

A. W. T. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal, 1877.

In Woodbridge, Mr. Redstone has seen persons wearing a piece of red velvet round their necks to prevent bleeding at the nose.

Tench.—We have a notion very prevalent that this fish has a healing quality; and that the pike when wounded cures itself by rubbing against the tench, which is not therefore devoured by this, otherwise indiscriminating "fresh water shark."—Nares shows, from Walton and others, that this notion has been widely entertained. . . .

Ed. Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 424.

Sty or Styney.—A troublesome little excrescence or pimple on the eyelid. We fancy that the application of gold, especially of a gold ring, and more especially of a wedding-ring, is a cure. . . .

"— I have a sty here Chilax.
Chi.—I have no gold to cure it; not a penny."
Beaumont and Fletcher, Mad. Lov., v. 4.

Ibid. p. 408.

*A Snake's Avel.**—Snakes seem pretty nigh exterminated now in Suffolk, but when I wer a boy there wer a few, and the avel

* *Avel.*—The beard or *awms* of barley. The corn is said to be *avely*, if, when dressed for market, a portion of the awms adhere to the grains.

Ibid. p. 10.

of a snake—we used not to say 'skin' but snake's avel, we used —that wer said to be a sure cure for the head-ache, if you wore it inside of your hat. I wer very subject to the head-ache as a boy, and I found a snake's avel and wore it in my hat nigh upon a year, until it dropped to powder, and I lost the head-ache; I don't know if it wer the snake's avel that did it, or if I out-grew the head-ache.

(Taken down from the old gardener at Grundisburgh Hall.)

Cure for Epilepsy or Hysteria.—If a young woman has fits she applies to ten or a dozen unmarried men (if the sufferer be a man, he applies to as many maidens) and obtains from each of them a small piece of silver of any kind, as a piece of broken spoon or ring, or brooch, or buckle, or even sometimes a small coin, and a penny (without telling the purpose for which the pieces are wanted); the twelve pieces of silver are taken to a silversmith, or other worker in metal, who forms therefrom a ring, which is to be worn by the person afflicted on the fourth finger of the left hand. If any of the silver remains after the ring is made, the workman has it as his perquisite, and the twelve pennies are intended as the wages for his work, and he must charge no more.

"The New Suffolk Garland," p. 170.

In 1830 I went into a gunsmith's shop in the village where I then resided, and seeing some fragments of silver in a saucer, I had the curiosity to enquire about them, when I was informed that they were the remains of the contributions for a ring for the above purpose, which he had lately been employed to make.

B. "Choice Notes" (Folk-lore from "Notes and Queries"), vol. ii, p. 4.

Old Sows (s. pl. millepedes, woodlice).—The species that rolls itself up on being touched, if swallowed in that state as pills, are believed to have much medicinal virtue in scrofulous cases, especially if they be gathered from the roots of aromatic pot herbs, mint, marjoram, etc.

Forby. "Vocab. of E. Anglia," vol. ii, p. 238.

Snickup, v. begone; away with you. . . . When Malvolio comes to disturb the midnight revels of Sir Toby and his drunken companions, the Knight bids him "sneckup!" that is, go and be hanged. A silly sort of childish charm is frequently to be heard, used perhaps by children only, supposed to be very efficacious in curing the hiccup. It is this, "Hickup! *snickup!* rise up, right up! Three sups in a cup are good for the hiccup!" If these potent words (given with some variation in Moor's "Suffolk Words" and Brockett's "Glossary") can be deliberately repeated thrice, and as many sips of cold water taken, without the return of the singultus, the cure is complete.

Forby. *Ibid.* vol. ii, p. 313.

See Ed. Moor in "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 167, who gives a slightly different version:—

> "Hiccup—sniccup—look up—right up—
> Three drops in a cup is good for the hiccup."

Christening a Cure for Sickness.—It is generally believed by East Anglian nurses that a child never thrives well till it is named; and this is one cause of the earnest desire, frequently expressed, to have children privately baptised. If the child is sick, it is even supposed to promote the cure.

Forby. *Ibid.* vol. ii, p. 406.

The image of S. Petronille demolished "in a chapel near Ipswich" was in the church dedicated to that saint. This church is mentioned in Domesday. . . . It is thought that the church stood in the farm (now reputed extra-parochial) formerly called "Parnels," but for more than a century "Purdis." . . . Pieces of this saint's skull were relics in Bury Abbey, and it was claimed for them that they were cures for all kinds of ague.

Henry C. Casley. "The East Anglian" or "Notes and Queries," new series, vol. ii, p. 68.

The Nail that has Lamed a Horse.—The belief has still some vitality amongst us that the way to recover a horse from the

lameness caused by puncture of the foot from treading on a nail, is not merely to keep the nail that inflicted the wound, but also to take care that it has been thoroughly cleaned, and is bright, and to see that it is well greased. Some years ago while driving by the old shipyard in Stoke my horse was lamed by this mischance. He had set his foot on a piece of plank from which a nail was protruding. The wound was bad, and the recovery was slow. My coachman, however, had no doubt from the first. He confidently assured me that the recovery was certain, for he had at the time brought away the nail, had carefully cleaned and polished it, and was daily greasing it thoroughly. . . . As late as the year 1884 I met with an instance of the survival of this superstition. A man produced from his pocket and showed to me the offending nail which he believed would, as long as he kept it bright, aid in the recovery of the lameness it had caused. I forgot to ask him whether he kept it greased.

Bacon notes the same misbelief respecting the sword,* that if the blade, after a wound has been inflicted with it, be kept anointed with some soothing balm, the healing process will be greatly assisted; but that if contrariwise, the blade be anointed with some poisonous preparation, the wound will thereby be aggravated.

"Some Materials for the Hist. of Wherstead," by F. B. Zincke, p. 180.

There is no place properer than this where I may mention a custom which I have seen twice practised in this garden within a few years, namely, that of drawing a child through a cleft tree. For this purpose a young ash was each time selected and split longtitudinally about five feet; the fissure was kept wide open by my gardener while the friend of the child, having first stripped him naked, passed him thrice through it, always head foremost.

* See Sir Kenelm Digby's "Discourse on the Powder of Sympathy" (1658), wherein he quotes formulae from Paracelsus for application of ointment or blood to a sword or other weapon that made the wound, whereby the wound is healed.

As soon as the operation was performed, the wounded tree was bound up with pack-thread, and as the bark healed the child was to recover. The first of these young patients was to be cured of the rickets; the second of a rupture.

Sir J. Cullum. "Hist. and Antiquities of Hardwick," p. 269.

I have very recently—February, 1834—seen the boy and his parents, who was *draawn* through my young ash at Woodbridge. . . . I often see the boy. He is about eight years old. His mother has assured me that it was a sad case—"so painful, and so *tedious* was the child, that she got no rest night nor day"—and that the child—about six months old when *draawn*—immediately, or very soon, became composed, decidedly mended, and gradually recovered as the tree did; and has ever since remained well. His parents only were present at the operation. I have occasionally called to tell the mother of the well-doing of the tree—evidently to her satisfaction. . . . I have little doubt but I could find out half a score of persons who have been *draawn* in their infancy, and cured, in and about *Woodbridge*. At my last visit to the cured boy, his father, at my request, furnished me with the following memorandum in his own writing:—"In putting a child through a Tree first observe it must be early in the spring before the tree begin to vegitate 2ly the tree must be split as near east and west as it can 3ly it must be done just as the sun is rising 4ly the child must be stript quite naked 5 it must be put through the tree feet foremost 6 'it must be turned round with the sun and observe it must be put through the tree 3 times and next you must be careful to close the tree in a proper manner and bind it up close with some new bass or something to answer as well—James Lord was put through and was cured, Mrs Shimming of *Pittistree* had 3 children born" (a word, perhaps *ruptured*, is omitted) "and Mr. Whitbread gave her a tree for each of them and was all cured and there is a man now living in *Woodbridge* who when a child was cured in the same way."

Ed. Moor. "Oriental Fragments," p. 522.

About ten years ago an infant was passed through a split ash in the parish of Woodbridge. The father of the child described the ceremony to Mr. Redstone. It took place on a cold December morning at sunrise, and the naked child was passed through the tree so as to face the rising sun. So great was the parents' belief in the efficacy of the cure that it did not occur to them that there was any danger in exposing the delicate infant to the cold.

Robert C., aged 85, rises at 5.30 a.m., like Mistress Pepys, to *bathe in the 'dag' or dew*, as he "thought it might do his eyes good." He suffers from cataract.

From Mr. Redstone.

Grose tells us that "a slunk or abortive calf, buried in the highway over which cattle frequently pass, will greatly prevent that misfortune happening to cows. This is commonly practised in Suffolk."

Brand's "Pop. Antiquities," vol. iii, p. 167.

St. Etheldred, or St. Audry, Thetford.—This church was seated in the Suffolk part of the borough. . . . "In Thetford . . . there was a parish church, which is now destroyed, called St. Audrise. In this church, among other reliques, was the smock of St. Audrise, which was there kept as a great jewel and precious relique. The virtue of that smock was mighty and manifold, but specially in putting away the toth-ach and the swelling of the throte, so that the paciente were fyrste of all shriven and hard masse, and did such oblations as the priest of the church enjoyned (*Becon's Reliques of Rome, fol.* 181). The vulgar supposed this relique to be so full of sacred virtue, that they ordered in their will certain persons to go in pilgrimage to it for the salvation of their souls. Margaret Whoop, of East Herling, had the following clause in her will, which was dated 1501: "I will that another man go in pilgrimage for me to Thetford, and offer for me to St. Audry's smock."

"Hist. of Thetford," by T. Martin. London: J. Nichols, MDCCLXXIX, p. 79.

For Ague.—When a fit is on, the sufferer is to take a short stick and cut in it as many notches as there have been fits, including the present fit; then tie a stone to the stick, throw them privately into a pond, leave it without looking back, and the ague fits will cease. It is indispensable that the strictest secrecy be maintained. This alleged remedy has been communicated to me by two aged persons who place the most unbounded faith in its efficacy.

Clare. J. B. A., "The E. Anglian," or "Notes and Queries," edited by S. Tymms, vol. iii, p. 130.

To Cure St. Vitus's Dance.—I remember that when I was a boy, a young woman in this place was afflicted with *St. Vitus's Dance*, and to cure her the town band frequently played in her mother's cottage of an evening.

Clare. John B. Armstead, "E. Anglian," edited by S. Tymms, vol. ii.

V.—DEATH OMENS.

If a corpse is *supple* after death, it is a sign that there will be another death in that family before very long.

"The New Suffolk Garland," p. 179.

During the interval between death and burial of a body is sometimes spoken of in Suffolk as "lying by the wall." There was formerly a saying "If one lie by the wall on Sunday there will be another (another corpse in the same parish) before the week is out."

R. Suffolk. "Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal, 1877.

If a grave is open on Sunday, there will be another dug in the week. . . . A woman coming down from church, and observing an open grave, remarked: "Ah, there will be somebody else wanting a grave before the week is out!"

Suffolk. C. W. J., "Book of Days," edited by R. Chambers, vol. ii, p. 52.

If every remnant of Christmas decoration is not cleared out of church before Candlemas-day (the Purification, Feb. 2), there will be a death that year in the family occupying the pew where a leaf or berry is left. An old lady (now dead) whom I knew, was so persuaded of the truth of this superstition, that she would not be content to leave the clearing of her pew to the constituted authorities, but used to send her servant on Candlemas-eve to see that her own seat at any rate was thoroughly freed from danger.

Suffolk. C. W. J., "The Book of Days," edited by R. Chambers, vol. ii, p. 52.

If you bring yew into the house at Christmas, amongst the other evergreens used to dress it, you will have a death in the family before the end of the year.

If you overturn a loaf of bread in the oven you will have a death in the house.

Forby. "Vocabulary of E. Anglia," vol. ii, p. 413.

To break a looking-glass is exceedingly unlucky, and will bring death to yourself or an intimate friend.

"The New Suffolk Garland," p. 179.

Belief in death tokens is very prevalent; three raps at a bed's head, and the howling of a dog in front of your house during the night, are warnings that the death of some member of the family is at hand.

Ibid. p. 180.

Taking a sprig of blackthorn, when in blossom, into a house is considered to presage death to some members of the family.

Ibid. p. 180.

The screech of an owl flying past [the window of a sick room] signifies the same [death's being near].

Suffolk. C. W. J. "Book of Days," vol. ii, p. 53.

Fires and candles also afford presages of death. Coffins flying out of the former, and winding-sheets gathering down from the

latter. A winding-sheet is produced from a candle, if, after it has gathered, the strip, which has run down, instead of being absorbed into the general tallow, remains unmelted; if under these circumstances, it curls over away from the flame, it is a presage of death to the person in whose direction it points. Coffins out of the fire are hollow *oblong* cinders spirted from it, and are a sign of a coming death in the family. I have seen cinders, which have flown out of the fire, picked up and examined to see what they presaged, for coffins are not the only things that are thus produced. If the cinder, instead of being *oblong*, is *oval*, it is a cradle and predicts the advent of a baby; while, if it is *round*, it is a purse, and means prosperity.

Suffolk. C. W. J. *Ibid.* vol. ii, p. 53.

The Tide:—

> "Tide flowing is feared, for many a thing,
> Great danger to such as be sick, it doth bring;
> Sea ebb, by long ebbing, some respite doth give,
> And sendeth good comfort to such as shall live."

T. Tusser. "Five Hundred Points," p. xl.

Mr. Barkis goes out with the Tide.—"He's going out with the tide," said Mr. Peggotty to me, behind his hand. My eyes were dim, and so were Mr. Peggotty's, but I repeated in a whisper, 'With the tide?' 'People can't die along the coast,' said Mr. Peggotty, 'except when the tide's pretty nigh out. They can't be born, unless it's pretty nigh in—not properly born till flood. He's a going out with the tide. It's ebb at half-arter three, slack water half an hour. If he lives till it turns, he'll hold his own till past the flood, and go out with the next tide.'

Charles Dickens. "The Personal History of David Copperfield," vol. ii, p. 9.

A failure of the Crop of Ash-keys Portends a Death in the Royal Family.—With what obscure traditionary or legendary tale this foolish notion may be connected, it seems impossible to discover.

Probably, however, there is some such connection. But, be this as it may, the notion is still current amongst us. The failure in question is certainly in some seasons very remarkable, and many an old woman believes that, if she were the fortunate finder of a bunch, and could get introduced to the king, he would give her a great deal of money for it.

Forby. "Vocab. of E. Anglia," vol. ii, p. 406.

Watching in the Church Porch on St. Mark's Night.—The belief on this subject is (or rather was) that the apparitions of those who will die, or have any dangerous sickness in the course of the following year, walk into their parish church at midnight, on the 25th of April. Infants and young children not yet able to walk, are said to roll in on the pavement. Those who are to die remain there, but those who are to recover return, after a longer or shorter time, in proportion to the continuance of their future sickness. Those who wish to witness these appearances are to watch in the church porch on the night in question.

Forby. *Ibid.* vol. ii, p. 407.

Death Omens.—If a swarm of bees alight either on a dead *tree* or dead *bough* of a living tree near the house, or if a bird flies indoors or even taps at the window with its beak, or if the clock "loses a stroke" or refuses to go properly, or if the cuckoo's first note be heard in bed, or if a light be shut up in a room or closet at the time unoccupied . . . there will be a death in the family in a short time. The picking of green bloom or May blossom means death to the head of the family into which it is brought, or if an apple or pear-tree blooms twice in the year, the same catastrophe is brought about. . . . If you see four crows in your path, or a snake enters your room, or if the cuckoo give his note from a dead tree, it means coming death to a relative. . .

J. T. Varden. "E. A. Handbook," p. 117.

VI.—FAIRIES (OR FRAIRIES AND PHARISEES).

. . . "Frairy is given as the Suffolk form of fairy. . . . *Pharisee* is the form with which I am myself familiar. *Pharisees' rings* was the name applied in my childhood to the "sour green ringlets" of Shakespeare's "Tempest," while the star-marked fossils—I forget their scientific title—that occasionally turn up in stone droppings, were known as *Pharisees' loaves.*

Olim Agrestis. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal *circa,* May, 1877.

In "A Description of England and Wales" (London, 1769), vol. viii, p. 282, under Southwold, is the following passage:—"On the cliff are two batteries, one of which is a regular fortification, with a good parapet, and six guns that are eighteen pounders. The other has only two guns, which are nine pounders. On this hill, and several others that are near it, are the remains of a camp; and where the ground has not been broken up, there are tokens of circular tents called Fairy-hills, round which they suppose the fairies were wont to dance."

Ibid., Ipswich Journal.

Woolpit is the scene of a remarkable story told by William of Newburgh (Hist. Anglic., Lib. i. c. 27). Near the town, he says, were some very ancient trenches (fossæ) called "Wlfpittes" in English, which gave name to it. Out of these trenches there once came, in harvest time, two children, a boy and girl, whose bodies were of a green colour, and who wore dresses of some unknown stuff. They were caught and taken to the village, where for many months they would eat nothing but beans. They gradually lost their green colour. The boy soon died. The girl survived, and was married to a man of Lynn. At first they could speak no English; but when they were able to do so they said that

they belonged to the land of St. Martin, an unknown country, where, as they were watching their father's sheep, they heard a loud noise, like the ringing of the bells of St. Edmund's Monastery. And then all at once they found themselves among the reapers in the harvest field at Woolpit. Their country was a Christian land, and had churches. There was no sun there, only a faint twilight; but beyond a broad river there lay a land of light.

"Handbook for Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Cambridgeshire," London, John Murray, 8vo., 1875, p. 175. (Also given in Keightley's "Fairy Mythology, p. 281.")

I have great pleasure in sending you the "legend" on which I founded the story of "Brother Mike." I believe that my rendering of the dialect is perfectly correct, and may be depended upon, at least for the district round Bury St. Edmunds.

"There wus a farmer, right a long time ago, that wus, an he had a lot o' wate, a good tidy lot o' wate he had. An he huld all his wate in a barn, of a hape he did! but that hape that got lesser and lesser, an he kount sar how that kum no how. But at last he thout he'd go and see if he kount see suffun. So off of his bed he got, one moanlight night, an he hid hiself hind the oud lanetew, where he could see that's barn's doors; an when the clock struck twelve, if he dint see right a lot of little tiddy frairies. O lork! how they did run—they was little bits o' things, as big as mice, an they had little blue caoots and yaller breeches an little red caps on thar hids with long tassels hangin down behind. An they run right up to that barn's door. An if that door dint open right wide of that self. An lopperty lop! over the throssold they all hulled themselves. Well, when the farmer see they wus all in, he kum nigher an nigher, an he looked inter the barn he did. An he see all they little frairies; they danced round an round, an then they all ketched up an air o' wate, an kopt it over their little shouders, they did. But at the last there come right a dear little frairie that wus soo small

that could hardly lift that air o' wate, and that kep saying as that walked—

"Oh, how I du twait,
A carrying o' this air o' wate."

An when that kum to the throssold, that kount git over no how, an that farmer he retched out his hand an he caught a houd o' that poooare thing, an that shruck out, 'Brother Mike! Brother Mike!' as loud as that could. But the farmer he kopt that inter his hat, an he took that home for his children; he tied that to the kitchen winder. But that poooare little thing, that wont ate nothin, an that poyned away and died.

Cambridge. "Brother Mike." "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal, 1877.

A belief in the existence of "Pharisees" or "Fairies," prevails; they ride young horses about in the night, so that the grooms on going into the stables in the morning find the horses all in a foam. But a hag stone, with a hole through, tied to the key of the stable door, protects the horses.

"The New Suffolk Garland," p. 179.

Fairy-Butter, s. a species of *tremella*, of yellowish colour and gelatinous substance, not very rarely found on furze and broom. Brockett's Glossary describes it as growing about the roots of old trees. This must be some other species; probably what is called in some places witch's-butter; of coarser texture and colour, and by no means so suitable to those delicate beings the fairies, as that which we name after them.

Fairy-Rings, s. circles or parts of circles in the grass (due to a kind of fungus); . . . in which, as many believed of old, and some believe still, the fairies are wont to dance.

Forby. "Vocab. of E. Anglia," vol. i, p. 108.

Mermaids are supposed to abound in the ponds and ditches in this neighbourhood. Careful mothers use them as bugbears to prevent little children from going too near the water. I once asked a child what mermaids were, and he was ready with his

answer at once, 'Them nasty things what crome you (i.e. hook you) into the water!' Another child has told me 'I see one wunst, that was a grit big thing loike a feesh.' . . .

Suffolk. C. W. J., "The Book of Days," vol. i, p. 678.

When I was quite a child, in 1814, we used to play in a field at Rendlesham where there was a pond at one end with trees round it, the grass in early spring full of flowers. It was always called the S pond, being shaped like an S, so drawn. If we went too near our nursemaid would call out to us not to go so near "lest the mermaid should come and *crome* us in." Crome (crumm) as all East Anglians know, is the same as "crooked"; whence a "*crome* fork" for unloading muck.

Senex. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal (1877?).

Suffolk Superstition.—A well in the village was said to contain a mermaid.—*A. W. T.*

Ibid., Ipswich Journal (1877?).

Perry-Dancers, s. pl. the Northern lights. The *peries* or *perries* are the fairies. There is fancy and elegance in this word. It is corrupted, it seems in Lowland Scotch to *merry-dancers* or *pretty-dancers.*

Forby. "Vocabulary of E. Anglia," vol. ii, p. 249.

Stowmarket Fairies. (Feriers or Ferishers.)—The whole of the Hundred is remarkable for fairy stories, ghost adventures, and other marvellous legends.

Fairies frequented several houses in Tavern Street about 80 to 100 years since. They never appeared as long as any one was about. People used to lie hid to see them, and some have seen them. Once in particular by a wood-stack up near the brick-yard there was a large company of them dancing, singing, and playing music together. They were very small people, quite little creatures and very merry. But as soon as they saw any-

body they all vanished away. In the houses after they had fled, on going upstairs sparks of fire as bright as stars used to appear under the feet of the persons who disturbed them.

Old Parish Clerk.—Neighbour S—— is a brother of old B—— the sexton. He died at 82—she is now near 80. Her father was a leather breeches maker, and her mother having had a baby (either herself or her sister she forgets which), was lying asleep some weeks after her confinement in bed with her husband and the infant by her side. She woke in the night, it was dimmish light, and missed the babe. Uttering an exclamation of fear, lest the fairies (or feriers) should have taken the child, she jumped out of bed, and there sure enough a number of the little sandy things had got the baby at the foot of the bed and were undressing it. They fled away through a hole in the floor, laughing as if they shrieked, and, snatching up her child, on examination she found that they had laid all the pins head to head as they took them out of the dress. For months afterwards she always slept with the child between herself and husband, and used carefully to pin it by its bed clothes to the pillow and sheets that it might not be snatched hastily away. This happened in the old house which stood where the new one now stands on the south side of the Vicarage gate.

A woman, as she heard tell, had a child changed, and one, a poor thing, left in his place, but she was very kind to it, and every morning on getting up she found a small piece of money in her pocket. My informant firmly believes in their existence, and wonders how it is that of late years no such things have been seen.

Onehouse.—A man was ploughing in a field, a fairy quite small and sandy-coloured came to him and asked him to mend his peel (a flat iron with a handle to take bread out of an oven) and that if he did he should have a hot cake. The ploughman soon put a new handle in it, and soon after a smoking hot cake made its appearance in the furrows near him, which he ate with infinite relish.

A fairy man came to a woman in the parish and asked her to

attend his wife at her lying-in, she did so and went to fairyland and afterwards came home none the worse for her trip. But one Thursday at the market in Stowe, she saw the fairy man in a butcher's shop helping himself to some beef. On this she goes up and spoke to him. Whereupon much surprised, he bids her say nothing about it, and enquires with which eye she could see him, as in fairy land he had rubbed one of her eyes with some ointment. On pointing to the gifted eye he blew into it, and from that time she could never see a fairy again.

The house in which A. W—— now lives was the scene of fairy visits and officiousness. A man lived there about 100 years since, who was visited constantly by a fairy (or ferrier or ferisher). They used his cottage for their meetings. They cannot abide dirt or slovenliness, so it was kept tidy and clean. They cut and brought faggots for the good man, and filled his oven with nice dry wood every night. They also left a shilling for him under the leg of a chair. And a fairy often came to him and warned him not to tell any one of it, for if he did the shilling, wood, and fairies would never come to him again. Unluckily for him he did tell his good luck, and then his little friends were never seen by him more. The fairy wore yellow satin shoes, was clothed with a green long coat, girt about by a golden belt, and had sandy hair and complexion.

Stowmarket, 1842.—S—— living for 30 years at the cottages in the hop-ground on the Bury road, coming home one night 20 years since, in the meadow now a hop ground, not far from three ashen trees, in very bright moonlight, saw the fairies. There might be a dozen of them, the biggest about three feet high, and small ones like dolls. Their dresses sparkled as if with spangles, like the girls at shows at Stow fair. They were moving round hand in hand in a ring, no noise came from them. They seemed light and shadowy, not like solid bodies. I passed on saying, the Lord have mercy on me, but them must be the fairies, and being alone then on the path over the field could see them as plain as I do you. I looked after them when I got over the style, and they were there, just the same moving round and round. I ran

home and called three women to come back with me and see them. But when we got to the place they were all gone. I could not make out any particular things about their faces. I might be forty yards from them and I did not like to stop and stare at them. I was quite sober at the time.

Hollingworth's "Hist. of Stowmarket," p. 248.

. . . A gentleman-farmer, in the neighbourhood of Woodbridge, had a calf to sell, and happened to be by when his bailiff and a butcher were about to bargain for it. The calf was produced, and was apparently very hot: "Oh!" said the butcher, "the *Pharisees* have been here; and 'stru's you are alive, have been riding that there poor calf all night." . . . The butcher very gravely instructed my friend how to avert such consequences in future: which was, to get a stone with a hole in it, and hang it up in the calves' crib," just high enough not to touch the calves' backs when standing up: "for," added the compassionate man of knife and steel," it will brush the *Pharisees* off the poor beasts when they attempt to gallop 'em round." This was a master-butcher, a shrewd intelligent man, in 1832. It accounted to me for the suspension of a stone, weighing perhaps a pound, which I had many years observed in my farm stable, just higher than the horses' backs. And although my men more than half deny it, I can discern that they have heard of the Pharisaic freaks, and more than half believe in them.

Ed. Moor. "Oriental Fragments," p. 456.

Calling at a cottage in a retired lane in the parish of Carlton Colville, near this town, a few weeks since, I saw on the chimney-piece what appeared to be a fine specimen of fossil echinus, though sadly disfigured by the successive coats of black lead used to give it a polish. . . . I was informed that it had been found on the land some twenty years before; that it was "a fairy loaf"; and that whoever had one of these loaves in the house would never want for bread.

Lowestoft. E., "The East Anglian," or "Notes and Queries," edited by S. Tymms, vol. iii, p. 45.

VII.—FOLK TALES.

The Suffolk "King Lear." Cap o' Rushes.

(Told by an old servant to the writer when a child.)

Well, there was once a very rich gentleman, and he'd three darters. And he thought to see how fond they was of him. So he says to the first, "How much do you love me, my dear?" "Why," says she, "as I love my life." "That's good," says he.

So he says to the second, "How much do you love me, my dear?" "Why, says she, "better nor all the world." "That's good," says he.

So he says to the third, "How much do *you* love me, my dear?" "Why," she says, "I love you as fresh meat loves salt," says she. Well, he were that angry. "You don't love me at all," says he, "and in my house you stay no more." So he drove her out there and then, and shut the door in her face.

Well, she went away, on and on, till she came to a fen. And there she gathered a lot of rushes, and made them into a cloak, kind o', with a hood, to cover her from head to foot, and to hide her fine clothes. And then she went on and on till she came to a great house.

"Do you want a maid?" says she.

"No, we don't," says they.

"I hain't nowhere to go," says she, "and I'd ask no wages, and do any sort o' work," says she.

"Well," says they, "if you like to wash the pots and scrape the saucepans, you may stay," says they.

So she stayed there, and washed the pots and scraped the saucepans, and did all the dirty work. And because she gave no name, they called her Cap o' Rushes.

Well, one day there was to be a great dance a little way off, and the servants was let go and look at the grand people. Cap o' Rushes said she was too tired to go, so she stayed at home.

But when they was gone, she offed with her cap o' rushes and

cleaned herself, and went to the dance. And no one there was so finely dressed as her.

Well, who should be there but her master's son, and what should he do but fall in love with her the minute he set eyes on her. He wouldn't dance with anyone else.

But before the dance were done, Cap o' Rushes she stepped off and away she went home. And when the other maids was back she was framin' to be asleep with her cap o' rushes on.

Well, next morning, they says to her:

"You did miss a sight, Cap o' Rushes!"

"What was that?" says she.

"Why the beautifullest lady you ever see, dressed right gay and ga'. The young master, he never took his eyes off of her."

"Well I should ha' liked to have seen her," says Cap o' Rushes.

"Well, there's to be another dance this evening, and perhaps she'll be there."

But, come the evening, Cap o' Rushes said she was too tired to go with them. Howsumdever, when they was gone, she offed with her cap o' rushes, and cleaned herself, and away she went to the dance.

The Master's son had been reckoning on seeing her, and he danced with no one else, and never took his eyes off of her.

But before the dance was over, she slipped off and home she went, and when the maids came back, she framed to be asleep with her cap o' rushes on.

Next day they says to her again:

"Well, Cap o' Rushes, you should ha' been there to see the lady. There she was again, gay an ga', and the young master he never took his eyes off of her."

"Well, there," says she, "I should ha' liked to ha' seen her."

"Well," says they, "there's a dance again this evening, and you must go with us, for she's sure to be there."

"Well, come the evening, Cap o' Rushes said she was too tired to go, and do what they would she stayed at home. But when they was gone, she offed with her cap o' rushes, and cleaned herself, and away she went to the dance.

The masters's son was rarely glad when he saw her. He danced with none but her, and never took his eyes off her. When she wouldn't tell him her name, nor where she came from, he gave her a ring, and told her if he didn't see her again he should die.

Well, afore the dance was over, off she slipped, and home she went, and when the maids came home she was framing to be asleep with her cap o' rushes on.

Well, next day they says to her: "There, Cap o' Rushes, you didn't come last night, and now you wont see the lady, for there's no more dances."

"Well, I should ha' rarely liked to ha' seen her," says she.

The master's son he tried every way to find out where the lady was gone, but go where he might, and ask whom he might, he never heard nothing about her. And he got worse and worse for the love of her till he had to keep his bed.

"Make some gruel for the young master," they says to the cook, "He's dying for love of the lady." The cook she set about making it, when Cap o' Rushes came in.

"What are you a' doin' on," says she.

"I'm going to make some gruel for the young master," says the cook, "for he's dying for love of the lady."

"Let me make it," says Cap o' Rushes.

Well, the cook wouldn't at first, but at last she said yes; and Cap o' Rushes made the gruel. And when she had made it, she slipped the ring into it on the sly, before the cook took it upstairs.

The young man, he drank it, and saw the ring at the bottom.

"Send for the cook," says he. So up she comes.

"Who made this here gruel?" says he.

"I did," says the cook, for she were frightened, and he looked at her.

"No you didn't," says he. "Say who did it, and you shan't be harmed."

"Well, then, 'twas Cap o' Rushes," says she.

"Send Cap o' Rushes here," says he.

So Cap o' Rushes came.

"Did you make the gruel?" says he.

"Yes, I did," says she.

"Where did you get this ring?" says he.

"From him as gave it me," says she.

"Who are you then?" says the young man.

"I'll show you," says she. And she offed with her cap o' rushes, and there she was in her beautiful clothes.

Well, the master's son he got well very soon, and they was to be married in a little time. It was to be a very grand wedding, and every one was asked, far and near. And Cap o' Rushes' father was asked. But she never told nobody who she was.

But afore the wedding she went to the cook, and says she, "I want you to dress every dish without a mite o' salt."

"That will be rarely nasty," says the cook.

"That don't signify," says she. "Very well," says the cook.

Well, the wedding day came, and they was married. And after they was married, all the company sat down to their vittles.

When they began to eat the meat, that was so tasteless they couldn't eat it. But Cap o' Rushes' father, he tried first one dish and then another, and then he burst out crying.

"What's the matter?" said the master's son to him.

"Oh!" says he, "I had a daughter. And I asked her how much she loved me. And she said, 'As much as fresh meat loves salt.' And I turned her from my door for I thought she didn't love me. And now I see she loved me best of all. And she may be dead for aught I know."

"No, father, here she is," says Cap o' Rushes.

And she goes up to him and puts her arms round him. And so they was happy ever after.

A. W. T. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal, 1877.

Tom Tit Tot.

(Told by an old servant to the writer when a child.)

Well, once upon a time there were a woman, and she baked five pies. And when they come out of the oven they was that

overbaked, the crust were too hard to eat. So she says to her darter:

"Maw'r," says she, "put you them there pies on the shelf an' leave 'em there a little, an' they'll come agin."—She meant you know, the crust 'ud get soft.

But the gal, she says to herself, "Well, if they'll come agin, I'll ate 'em now." And she set to work an' ate 'em all, first and last.

Well, come supper time the woman she said: "Goo you and git one o' them there pies. I dare say they've come agin now,"

The gal she went an' she looked, and there warn't nothin' but the dishes, So back she come, and says she, "Noo, they ain't come agin."

"Not none on 'em?" says the mother.

"Not none on 'em," says she.

"Well, come agin, or not come agin," says the woman, "I'll ha' one for supper."

"But you can't, if they ain't come," says the gal.

"But I can," says she, "Goo you an' bring the best of 'em."

"Best or worst," says the gal, "I've ate 'em all, an' you can't ha' one till that's come agin."

Well, the woman she were wholly bate, an' she took her spinnin' to the door to spin, and as she spun she sang:

"My darter ha' ate five, five pies to-day.
My darter ha' ate five, five pies to-day."

The King, he were a' comin' down the street an' he hard her sing, but what she sang he couldn't hare, so he stopped and said:

"What were that you was a singin' of, maw'r?"

The woman, she were ashamed to let him hare what her darter had been a doin', so she sang, 'stids o' that:

"My darter ha' spun five, five skeins to-day.
My darter ha' spun five, five skeins to-day."

"S'ars o' mine!" said the king, "I never heerd tell of anyone as could do that."

Then he said: "Look you here, I want a wife and I'll marry your darter. But look you here," says he, "'leven months out o' the year she shall have all the vittles she likes to eat, and all the gownds she likes to git, and all the cump'ny she likes to hev; but the last month o' the year she'll ha' to spin five skeins ev'ry day, an' if she doon't, I shall kill her."

"All right," says the woman, for she thowt what a grand marriage that was. And as for them five skeins, when te come tew, there'd be plenty o' ways o' gettin' out of it, an' likeliest, he'd ha' forgot about it.

Well, so they was married. An' for 'leven months the gal had all the vittles she liked to ate, and all the gownds she liked to git, an' all the cump'ny she liked to hev.

But when the time was gettin' oover, she began to think about them there skeins an' to wonder if he had 'em in mind. But not one word did he say about 'em, an' she whoolly thowt he'd forgot 'em.

Howsivir, the last day o' the last month, he takes her to a room she'd nivir set eyes on afore. There worn't nothin' in it but a spinnin' wheel and a stool. An' says he, "Now me dear, hare yow'll be shut in tomorrow with some vittles and some flax, and if you hain't spun five skeins by the night, yar hid'll goo off."

An' awa' he went about his business. Well, she were that frightened. She'd allus been such a gatless mawther, that she didn't so much as know how to spin, an' what were she to dew to-morrer, with no one to come nigh her to help her. She sat down on a stool in the kitchen, an' lork! how she did cry!

Howsiver, all on a sudden she hard a sort of a knockin' low down on the door. She upped and oped it, an' what should she see but a small little black thing with a long tail. That looked up at her right kewrious, an' that said:

"What are yew a cryin' for?"

"Wha's that to yew?" says she.

"Nivir yew mind" that said. "But tell me what you're a cryin' for?"

"That oon't dew me noo good if I dew," says she.

"You doon't know that," that said, an' twirled that's tail round.

"Well," says she, "that oon't dew no harm, if that doon't dew no good," and she upped and told about the pies an' the skeins an' everything.

"This is what I'll do," says the little black thing. "I'll come to yar winder iv'ry mornin' an' take the flax an' bring it spun at night."

"What's your pay?" says she.

That looked out o' the corners o' that's eyes an' that said: "I'll give you three guesses every night to guess my name, an' if you hain't guessed it afore the month's up, yew shall be mine."

Well, she thowt she'd be sure to guess that's name afore the month was up. "All right," says she, "I agree."

"All right," that says, an' lork! how that twirled that's tail.

Well, the next day, har husband he took her inter the room, an' there was the flax an' the day's vittles.

"Now there's the flax," says he, "an if that ain't spun up this night off goo yar head." An' then he went out an' locked the door.

He'd hardly goon, when there was a knockin' agin the winder.

She upped and she oped it, and there sure enough was the little oo'd thing a settin' on the ledge.

"Where's the flax?" says he.

"Here te be," says she. And she gonned it to him.

Well, come the evenin', a knockin' come agin to the winder. She upped an' she oped it and there were the little oo'd thing, with five skeins of flax on his arm.

"Here te be," says he, an' he gonned it to her.

"Now what's my name?" says he.

"What, is that Bill?" says she.

"Noo, that ain't," says he. An' he twirled his tail.

"Well, is that Ned?" says she.

"Noo that ain't," says he. An' he twirled his tail.

"Well, is that Mark?" says she.

"Noo that ain't," says he. An' he twirled harder, an' awa' he flew.

Well, when har husband he come him, there was the five skeins

riddy for him. "I see I shorn't hev for to kill you to-night, me dare," says he. "Yew'll hev yar vittles and yar flax in the mornin," says he, an' awa' he goes.

Well, ivery day the flax an' the vittles, they was brought, an' ivery day that there little black impet used for to come mornins' and evenins'. An' all the day the mawther she set a tryin' fur to think of names to say to it when te come at night. But she niver hot on the right one. An' as that got to-warts the ind o' the month, the impet that began for to look soo maliceful, an' that twirled that's tail faster and faster each time she gave a guess.

At last te come to the last day but one.

The impet that come at night along o' the five skeins, an' that said:

"What, hain't yew got my name yet?"

"Is that Nicodemus?" says she.

"Noo t'ain't," that says.

"Is that Sammle?" says she.

"Noo t'ain't," that says.

"A-well, is that Methusalem?" says she.

"Noo t'ain't that norther," he says.

Then that looks at her with that's eyes like a cool o' fire, an' that says. "Woman, there's only tomorrer night, an' then yar'll be mine!" An' awa' te flew.

Well, she *felt* that horrud. Howsomediver, she hard the King a comin' along the passage. In he came, an' when he see the five skeins, he says, says he:

"Well my dare," says he. "I don't see but what you'll ha' your skeins ready tomorrer night as well, an' as I reckon I shorn't ha' to kill you, I'll ha' supper in here tonight." So they brought supper, an' another stool for him, and down the tew they sat.

Well, he hadn't eat but a mouthful or so, when he stops an' begins to laugh.

"What is it?" says she.

"A-why," says he, "I was out a huntin' to-day, an' I got awa' to a place in the wood I'd never seen afore. An' there

was an old chalk pit. An' I heerd a sort of a hummin', kind o'. So I got off my hobby, an' I went right quiet to the pit, an' I looked down. Well, what should there be but the funniest little black thing yew iver set eyes on. An' what was that dewin' on, but that had a little spinnin' wheel, an' that were spinnin' wonnerful fast, an' a twirlin' that's tail. An' as that span that sang:

"Nimmy nimmy not,
My name's Tom Tit Tot."

Well, when the mawther heerd this, she fared as if she could ha' jumped outer her skin for joy, but she di'n't say a word.

Next day, that there little thing looked soo maliceful when he come for the flax. An' when night came, she heerd that a knockin' agin the winder panes. She oped the winder, an' that come right in on the ledge. That were grinnin' from are to are, an' Oo! tha's tail were twirlin' round so fast.

"What's my name?" that says, as that gonned her the skeins.

"Is that Solomon?" she says, pretendin' to be afeard.

"Noo t'ain't," that says, an' that come fudder inter the room.

"Well, is that Zebedee?" says she agin.

"Noo t'ain't," says the impet. An' then that laughed an' twirled that's tail till yew cou'n't hardly see it.

"Take time, woman," that says; "next guess an' you're mine." An' that stretched out that's black hands at her.

Well, she backed a step or two, an she looked at it, an then she laughed out, an' says she, a pointin' of her finger at it,

"Nimmy nimmy not,
Yar name's Tom Tit Tot."

Well, when that hard her, that shruck awful, an' awa' that flew into the dark, an' she niver saw it noo more.

A. W. T. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal, 15 January, 1878.

VIII.—FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

Burial within, or without, the Sanctuary.—To be buried out of the sanctuary does not mean interment in unconsecrated ground, but in some remote part of the church-yard,* apart from that in which the bodies of the inhabitants in general are deposited. In many church-yards may be seen a row of graves on the extreme verge, which are occupied by the bodies of strangers buried at the parish charge, of suicides, or of others, who are considered unfit to associate underground with the good people of the parish. These are said to "lie out of the Sanctuary."

Forby. "Vocabulary of East Anglia," vol. ii, p. 407.

There is a great partiality to burying on the South and East sides of the church-yard. About twenty years ago, when I first became rector, and observed how those sides (particularly the South) were crowded with graves, I prevailed upon a few persons to bury their friends on the North, which was entirely vacant; but the example was not followed as I hoped it would be; and they continue to bury on the South, where a corpse is rarely interred without disturbing the bones of its ancestors.

This partiality may perhaps at first have arisen from the ancient custom of praying for the dead; for as the usual approach to this and most country churches is by the South, it was natural for burials to be on that side, that those who were going to divine service might, in this way, by the sight of the graves of their friends, be put in mind to offer up a prayer for the welfare of their souls. . . . That this motive has its influences, may be concluded from the graves that appear on the North side of the church-yard where the approach to the church happens to be that

* See Sir L. Clifford's will (17 Sept., 1404), in which as a penance he orders "his wretchid careyn to be beryed in the ferthest corner of the chirchezerd." ("Book of Days," vol. ii, p. 350.)

way: of this there are some few instances in this neighbourhood. Still, however, even in this case, the South side is well tenanted; there must therefore have been some other cause of this preference.

In this church-yard stood formerly a *Cross*. . . . Another stood where the direction-post now stands, close to the church-yard and gave the name of Cock's-Crouch* Lane (as appears by old deeds) to the lane at the East end of the Church House.

Crosses were very early erected in church-yards to put passengers in mind to pray for the souls of those whose bodies lay there interred.

"History and Antiquities of Hawsted," by the Rev. Sir J. Cullum, p. 40.

Hawsted Church.—A tablet over the north door has an appropriate epitaph to the historian of the parish, whose remains lie under the great stone at this door in the church-yard. They were interred here according to the direction of his will; a direction given doubtless, as Mr. Gage Rokewode suggests, to mark his contempt, as expressed in the history, for the vulgar superstition of refusing to bury on the north side of the church.

Samuel Tymms. Proceedings of Suffolk Institute of Archæology, vol. ii. Lowestoft: printed by S. Tymms, 60, High Street, MDCCCLIX.

Mr. Redstone knew a girl (Mary C., of Sutton) who when she was dying of consumption, about six years ago, desired her parents to bury her in a certain quiet spot in the north end of the church-yard. The parents objected, and it was only when the girl threatened to haunt them that they gave way. This end of the church-yard (as it appears in ancient records of Woodbridge) was

* Cock's Crouch is God's Cross. The first word is corrupted in that manner more than once in Chaucer.

used as a mart, and pigs were sold here to avoid paying the market dues; the money for them was received in the North Porch.

From Mr. Redstone.

'*Month's Mind.*'—Will of Robert Marshe of Bromswell: In the name of god amen The Xth day of December in the yer of our lord god mlccccxxvj I Robert Marshe of Bromyswall in the dioce of Norwic beyng in good mynd make this my Testment. . . . Itm I bequeethe for a trentalle to be sang for me in Bromyswall Chyrche forseid xs. Itm I bequeethe for messys to be song at Scala celi vs. . . . Itm I wyll haue an honest monthe day kept in Bromyswall Chyrche forseid w^{t} mete ꝯ drynke as ꝯalbe (shall be) thought sufficient by myñ execut. . . .

Cecil Deedes. "The East Anglian," or "Notes and Queries," new series, vol. ii, p. 233.

Month's mind, s. an eager wish or longing. A very ancient phrase, many centuries old, in very general use in a different sense; perhaps now equally general in this. It was a feast in memory of the dead, held by surviving friends at the end of a month from the decease.

"The Vocabulary of East Anglia," by Rev. R. Forby, vol. ii, p. 218.

[Items from the account of the Chaplain of Cecilia Talmache, deceased in 1281. The chaplain appears to have been the acting executor.]

Wax, that is wax-candles, bought for the executors and their servants against the feast of the Purification of the Lady Mary, vij*d.* This festival was on the 2nd of February, and celebrated with abundance of candles, both in churches and processions. . . . On this day were consecrated all the tapers and candles which were to be used in the church during the year. Hence the name Candlemas-day.

. . . One mass celebrated for the soul of the Lady, and a ringing

for her sonl at Hawsted iij*d*. The same at Bury iij*d*. The ringing of bells was no inconsiderable part of the ceremony at ancient funerals. . . .

. . . A pair of shoes to a priest for assisting Gilbert the chaplain in celebrating mass for the lady's soul ij*d*. A pair of shoes as well as of gloves, seems to have been a common present of old.

"History and Antiquities of Hawsted," by Sir J. Cullum, p. 11.

Bell-men.

[Concerning "the will of John Baret, of Bury S. Edmund's, who died in 1463, and is buried in S. Mary's Church in that town."]

His directions are most ample. The two bellmen that went about the town at his death were to have gowns, and to be two of the five torch-holders, for which they were to have twopence and their meat, the Sexton receiving twelve pence and his bread, drink, and meat. At the "yeerday," the bellmen were to receive fourpence each for going about the town to call on the inhabitants to pray "for my soule and for my faderis and modrys."

The "Thirty day" (which may spring from the thirty days mourning for Moses and Aaron) is well known for its Trental of masses, always of course thirty in number, but varying in detail from time to time.

. . . We find bellmen employed on the "Thirty day," which is equivalent to another well-known expression, the "Month's mind." All the good people of Bury, however, were not of the same opinion as John Baret. John Coote, for instance, "will neyther ryngyn nor belman goynge," but his almsgivings and dinners on his Thirty-day to be "don in secret manner."

Joan Mason, widow of Bury, in 1510, directed the bellmen to go abowte the parysshe" at her anniversary and earth-tide to "pray and reherse the sowles" of all the persons she recited.

Another remarkable custom was the sounding by means of a chime-barrel the *Requiem Eternam*, which as may be seen, ranged

only over five notes. John Baret . . . makes special arrangement for this music during his Thirty-day.

J. Raven. "Church Bells of Suffolk," p. 86.

At Bury the Curfew bell saved the life of John Perfay, draper, who was not forgetful of the incident, as appears in his will, dated 1509. "I wole that my close which ys holdyn by copy off my lord Abbot of Bury Seynt Edmond. . . . I gyve toward ye ryngers charge off the gret belle in Seynt Mary Churche, callyd corfew belle."

The original of this bequest is thus related by Mr. Gage Rokewode ("Hist. of Hengrave," p. 11). "John Perfey, tenant of the Manor of Fornham All Saints, is said to have lost his way in returning from the Court to Bury, and to have recovered himself from a perilous situation by accident, by hearing the striking of the *clock* or *bell* at S. Mary's, Bury. This circumstance, if we are to believe a tale not uncommon, led to his devising certain pieces of land, which took the name of Bell meadow, parcel of the manor of Fornham All Saints, to the Churchwardens of S. Mary's, in order that the bell might be tolled in summer regularly at four o'clock in the morning and nine in the evening, and in winter at six in the morning and eight at night."

Mr. Gage Rokewood is very likely right in thinking that one purpose of this endowment was to incite the people to repeat the Angelus.

Ibid. p. 88.

[From a book of account, intitled, "Coosts laid out at the monthes mynde, 1540," of Sir Thomas Kytson, buried at Hengrave.]

Paide and laid out by t'hands of Mr. John Crofts, Esqueyr, for coosts and chardge and in meat and drynke, ware for the heresse and making of hit, and for the setting of it up, and in dole with other chardge and necessarys done at the monthes mynde at Hengrave. . . . xxxv*li.* xvij*s.* vj*d.*

"Gage's Hengrave," p. 113.

[From the inventory of the effects of the deceased.] Wares in the warehouses in London, i^m. i^c. iiij^xx j*li.* xv*s.* j*d.*

[These consisted of cloth of gold, sattins, tapistry, velvets, furs, fustians, bags of pepper, cloves, madder, etc. Among the wares appears a curious item: Itm, a hundryth wyght of amuletts for the neke, xxc. xvj*ll*, iiij*s*, j*d.*]

Dr. Hering in his "Preservatives againts the Pestilence," 4^to^ London, 1625, has the following passage: "Perceiving many in this citie to weare about their necks upon the region of the heart certain placents or amulets (as preservatives against the pestilence) confected of arsenick, my opinion is, that they are so farre from effecting any good in tis kind, as a preventive, that they are very dangerous and hurtful if not pernitious to those that weare them."

"Gage's Hengrave," p. 115.

Sir Thomas de Hemegrave died on the seventeenth of October, 1419. . . . He bequeathed . . to each of the poor, called bed lawer-men, within the said city (Norwich) fourpence, to pray for his soul. "Laying out the corpse," says Brand, is an office always performed by women, who claim the linen, etc., about the person of the deceased at the time of performing the ceremony, etc.—*Popular Antiquities.* Yet this was the office of these bedlayer men, and it is a duty performed by the brethren of the Misericordia.

Ibid. p. 91.

Woodbridge Funeral Customs.

At Woodbridge the burial feast is called mulled-ale. Mr. Redstone suggests that this is a corruption of mould-ale. The dying person chooses what the bearers shall drink.

The bearers all drink before they go to the church; the mourners drink afterwards.

All the mourners attend church on the Sunday after the funeral. People who otherwise never go to church do not fail to attend on this occasion. There is a common belief that the clergyman is obliged to preach a sermon from any text that the mourners

may choose; and there is an instance cited of a man who paid the clergyman a guinea and insisted upon exercising this right.

From Mr. Redstone.

Salt.—The practice of setting a plate of salt on the breast of a corpse prevails generally in East Anglia, as it is said to do in Scotland; but tradition furnishes no account of the origin of the custom.

Forby. "Vocabulary of East Anglia," vol. ii, p. 426.

A 'Garland.'

"Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants."

Hamlet—Act v, Scene 1.

From a letter from Miss Hawker. . . . "The church at Walsham-le-Willows is one of the few that contains a 'garland,'* or little suspended monument to a girl who died of a broken heart."

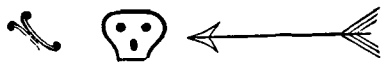
From a letter from Miss Gordon, sister of the vicar of Walsham-le-Willows. . . . "We have failed to find any information about Mary Boyce and her romantic memorial except what is most vague. An old woman, now dead, told me she remembered going with her mother to decorate it with flowers."

The "garland" in the parish church of Walsham-le-Willows hangs from the south wall of the nave. It is a large oval lozenge

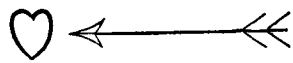
* "But since I'm resolved to die for my dear
I'll chuse six young virgins my coffin to bear;
And all those young virgins I now do chase,
Instead of green ribbands, green ribbands, green ribbands.
Instead of green ribbands a garland shall wear;
And when in the church in my grave I lie deep,
Let all those fine garlands, fine garlands, fine garlands,
Let all those fine garlands hang over my feet.
And when any of my sex behold the sight,
They may see I've been constant, been constant,
They may see I've been constant to my heart's delight."

Ballad quoted in Chambers's "Book of Days," vol. i, p. 273.

surmounted by a small heart. On the side facing the chancel is written the name of Mary Boyce in plain black letters. Above the name are cross bones, and a skull and arrow, thus:



Below is a heart and arrow, thus:



On the side facing the west door is written:

Y^{e} 15
NOVE
MBER
1685

In the baptismal register for 1665 there is the entry:

Mary, y^{e} daughter of William Boyce and Mary his wife, was baptised October y^{e} 29th."

In the burial register for 1685:

"Mary, y^{e} daughter of William Boyce, Nov., 15th."

[The Rev. C. D. Gordon, vicar of Walsham-le-Willows.

IX.—GAMES.

A *ball** custom now prevails annually at Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk. On Shrove Tuesday, Easter Monday, and the Whitsuntide festivals, twelve old women side off for a game at trap and ball, which is kept up with the greatest spirit and vigour until sunset. One old lady, named Gill, upwards of sixty years of age, has been celebrated as the "mistress of the sport" for a number

* See similar custom among women in Chester on Easter Day.—"Chambers Book of Days," vol. i, p. 428.

of years past; and it affords much of the good old humour to flow round, whilst the merry combatants dexterously hurl the giddy ball to and fro. Afterwards they retire to their homes, where

"Voice, fiddle, or flute,
No longer is mute,"

and close the day with apportioned mirth and merriment.

Communicated by S. R. to W. Hone's "Everyday Book," vol. i, p. 430.

Suffolk Games.

Omitting games so universal as cricket, leap-frog, marbles, etc.—we have All the birds in the air, and All the fishes in the sea—bandy, bandy-ricket, base-ball, brandy-ball, bubble-hole, bull in the park (this I suspect to be the same as frog in the middle), blind-hob, blind man's buff, bob-cherry, bos, buck, buck, how many horns do I hold up?—cross questions and crooked answers, cross bars, cat after the mouse—dropping the letter, dumb crambo, Dutch concert—English and French—French and English (different games)—frog in the middle (see bull in the park), follow my leader, football, five stones—gull—handkerchiefs, hats, hide and find, hie co-colorum jig, hitchy cock ho, hocky, hog over hie, honey pots, hop scotch, horny hic, hot cockles, hunt the slipper—I spy I—Jack's alive, Jack be nimble, Jib Job Jeremiah—kick the bucket—my lady's toilet, magical music—niddy noddy, nine holes—oranges and lemons—prisoner's base, poor tanner, prison bars, plum pudding and roast beef, puss in the corner—rakes and roans, robbers—salt eel, snap dragon, snap apple—threading the tailor's needle, Tom Tickler's ground, three jolly butchers,—what's my thought like, work at one as I do.

Ed. Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 238.

Camp,* s. an ancient athletic game at Ball, now almost super-

* A much more detailed account of Camp is given in Moor's "Suffolk Words and Phrases," from which it appears to be substantially the same game as Rugby Football.—C. G.

seded by cricket, a less hardy and dangerous sport. . . . Two varieties are at present expressly recognised; *rough-play* and *civil-play*. In the latter there is no boxing. But the following is a general description of it as it was of old, and in some places still continues. Two goals are pitched at the distance of 120 yards from each other. In a line with each are ranged the combatants. . . . The number on each side is equal; not always the same, but very commonly twelve. They ought to be uniformly dressed in light flannel jackets, distinguished by colours. The ball is deposited exactly in the mid-way. The sign or word is given by an umpire. The two sides, as they are called, rush forward. The sturdiest and most active of each encounter those of the other. The contest for the ball begins and never ends without black eyes and bloody noses, broken heads or shins, and some serious mischiefs. If the ball can be carried, kicked or thrown to one of the goals, in spite of all the resistance of the other party, it is reckoned for one towards the game, which has sometimes been known to last two or three hours. But the exertion and fatigue of this is excessive. So the victory is not always decided by number of points, but the game is placed against time as the phrase is. It is common to limit it to half an hour. . . . The prizes are commonly hats, gloves, shoes, or small sums of money. . . . Ray says that in his time, this ancient game prevailed most in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex. . . . A. S. Campian, præliari.

Camping-land, s. a piece of ground set apart for the exercise of camping-land was given for this purpose with all legal formalities. . . . In the late Sir John Cullum's "History of Hawsted, in Suffolk," the *camping-pightle* is mentioned under the date 1466. A large piece of pasture land at Stowmarket is still called the *camping-land*. Other instances might be mentioned in other parishes in both counties. (Norfolk and Suffolk.)

Forby. "Vocab. of E. Anglia," vol. i, p. 51.

Kit-Cat.—A game played by boys. . . . Three small holes are made in the ground triangularly, about twenty feet apart, to mark the position of as many boys, who each holds a small stick about

two feet long. Three other boys of the adverse side pitch successively a piece of stick, a little bigger than one's thumb called *cat*, to be struck by those holding the sticks. On its being struck, the boys run from hole to hole dipping the ends of their sticks in as they pass, and counting, one, two, three, etc., as they do so, up to 31, which is game. Or the greater number of holes gained in the innings may indicate the winners as at cricket.

Kit-Cat Cannis.—A sedentary game, played by two, with slate and pencil. . . . It is won by the party who can first get three marks (o's or x's) in a line. . . .

Ed. Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 200.

Salt eel.—One of our numerous recreations. . . . This is something like *hide and find*. The name of salt eel may have been given it from one of the points of the game, which is to *baste* the runaway individual whom you may overtake, all the way home with your hankerchief twisted hard for that purpose. *Salt eel* implies on board ship, a rope's ending, and on shore, an equivalent process. "Yeow shall have *salt eel* for supper," is an emphatic threat. . . .

Ibid. p. 328.

Laugh-and-lay-down, s. a childish game at cards, in which the player, who holds a certain combination of cards, lays them down on the table and is supposed to *laugh* at his success in winning the stake.

Forby. "Vocabulary of East Anglia," vol. ii, p. 192.

Morris, s. an ancient game, in very common modern use. In Shakespear's Midsummer Night's Dream, it is called "nine men's *morris*" from its being played with nine men as they were then, and still are now called. We call it simply *morris*. Probably it took the name from a fancied resemblance to a dance, in the motions of the men. . . . Shepherd's boys and other clowns

play it on the green turf, or on the bare ground; cutting or scratching the lines, on the one or the other. . . . In towns, porters and other labourers play it, at their leisure hours, on the flat pavement, tracing the figure with chalk. It is also a domestic game; and the figure is to be found on the back of some draught-boards. . . . On the ground, the men are pebbles, broken tiles, shells, or potsherds; on a table, the same as are used at draughts or back-gammon.

Ibid. vol. ii, p. 220.

Nine-Holes, s. pl. A rustic game; or indeed more than one. In one of them, nine round holes are made in the ground, and a ball aimed at them from a certain distance. This is supposed in Nare's Glossary to be the modern form (whether subject to the same rule of playing or not) of the "Nine men's morris," mentioned by Shakespear. We have that game, and it is different, being played on a flat surface. In our other game of *nine-holes*, the holes are made in a board with a number over each, through one of which the ball is to pass. This must be something like Trou-madame (of which, indeed, there are many varieties or resemblances), only that it is played on the ground, and in the open air.

Ibid. vol. ii, p. 232.

One and thirty, a game at cards, much resembling vingt-un, but of very venerable antiquity, assuredly, for it is alluded to by Bishop Latimer in one of his sermons. It was many years ago called *one and thirty* turntail, and *one and thirty* bone-ace. The first name was from turning up the last drawn card, to shew whether the number was exactly made up or exceeded; the second, from the fortunate contingency of drawing an ace after two tens; the ace, counted for eleven, made up the game, and was certainly a good ace. It is still played by children.

Ibid. vol. ii, p. 238.

Bandy-Hoshoe, s. a game at ball played with a *bandy* either

made of some very tough wood, or shod with metal, or with the point of the horn or the hoof of some animal. The ball is a knob or knarl from the trunk of a tree, carefully formed into a globular shape. The adverse parties strive to beat it with their *bandies*, through one or other of the goals placed at proper distances. It is probably named from the supposed resemblance of the lower end of the *bandy*, in strength or curvature, to a horse-shoe; or it may be so called from being shod, as it were, with horn or hoof. In particular, the empty hoof of a sheep or calf, which is frequently used, may be well assimilated to a shoe.

Ibid. vol. i, p. 14.

Blind-Sim, *Blind-Hob*, s. the game of blind-man's buff. The unfortunate wight whose lot it is to be hood-winked, and who is thumped and punched by the other players, bears the contemptuous name of a coarse clown; to make fun for the company as in a pantomime.

Ibid. vol. i, p. 28.

Ducks and Drakes.—A boyish pastime, played by casting stones on to the surface of a still piece of water, slantingly, that they may dip and emerge several times. If once, it is "a duck"—if twice, "a duck an a drake"—if thrice, "a duck an a drake an a fie'penny cake"—four times, is "a duck an a drake an a fie'penny cake an a penny to pah the baker." If more than four, "a duck" —"a duck an a drake," etc., are added. These distinctions are iterated quickly to correspond in time, as nearly as may be, with the dips of the stone.

Ed. Moor. "Suffólk Words and Phrases," p. 115.

Fighting Cocks, s. pl. the spikes of the different species of plaintain, with which boys play a game so called.

Forby. "Vocab. of E. Anglia," vol. i. p. 113. *See* Moor, p. 84.

CHILDREN'S GAMES, COMMUNICATED BY MISS NINA LAYARD, IPSWICH.

I.

Make a Ring.

The girls are named all round with different colours. Then one says 'The police of the parish has lost his cap, some say this and some say that, but I say Mr. —— cap.' Then the girl answers quickly 'Me Sir.' Then the other answers, 'Yes you Sir.' The girl answers 'Not me Sir.' Then she says, 'Who then, Sir?' The suspected girl answers 'Mr. —— Cap.'

You must answer quickly else you have to give a forfeit.

II.

'There's a Lady on the Mountain.'

Make a ring with one girl in the middle and sing:—

"There's a lady on the mountain,
Who she is I do not know;
All she want is gold and silver;
All she want is a nice young man.
Now you're married you must be good,
Make your husband chop the wood.
Chop it fine and bring it in,
Give three kisses in the ring."

III.

A number of girls stand in a line. Three girls out of the number represent Mother, Jack, and Daughter. Then mother leaves her children in charge of her daughter, counts them and says the following:—

"I am going into the garden to gather some rue,
And mind old Jack-daw don't get you,
Especially you my daughter Sue,
I'll beat you till you're black and blue."

While the mother is gone Jack comes and asks for a match which he takes, and hides her up. Then mother comes back, and counts her children and finds one missing. Then she asks where she is, and the daughter says that Jack has got her. Then mother beats daughter, and leaves them again saying the same words as before until the children have gone.

IV.

Make a Ring.

All stand in a line with two girls at the end. One girl says:—

'How many miles to London?'

Ans. 'Three score ten.'

Girl. 'Can I get there by candle-light?'

Ans. 'Yes, and back again.'

Girl. 'Open the gate and let me through.'

Ans. 'Not unless you're black and blue.'

Girl. 'Here's my black and here's my blue.'

**Ans.* 'Open the gates and let me through.'

All say. 'Dan, Dan, thread the needle, Dan, Dan, sew.

(Keep repeating.)

Miss Layard adds the following notes and suggestions. 'This seemed to me interesting because it is essentially a Suffolk game (if not Ipswich) because of the distance to London. Can the gate refer to the gate of the old town wall? Have the colours black and blue any significance?'

V.

'*The Tower of Barbaree.*'

Two girls join hands; some of the girls representing soldiers come and ask them if they will surrender the Tower of Barbaree. The others answer, 'We won't surrender, we won't surrender the Tower of Barbaree.' Then the girls say: 'We will go and tell the Queen, go and tell the Queen of Barbaree.' The girls answer: 'Don't care for the Queen, don't care for the Queen, the Queen of Barbaree.' A girl goes to the Queen, and says, 'Good morning young Queen, Good morning young Queen, I have a complaint to thee.'

The Queen says, 'Pray what is your complaint to me?'

The girl says, 'They won't surrender, etc.'

The Queen says, 'Take one of my brave soldiers.'

* Ought not this to be 'Open the gates and let her through?'

Then the soldier goes and jumps on the girls' hands to see if they can break them apart. If they cannot, they do not have the tower, but if they can break them they have the tower.

VI.

Make a ring with one girl in the middle; all join hands; then sing:

'Golden apple, lemon and a pear,
Bunch of roses she shall wear,
Golden and silver by her side,
I know who shall be her bride.
Take her by the lily white hand,
Lead her cross the water,
Give her kisses one, two, three,
Mrs. Gilburn's daughter.
Now you're married, I wish you joy,
Father and mother you must obey,
Love one another like sister and brother,
And now's the time to kiss away.'

VII.

Make a ring; all join hands and sing:

'How do you Luby Lue?
How do you Luby Lue?
How do you Luby Lue
O'er the Saturday night.
Put your right hand in,
Put your right hand out,
Shake it in the middle, and turn yourselves about.
How do you Luby Lue? etc.'

Repeat this, naming "your left hand," "your right foot," "your heads," in turn, each with the refrain 'How do you Luby Lue?' etc. In the last verse you are told to 'Put yourselves in,' etc.

VIII.

Make a Ring.

All join hands, enclosing a boy and girl, the boy standing a distance from the girl. The boy is called a gentleman, and the girl a lady.

Gentleman:

"There stands a lady on yonder hill,
Who she is I cannot tell;
I'll go and court her for her beauty
Whether she answers me yes or no.
Madam I bow *vounce* to thee."

Lady: 'Sir, have I done thee any harm?'

Gentleman: 'Coxconian.'

Lady: 'Coxconian is not my name, 'tis Hers and Kers and Willis and Cave.'

Gentleman: 'Stab me Ha! Ha! little I fear, over the waters there are but nine, I'll meet you a man alive. Over the waters there are but ten, I'll meet you there five thousand.'

Then the gentleman pretends to stab the lady, and she falls on the ground. Then he walks round the lady and sings:

'Rise up, rise up, my pretty fair maid,
You're only in a trance;
Rise up, rise up, my pretty fair maid,
And we will have a dance.'

Then he lifts up the lady and the game is finished.

IX.

Make a ring with one girl in the centre. One goes round outside and the girl in the centre says:

'Who is going round my little stony wall?'

The girl outside answers

'Only little Johnny Lingo.'

Centre girl. 'Don't you steal any of my fat sheep.'

Outside girl. 'I stole one last night and gave it a little hay and away came a dickey-bird and stole another one.'

The outside girl takes one away each time, till they are all taken, and she hides them.

Centre girl asks the outside one for her sheep.

Outside girl. 'They are gone to the Blue House.'

Centre girl. 'They are not there.'

Outside girl. 'They are gone to the Red House.'

Centre. 'They are not there, I must come in.'
Outside. 'Your shoes are dirty.'
Centre. 'I can take them off.'
Outside. 'Your stockings are dirty.'
Centre. 'I can take them off.'
Outside. 'Your feet are dirty.'
Centre. 'I can cut them off.'
Outside. 'The blood will run.'
Centre. 'Wrap them up in blankets.'
Outside. 'It will soak through.'
Centre. 'I must come in.'
So she goes from side to side until they are caught.

[All these were taken down from the lips of the girls by Miss King, and given by her, together with the girls' names and addresses, to Miss Layard.]

Games Played in Grundisburgh.

Taken down from a Grundisburgh girl's description by Camilla Gurdon.

I.

Mary is Weeping.

Form a ring. A child in the middle kneels and pretends to be weeping. The others sing:

Poor Mary is a weeping, a weeping, a weeping,
Poor Mary is a weeping on a fine summer's day.

What is she weeping for, weeping for, weeping for,
What is she weeping for on a fine summer's day?

She's weeping for her sweetheart, etc.,
She's weeping for her sweetheart on a fine summer's day.

Pray get up and choose one, etc.,
Pray get up and choose one on a fine summer's day.

Then she chooses one, whichever child she pleases. The ring of children divide to let the two pass out, and the ring sings:

Pray go to church love, etc.,
Pray go to church love on a fine summer's day.

Pray put the ring on, etc.,
Pray put the ring on on a fine summer's day.

Then the ring of children divides again to let the two into the middle, and sings:

Pray come back love, etc.,
Pray come back love on a fine summer's day.

Now you're married we wish you joy,
Your father and mother you must obey,*
Love one another like sister and brother,
And now its time to go away.

II.

Wall-flowers.

Form a ring. One child remains outside. The ring of children sing:

Wall-flowers, Wall-flowers,
Growing up so high;
All ye young maidens
Are all fit to die.

The child outside says:

Excepting (*names one*), and she's the worst of all,
She can hop and she can skip,
And she can turn the candle-stick.
Fye! Fye! For shame,
Turn your face to the wall again.

Then the child addressed turns round and looks the other way. This is repeated until all the children are named.

III.

The Poor Widow.

Form a ring, with one child in the middle. The ring of children sings:

One poor widow is left alone, all alone, all alone,
Choose the worst and choose the best,
And choose the one that you like best.

"Then the child in the middle chooses one, and the ring of children sings:

Now she's married I wish her joy,
Her father and mother she must obey,
Love one another like sisters and brothers,
And now it's time to go away.

* "First a girl and then a boy" is another version.—E.C.

Then the child who was first in the middle goes out, and the child that she chose stays in, and represents the poor widow *da Capo*.

IV.

The Jolly Miller.

The children sit in a ring and sing:

There were three jolly millers (repeat 3 times)
Down by the River Dee.
One finger, one thumb, keep moving (repeat 3 times)
Down by the River Dee.
There were three jolly millers (3 times)
Down by the River Dee.

Two fingers, two thumbs, keep moving (3 times)
Down by the River Dee.
There were three, etc.

This formula is repeated, with an additional member each time until:

Two fingers, two thumbs, one head, two arms,
Two legs and one body keep moving,
Down by the River Dee.

It is of course accompanied by appropriate gestures.

V.

Counting out Rhyme.

(From a Grundisburgh child.)

The girls each put their fingers on a cap, and then one says—putting her finger in the middle of the cap.

One (*takes her finger away*).

Higgery Hoggery Heggery Am,
Filsy Folsy Filsy Fam,
Kuby Koby Virgin Mary,
Sprinkle Sprinkle Blot.
Out go she.

The girl to whom the last word, "she," comes, has to take her finger away.

X.—HARVEST CUSTOMS.

"In Suffolk," says Sir John Cullum in his entertaining History of Hawsted, "the harvest lasts about five weeks; during which the harvestman earns about £3. The agreement between the farmers and their hired harvestmen is made on Whitsun Monday. *Harvest gloves* of 7d. a pair are still presented. During harvest, if any strangers happen to come into the field, they are strongly solicited to make a present to the labourers, and those who refuse are reckoned churlish and covetous. This present is called a *Largess*; and the benefactor is celebrated on the spot, by the whole troop, who first cry out *Holla! Largess! Holla! Largess!* They then set up two violent screams, which are succeeded by a loud vociferation, continued as long as their breath will serve, and dying gradually away. Wheat harvest is finished by a little repast given by the farmer to his men. And the completion of the whole is crowned by a banquet, called the *Horkey*, to which the wives and children are also invited. The largess money furnishes another day of festivity, at the alehouse, when they experience to perfection the happiness of

Corda oblita laborum.

At all their merrymakings their benefactors are commemorated by *Holla! Largess!* The last load of corn is carried home, as it were, in triumph, adorned with a green bough."*

"In the descriptive Ballad which follows," says Bloomfield in his Advertisement to the "Horkey," "it will be evident that I have endeavoured to preserve the style of a gossip, and to transmit the memorial of a custom, the extent or antiquity of which I am not acquainted with, and pretend not to enquire into."

In Suffolk husbandry, the man who (whether by merit or by sufferance I know not) goes foremost through the harvest with the scythe or the sickle, is honoured with the title of '*Lord*,' and at the Horkey or harvest-home feast, collects what he can for himself and brethren from the farmers and visitors, to make a 'frolic' afterwards

* For the significance of this custom, cf. Frazer's *Golden Bough*, vol. i. 336–338; 340–346; 408; ii. 4, 7, 8, 68.

called 'the largess spending.' By way of returning thanks, though perhaps formerly of much more, or of different signification, they immediately leave the seat of festivity, and with a very long and repeated shout of a 'largess' (the number of shouts being regulated by the sums given) seem to wish to make themselves heard by the people of the surrounding farms. And before they rejoin the company within, the pranks and jollity I have endeavoured to describe usually take place. These customs, I believe, are fast going out of use, which is one great reason for my trying to tell the rising race of mankind that such were the customs when I was a boy."—*The Suffolk Garland*, printed and sold by John Raw, MDCCCXVIII., p 337.

They used to put green boughs and flowers, and sometimes a man would put a ribbon, on the last load. They used to deck the last sheaf with a green bough and put ta on top o' the load.

[Taken down from an old labourer's account of harvests in Suffolk in old days. Grundisburgh.]

One of the Five Hundred points of Husbandry relates to August.

> Grant harvest-lord more, by a penny or twoo,
> To call on his fellowes the better to doo:
> Give gloves* to thy reapers a Larges to crie,
> And daily to loiterers have a good eie.—*Tusser.*

W. Hone. "Everyday Book," vol. ii, p. 1156.

Largess, s. a gift to reapers in harvest. When they have received it, they shout thrice, the words "hallo largess;" an obvious corruption of the words "à la largesse," a very ancient form of soliciting bounty from the great; not of thanking them for it. . . . . it is unquestionably a remnant of high feudal antiquity. It is called halloing a *largess*."

"The Vocabulary of East Anglia," by Rev. R. Forby, vol. ii, p. 190.

The custom after harvest of crying *largesse* prevails generally among the people in this neighbourhood; but the *hockay*, or harvest-home, since the introduction of task-work at the reaping season, begins to

* See the custom of giving gloves to servants at Lammas under "Miscellaneous Customs."

fall into disuse. When this good old custom is kept here with due solemnity, besides the usual homage paid to the master and mistress of the house, a ceremony takes place which affords much mirth: a pair of ram's-horns, painted, and decorated with flowers, is carried in triumph round the festive board; and as the forester who had killed the deer was honoured of old with the buck's horns, and saluted with a ditty—("As you like it," iv., 2)—so the harvest-man of Hengrave, having finished his labours, is crowned with the ram's horns, and greeted with a song which has the same point as the other, though more coarsely expressed.

"Gage's Hengrave," p. 7.

The time for hearing real Suffolk songs is after harvest, when the Hawkey time has come and the men have the supper so long looked forward to. They like it best arranged as their fathers have had it from time immemorial. A favourite song is a very short one. After the usual pressing from the "Lord of the Faist," one of the company will stand up and begin with:

"Laarn tew be wise
Laaaaren teeeew be wise,
Larrrrrren tu beeeeeee wise!"

This goes on till a voice calls out, "Will, come, dew you guv us more than that there, man, co'!" No notice, however, is taken by the singer of the remark, and he goes on, only varying the stress laid upon the words of each line. But at last the "Dew yow's" become general, when the singer coolly sits down, saying with an air of authority, "Larn that FUST."

Cambridge. "Brother Mike," Suffolk Notes & Queries, Ipswich Journal, 1877.

Healths.

The Master's Good Health.

Here's a health unto our Master, the founder of the feast,
I wish with all my heart and soul, in heaven he may find rest.
I hope all things may prosper, that ever he takes in hand,
For we are all his servants, and all at his command.
Drink, boys, drink, and see you do not spill;
For if you do, you must drink two; it is your master's will.

The Mistress's Good Health.

Now harvest is ended, and supper is past,
Here's our mistress's good health, boys, in a full flowing glass.
She is a good woman, she prepar'd us good cheer,
Come, all my brave boys, now and drink off your beer.
Drink, my boys, drink, till you come unto me,
The longer we sit, my boys, the merrier we shall be.

Sung on taking the Ale out of doors.

In yon green wood, there lies an old fox,
Close by his den, you may catch him or no.
His beard and his brush are all of one colour,
(*Takes the glass and drinks it off.*)
I am sorry, kind sir, that your glass is no fuller.
'Tis down the red lane, 'tis down the red lane,
So merrily hunt the fox down the red lane.

Health to the Barley Mow.

Here's a health to the barley mow,
Here's a health to the man,
Who very well can
Both harrow, and plough, and sow.
When it is well sown,
See it is well mown,
Both raked, and gavell'd clean;
And a barn to lay it in,
Here's a health to the man,
Who very well can
Both thrash, and fan it clean.

*To the Duke of Norfolk.**

I am the Duke of Norfolk,
Newly come to Suffolk,
Say, shall I be attended
Or no, no, no?
Good Duke, be not offended,
And you shall be attended,
You shall be attended
Now, now, now.

"The Suffolk Garland," 1818, pp. 401-402.

* At the "Harvest Supper," one of the guests is crowned with an inverted *pillow*, and a jug of ale is presented to him by another of the company, kneeling. . . . This custom has most probably some allusion to the homage formerly paid to the Lords of Norfolk, the possessors of immense domains in this county.

. . . To 'serve the Duke of Norfolk' seems to have been equivalent to making merry, as in the following speech of mine host, at the end of the play of *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1617 :

> 119. 'Why Sir George, send for Spindle's * noise presently,
> Ha! ere't night *I'll serve the good Duke of Norfolk.*'

To which Sir John rejoins :

> 'Grass and hay! mine host, let's live till we die,
> And be merry; and there's an end.'
>
> —*Dodsley's Old Plays*, vol. v. p. 271.

Dr. Letherland, in a note which Stevens has printed on King Henry IV., part I, act ii., sc. 4 (where Falstaff says, "This chair shall be my State, this dagger my sceptre, and this *cushion my crown*,") observes that the country people in Warwickshire also use a *cushion* for a *crown*, at their harvest home diversions; and in the play of King Edward IV., part II., 1649, is the following passage :

> 'Then comes a slave, one of those drunken sots,
> In with a tavern's reck'ning for a supplication,
> Disguised with a cushion on his head.'

"In the Suffolk custom, he who is crowned with the pillow is to take the ale, to raise it to his lips, and to drink it off without spilling it, or allowing the cushion to fall; but there was, also, another drinking custom connected with this tune (*i.e.*, the tune to which 'I am the Duke of Norfolk,' was sung). In the first volume of *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to purge Melancholy*, 1698 and 1707, and the third volume 1719, is a song called *Bacchus' Health* 'to be sung by all the company, together with directions to be observed.' They are as follows :

'First man stands up, with a glass in his hands, and sings :

> Here's a health to jolly Bacchus (sung three times),
> I-ho, I-ho, I-ho.
> For he doth make us merry (three times),
> I-ho, I-ho, I-ho;
> * Come sit ye down together (three times),

(At this star all bow to each other and sit down.)

* Spindle's noise, *i.e.* Spindle's band, or company of musicians.

I-ho, I-ho, I-ho;
And bring † more liquor hither (three times),

(At this dagger all the company beckon the drawer)

I-ho, I-ho, I-ho.
It goes into the *cranium (three times),

(At this star the first man drinks his glass while the others sing and point at him)

I-ho, I-ho, I-ho;
And † thou'rt a boon companion (three times),

(At this dagger all sit down, each clapping the next man on the shoulder)

I-ho, I-ho, I-ho.

Every line of the above is to be sung three times, except I-ho, I-ho, I-ho. Then the second man takes his glass and sings; and so round."

From vol. i, p. 118, of "The Ballad Literature and Popular Music of the Olden Time," by W. Chappell, F.S.A. Quoted by F.C.B., Suffolk Notes and Queries, Ipswich Journal, 1877.

XI.—LEGENDS: SPECTRAL, Etc.

Gold Bridge.

The tradition . . . is as follows, and is current in the parish of Hoxne to this day. In the hope of escaping his pursuers, the monarch (Edmund) concealed himself under the arch of a bridge near the place, now called Gold Bridge, and so named from the brilliant appearance of the gilt spurs which he happened to wear, and which proved the means of discovering his retreat. A newly-married couple, returning home in the evening, and seeing by moonlight the

reflection of the spurs in the water, betrayed him to the Danes. Indignant at their treachery, the king is said to have pronounced, in the warmth of his resentment, a dreadful curse upon every couple who should afterwards pass over this bridge on their way to or from the altar of Hymen; and we are told even at this day, after an interval of nearly one thousand years, such is the superstitious regard paid to this denunciation, that persons, proceeding to or coming from the church on such an occasion, never fail to avoid the bridge, even if they are obliged to take a circuitous road.

"The Suffolk Garland," p. 204.

It is thought that the King's bright armour is still to be seen glimmering through the water of the brook.

"Handbook for Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk and Cambridgeshire," Murray, 1875, p. 183.

Martyrdom of St. Edmund.

The circumstances relating to St. Edmund, says the historian of Bury, which took place on the retreat of the Danes, and which have formed a favourite theme for the Monkish writers and a favourite subject for their painters and sculptors, are given with miraculous embellishments, and with various degrees of amplification by most of the monastic poets and historians.

To offer the utmost indignity to the martyred King, the Pagans cast his severed head and body into the thickest part of the woods at Eglesdene. When the departure of the Danes removed the terror which their presence had inspired, the East Anglians, prompted by affection for their late Sovereign, assembled, in considerable numbers, to pay his corpse the last duties of attachment. After a sorrowful search the body was discovered, conveyed to the neighbouring village, Hoxne, and there interred; but the head could not be found. These zealous and dutiful subjects, therefore, divided themselves into small parties, and searched every part of the wood. Terrified by its thickness and obscurity, some of them cried out to their companions, "Where are you?" A voice answered, "Here, here, here!" They hastened to the place whence the sound proceeded, and found the

long-sought head in a thicket of thorns, guarded by a wolf, "an unkouth thyng and strange agwyn nature." The people, almost overpowered with joy, with all possible veneration, took the holy head, which its guardian quietly surrendered to them, and carried it to the body. The friendly wolf joined in the procession, and after seeing "the precious treasure," that he had with so much care protected, deposited with the body, returned into the woods with doleful mourning. The head was some time after observed to have united with the body; and the mark of separation appeared round the neck like a "purpil thread." His martyrdom is thus described by Langtoft:

. . . . . .

He attired him to bataile with folk that he had,
But this cursed Danes so grete oste ay lad,
That Edmund was taken and slayn at the last,
Full far fro the body lay was the hede kast.
The body son they fonde, the hede was in doute,
Up and downe in the felde thei souht it aboute.
To haf knowing thereof alle thei were in were,
Till the hede himself said, Here, here, here!
Ther thei fonde the hede is now a faire chapelle,
Oxen hate the toun ther the body felle.
Ther where he was schotte another chapelle standes
And somewhat of that tree thei bond untille his hands,
The tone is fro the tother moten a grete myle,
So far bare a woulfe the hede and kept it a grete while,
Until the hede said "Here," als I befor said,
Fro the woulfe thee it toke, unto the body it laid,
Men sais ther he ligges the flesh samen gede,
But the token of the wonde als a red threde,
Now lies he in schryne in gold that is rede,
Seven yere was he Kyng that tyme that he was dede.

. . . . The feast of St. Edmund, November the 20th, was ranked amongst the holydays of precept in this kingdom by the national Council of Oxford, in 1222, and was observed at Bury with the most splendid and joyous solemnities. We find that, upon this festival, 150 tapers of 1lb. weight or more illuminated the abbey church, its altars, and its windows. The "revel on St. Edmund's night" was of a character somewhat more noisy, turbulent and unhallowed; a loose being then given to every species of jollity and amusement.

"Suffolk Garland," p. 34

In the year 1014 the tyrant Sweyn, after innumerable and cruel misdeeds, which he had been guilty of either in England or in other countries, to complete his own damnation, dared to exact a heavy tribute from the town where lies interred the uncorrupted body of the royal martyr Edmund, a thing that no one had dared to do before, from the time when that town had been given to the Church of the above-named Saint. He repeatedly threatened, also, that if it was not quickly paid, beyond a doubt, he would burn the town, together with the townsmen, utterly destroy the Church of the Martyr himself, and torment the clergy with various tortures. In addition to this he even dared to speak slightingly of the martyr himself, and to say that he was no saint at all. . . . At length, towards the evening of the day on which, in a general council he held at a place called Geagnesburt (Gainsborough), he had again repeated these threats, while surrounded with most numerous crowds of Danes, he alone beheld Saint Edmund coming armed towards him; on seeing whom he was terrified, and began to cry out with loud shrieks, exclaiming, 'Fellow-soldiers, to the rescue, to the rescue! behold St. Edmund has come to slay me;' after saying which, being pierced by the Saint with a spear, he fell from the throne upon which he was sitting, and suffering great torments until nightfall, on the third day before the mones of February, terminated his life by a shocking death."—*Riley's Roger de Hoveden's Annals.*

J. Varden. "East Anglian Handbook for 1865," p. 67.

Ghosts.

It is certainly very rare to find anyone who professes to have actually seen a ghost. Even in the neighbourhood of old castles, or of the ruins of religious houses, it is rather an indistinct terror that prevails, than a belief of any particular spectral appearance. We frequently hear of the vision of a "white woman" that haunts a particular spot; or of "a coach drawn by horses without heads;" but nobody pretends to assign a name to the lady, or to guess at the owner of the decapitated horses. The counties of Norfolk and Suffolk (and particularly the latter) are remarkable for the great

number of old gentlemen's seats now, for the most part, degraded into farm houses. . . . Most of these are said to be haunted, but not by the ghost of any particular person. It is like a common rumour, which everybody has heard, but of which nobody knows the origin. The only instance of the identity of a ghost fairly established, that a pretty considerable research has been able to discover, is in a village on the coast at the eastern extremity of Suffolk; where there is still an existing memorial of the perturbed spirit. A seaman, it appears, of eccentric notions, died at an early age in the parish in question. During his life he had often told his relations that he would not be buried in the usual way, but insisted on being laid in the grave with his head to the East; and repeatedly assured them that, if he were buried otherwise he should not rest in peace. When he died, however, his family either forgot, or neglected his injunctions, and he was put into the ground in the accustomed manner. He had not been long buried before it was rumoured in the parish that the dead man was very unquiet; and several persons asserted that they had seen him wandering about the churchyard. The tale, as usual, gathered strength by circulation; and at length made so much noise, that his relations were induced to have the coffin taken up, and a new grave dug, a few feet distant from the former, in which he was laid in his favourite position with his head to the East. From this time he rested quietly. . . . His grave is still in existence . . . . with the head-stone at the East end of it. . . . It ought perhaps to be added that the date of this burial is before the middle of the last century.

Forby. "Vocabulary of E. Anglia," vol. ii, p. 412.

A Dutch prisoner at Woodbridge in Suffolk, in the reign of King Charles II., could discern Spirits; but others that stood by could not. The bell tolled for a man newly-deceased. The prisoner saw his phantom, and did describe him to the Parson of the parish, who was with him; exactly agreeing with the man for whom the bell tolled. Says the prisoner, now he is coming near to you, and now he is between you and the wall. The Parson was resolved to try it, and

went to take the wall of him, and was thrown down; he could see nothing. This story is credibly told by several persons of belief.

"Miscellanies upon Various Subjects" by John Aubrey, Esq., F.R.S., London: printed for W. Otteridge, Strand; and E. Easton, at Salisbury. MDCCLXXXIV.

A Disfigured Divell.

Stephen Bateman, in his "Doome warning," published in 1582, relates that "Fishers toke a disfigured divell, in a certain *stoure* (which is a mighty gathering togither of waters from some narrow lake of the sea), a horrible monster with a goat's head, and eyes shyning lyke fyre, whereuppon they were all afrayde and ranne awaye; and that ghoste plunged himselfe under the ice, and running uppe and downe in the *stoure* made a terrible noyse and sound."

[Estuary of the River Stour in Suffolk?]

W. Hone. "Everyday Book," vol. i, p. 1299.

Legends: Spectral, etc.

"Oulton High House, now a school, was built 1550, by the Hobarts; it retains a fine mantelpiece of the period, and some curious carved work. It was long known as the 'haunted house,' where some deeds of darkness had been committed, and at midnight a wild huntsman and his hounds, and a white lady carrying a poisoned cup, were believed to issue and to go their fiendish rounds. According to the legend, the spectre, in the time of George II., was the wife of a roystering squire, who, returning unexpectedly from the chase, surprised her toying with an officer, his guest, whose pity for her had ripened into guilty love. High words followed, and when the husband struck the vile suitor of his wife, the paramour drove his sword through his heart. The murderer and lady fled with her jewels and the gold of the murdered man. Years after, her daughter, who had been forgotten in the haste of departure, having grown up into a beautiful woman, was affianced to a young farmer of the neighbourhood. Being on the eve of marriage, she was sitting with him in the old hall one bleak November night, when a carriage black as a hearse,

its curtains closely drawn, and with servants dressed in sable liveries, stopped at the door. The masked men rushed in, and carried off the young girl to her unnatural mother, having stabbed the lover who had endeavoured in vain to rescue her. In a convent cemetery at Namur was a grave, said to cover the unhappy daughter who had been poisoned by her mother."

Quoted from "A Guide to the Coasts of Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk," by Mackenzie E. C. Walcott (London: Edward Stanford, 1860), by X. M. T., Suffolk Notes and Queries, Ipswich Journal, 1877.

Headless Spectres.

In the little village of Acton, Suffolk, a legend was current not many years ago, that on certain occasions, which, by the way, were never accurately defined, the park gates were wont to fly open at midnight "withouten hands," and a carriage drawn by four spectral horses, and accompanied by headless grooms and outriders, proceeded with great rapidity from the park to a spot called "the nursery corner." What became of the ghostly cortège at this spot, I have never been able to learn; but though the sight has not been seen by any of the present inhabitants, yet some of them have heard the noise of the headlong race. The "Corner" tradition says it is the spot where a very bloody engagement took place, in olden time, when the Romans were governors of England. A few coins have, I believe, been found, but nothing else confirmatory of the tale. Does history in any way support the story of the battle? Whilst writing on this subject, I may as well note, that near this haunted corner is a pool called Wimbell Pond, in which tradition says an iron chest of money is concealed: if any daring person ventures to approach the pond, and throw a stone into the water, it will ring against the chest; and a small white figure has been heard to cry in accents of distress, "That's mine!"

I send you these legends as I have heard them from the lips of my nurse, a native of the village.—W. Sparrow Simpson, B.A.—(vol. v, p. 195.)

From [redacted] *Notes* (Folklore from Notes and Queries), 1889.

In Fornham All Saints' stood Babwell Priory. . . . There were four ancient mills in this parish, Wrenn's mill, Babbewell mill, the Lord's mill, and Stanworde's mill. The Mermaid pits are said to derive their name from the story of a love-sick maid, who perished here:

> Now there spreaden a rumour that everich night,
> The (*pitts*) ihaunted been by many a sprite,
> The miller avoucheth and all thereabout,
> That they full oft hearen the hellish rout.
>
> —*Chaucer.*

"The Hist. and Antiquities of Hengrave," by John Gage. Published by J. Carpenter, Old Bond St., 1822. p. 11.

The Suffolk Miracle,

Being the Relation of a Young Man who after Death appeared to his Sweetheart, and carried her behind him *Forty Miles* in two Hours' Time, and was never seen after, but In The Grave.

Tune of "My Bleeding Heart," etc.

A wonder strange as e'er was known,
Than what I now shall treat upon,
In Suffolk there did lately dwell,
A Farmer rich, and known full well.

He had a Daughter fair and bright,
On whom he plac'd his chief delight,
Her beauty was beyond compare,
She was both virtuous and fair.

A Young Man there was living by,
Who was so charmed with her eye,
That he could never be at rest,
He was with Love so much possest.

He made address to her, and she
Did grant him Love immediately,
Which when her Father came to hear,
He parted her, and her poor dear.

Forty miles distant was she sent,
Unto her Uncle's with intent,
That she should there so long remain,
Till she had chang'd her mind again.

Hereat this young man sadly griev'd,
And knew not how to be reliev'd;
He sigh'd and sobb'd continually,
That his true Love he could not see.

She by no means could to him send
Who was her heart's espoused Friend;
He sigh'd, she griev'd, but all in vain,
For she confin'd must still remain.

He mourn'd so much, that Doctors' Art
Could give no ease unto his heart,
Who was so strangely terrify'd,
That in short t'me for Love he dy'd.

She that from him was sent away,
Knew nothing of his dying day,
But constant still she did remain;
To Love the Dead was then in vain.

After he had in Grave been laid,
A month or more, unto this Maid
He came about middle of the night,
Who joy'd to see her heart's delight.

Her Father's Horse which she well knew,
Her Mother's Hood and Safeguard too,
He brought with him to testify
Her Parents' Order he came by.

Which when her Uncle understood,
He hop'd it might be for her Good,
And gave Consent to her straightway,
That with him she should come away.

When she was got her Love behind,
They pass'd as swift as any wind,
That in two Hours, or little more,
He brought her to her Father's Door.

But as they did this great haste make,
He did complain his head did ache;
Her Handkerchief she then took out,
And ty'd the same his head about.

And unto him she thus did say,
Thou art as cold as any Clay,
When we get home a Fire we'll have,
But little dream't he went to Grave.

Soon were they at her Father's door,
And after she ne'er saw him more;
I'll set the Horse up then, he said,
And there he left this harmless Maid.

She knocked, and straight amain, he cry'd
Who's there? 'tis I, she then reply'd:
Who wonder'd much her voice to hear,
And was possest with dread and fear.

Her Father she did tell, and then
He star'd like an affrighted Man,
Downstairs he ran, and when he saw her,
Cry'd out, my child, how cam'st thou here?

Pray Sir, did you not send for me,
By such a Messenger, said she,
Which made his Hair stand on his head,
As knowing well that he was dead.

Where is he then, to her he said,
He's in the Stable, quoth the Maid,
Go in, said he, and go to Bed,
I'll see the horse well littered.

He star'd about, and there could he
No shape of any Mankind see,
But found his Horse all in a sweat,
Which put him in a deadly fright.

His Daughter he said nothing to,
Nor no one else, though they well knew,
That he was dead a Month before,
For fear of grieving her full sore.

Her Father to his Father went,
(Who was decay'd) with this intent,
To tell him what his Daughter said,
So both came back unto this Maid.

They ask'd her, and she still did say,
'Twas him that then brought her away;
Which when they heard they were amaz'd,
And on each other strangely gaz'd.

A Handkerchief, she said, she ty'd
About his head, and that they try'd;
The Sexton they did speak unto,
That he the Grave would then undo.

Affrighted then they did behold,
His Body turning into Mould,
And tho' he had a Month been dead,
This Handkerchief was about his Head.

This thing unto her then they told,
And the whole Truth they did unfold,
She was thereat so terrified,
And griev'd, she quickly after died.

Part not True Love, you Rich Men then,
But if they be right Honest Men,
Your Daughter's Love give them their way,
For Force oft breeds their Life's Decay.

From a "Broadside." *Loder, Printer, Woodbridge.*

The Wandering Jew.

This venerable personage still continues his wearisome pilgrimage. Nobody indeed professes to have seen him; but many have heard their grandmothers say that he appeared in their time. The circumstances of his history, as given by Mathew Paris, quoted by Brand, in the Appendix to his enlarged edition of Bourne's "Popular Antiquities" do not appear to be much known, and the wanderer is generally believed to be St. John, "tarrying till his Lord comes" (21st St. John, ver. 22.) . . . . His memory is now principally preserved in an allusive comparison. Of anyone, who is in unquiet motion from place to place, it is said, "He is as unsettled as the wandering Jew."

Forby. "Vocabulary of E. Anglia," vol. ii, p. 405.

Old Shock, s. a mischievous goblin, in the shape of a great dog, or of a calf, haunting highways and footpaths in the dark. Those who are so foolhardy as to encounter him, are sure to be at least thrown down and severely bruised, and it is well if they do not get their ancles sprained or broken; of which instances are recorded and believed.

Ib. vol. ii., p. 238.

Mork-shriek, s. a mockery; a humbug; a foolish old wife's tale. Literally, it means "a *shriek* in the dark." In some towns and villages "ghosts wilaid" still walk at the "witching time of night," and in various ways annoy the slumbering inhabitants; sometimes by piercing screams, "making night hideous" to dreaming old women and naughty children. But so much has the human mind been strengthened and improved in these happy days of general illumination, that the once terrific *mork-shriek* is become a mockery and a by-word among the vulgar.—Dan. *morck*, caligo.

Ib. vol. ii, p. 221.

Clim, s., a sort of imp which inhabits the chimneys of nurseries, and is sometimes called down to take away naughty children. He may perhaps have taken the name of "*Clym* of the Clough," the companion of Robin Hood, as the great Duke of Marlborough was for many years, and perhaps still is, the scarebabe of Flanders, under the name of Malbrouk.

Ib. vol. i, p. 67.

Galley Trot.

Galley Trot. This is the name of an apparition or cacodæmon, that has sorely frightened many people in the neighbourhood of Woodbridge. It sometimes assumes the shape of a dog; and gives chase to those whose alarm compels them to run. Its appearance is sometimes as big as a bullock—generally white—and indefinable as to outline. Its haunts are more particularly at a place called Bath-slough, meaning a slough or bog in the parish of Burgh. But the place in question is not in, or very near, that parish, nor is there any slough. I can make nothing of the name; nor much of the story, though I have heard it related by more than one person who had suffered from the apparition.

Ed. Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 141.

"A Strange and Terrible Wunder."

"Sunday, being the fourth of this August, in y^e^ yeer of our Lord, 1577, to the amazing and singular astonishment of the present beholders, and absent hearers, at a certain towne called Bongay, not

past tenne miles distant from the citie of Norwiche, there fell from heaven an exceeding great and terrible tempest, sodein and violent, between nine of the clock in the morning and tenne of the day aforesaid.

. . . There were assembled at the same season, to hear divine service and common prayer, according to order, in the parish church of the said town of Bongay, the people thereabouts inhabiting, who were witnesses of the straungenes, the rarenesse and sodenesse of the storm, consisting of rain violently falling, fearful flashes of lightning, and terrible cracks of thūder, which came with such unwonted force and power, that to the perceiving of the people, at the time and in the place above named, assembled, the church did as it were quake and stagger, which struck into the hearts of those that were present, such a sore and sodain feare, that they were in a manner robbed of their right wits.

Immediately hereupō, there appeared in a most horrible similitude and likeness to the congregation then and there present, a dog as they might discerne it, of a black colour; at the sight whereof, togither with the fearful flashes of fire which then were seene, moved such admiration in the minds of the assemblie, that they thought doomes day was already come.

This black dog, or the divel in such a likeness (God hee knoweth al who worketh all), runing all along down the body of the church with great swiftnesse, and incredible haste among the people, in a visible fourm and shape, passed between two persons, as they were kneeling uppon their knees, and occupied in prayer as it seemed, wrung the necks of them bothe at one instant elene backward, insomuch that even at a momēt where they kneeled, they strāgely dyed.

This is a wōderful example of God's wrath, no doubt to terrifie us, that we might feare him for his iustice, or pulling back our footsteps from the pathes of sinne, to love him for his mercy.

To our matter again. There was at y^e^ same time another wonder wrought: for the same black dog, stil continuing and remaining in one and the self-same shape, passing by an other man of the congregation in the church, gave him such a gripe on the back, that therewith all he was presently drawen togither and shrunk up, as it

were a piece of lether scorched in a hot fire; or as the mouth of a purse or bag drawen togither with a string. The man, albeit hee was in so straunge a taking, dyed not, but as it is thought is yet alive; whiche thing is mervelous in the eyes of men, and offereth much matter of amasing the minde.

Moreouer and beside this, the clark of the said church being occupied in cleansing of the gutter of the church, with a violent clap of thunder was smitten doune, and beside his fall had no further harme: unto whom beeing all amased this straunge shape, whereof we have before spoken, appeared, howbeit he escaped without daunger: which might peradventure seem to sound against trueth, and to be a thing incredable; but let us leave thus and thus to iudge, and cry out with the prophet, *O Domine*, etc.—"O Lord, how wonderful art thou in thy woorks."

. . . . Now for the verifying of this report (which to sōe wil seem absurd, although the sensiblenesse of the thing it self confirmeth it to be a trueth) as testimonies and witnesses of the force which rested in this straunge shaped thing, there are remaining in the stones of the church, and likewise in the church dore which are mervelously rēten and torne, y^e^ marks as it were of his clawes or talans. Beside, that all the wires, the wheeles, and other things belonging to the clock, were wrung in sunder, and broken in peces.

And (which I should haue tolde you in the beginning of this report, if I had regarded the observing of order) at the time that this tempest lasted, and while these storms endured, y^e^ whole church was so darkened, yea with such a palpable darknesse, that one persone could not perceive another, neither yet might discern any light at all though it were lesser thē the least, but onely when y^e^ great flashing of fire and lightning appeared.

These things are not lightly with silence to be overpassed, but precisely and thoroughly to be considered.

On the self-same day, in like manner, into the parish church of another towne called Blibery, not above sevē miles distant from Bongay above said, the like thing Entred, in the same shape and similitude, where placing himself uppon a maine balke or beam, whereon some y^e^ Rood did stand, sodainely he gave a swinge downe

through y^e^ church, and there also, as before, slew two men and a lad, and burned the hand of another person that was there among the rest of the company, of whom divers were blasted.

This mischief thus wrought, he flew with wonderful force to no little feare of the assembly, out of the church in a hideous and hellish likenes.

"A straunge and terrible Wunder wrought very late in the parish Church of Bongay, a Town of no great distance from the citie of Norwich, namely the fourth of this August in y^e^ yeere of our Lord 1577, in a great tempest of violent raine, lightning, and thunder, the like whereof hath been seldome seene. With the appearance of an horrible shaped thing, sensibly perceiued of the people then and there assembled. Drawen into a plain method, according to the written copye by *Abraham Fleming*."

Hone's "Everyday Book," vol. i, p. 10.

It is worth mentioning here that the only incident in the whole range of English history I have ever heard people of the labouring class in this part of the country refer to, and I quite believe it is the only incident tradition has preserved among them, is that of the burning of Dr. Taylor, at Hadleigh, in the reign of Queen Mary. . . . . I have sometimes heard the same person who had just spoken of Dr. Taylor's martyrdom add: 'And at Framlingham Castle, bloody Mary, who ordered Dr. Taylor's burning, was brought to bed of a viper.' This is told with bated breath, and with an air and tone of mystery to imply that the author of evil, the old Serpent, to whom the wicked queen had sold herself, was the author of the viper.

"Some Materials for the Hist. of Wherstead," by F. B. Zincke, p. 65.

Old Aldeburgh and also old Felixstowe now lie under the sea, having been swallowed up; and it is fully believed that the church bells may be heard, from time to time, sounding beneath the waters.

From Mr. Redstone.

The Wild Man of Orford.

Orford Castle.—At what Time, or by whom this Castle was built is not certain, the earliest Account being from King Henry I., Barth: Glanvill being then Governour of this Castle at wᶜʰ Time some fishermen catch'd a wild Man in their Nets near this Place, all the parts of his Body resembled those of a Man; he had Hair on his Head, a long peaked Beard, and about yᵉ Brest was exceeding hairy and rough.

From a description of Orford Castle upon a Print: S. and N. Buck del et Sculp. Published according to Act of Parliament, March 25th, 1738—in the possession of Mr. J. Loder, Woodbridge.

A curious story relating to Orford is told by Ralph of Coggeshall (abbot of the monastery there in the early part of the 13th century). Some fishermen on this coast (A.D. 1161) caught in their nets one stormy day a monster resembling a man in size and form, bald-headed, but with a long beard. It was taken to the Governor of Orford Castle, and kept for some time, being fed on raw flesh and fish, which it "pressed with its hands" before eating. The soldiers in the Castle used to torture the unhappy monster in divers fashions "to make him speak;" and on one occasion, when it was taken to the sea to disport itself therein, it broke through a triple barrier of nets and escaped. Strange to say, not long afterwards it returned of its own accord to its captivity; but at last, "being wearied of living alone, it stole away to sea and was never more heard of." A tradition of this monster, known as "the wild man of Orford," still exists in the village.

Grose. "Antiquities of England and Wales," vol. iii.; "Handbook" for Essex, Suffolk, etc. Murray, p. 153.

Friar Bungay.

I have a dateless time-worn old pamplet in small quarto, of twenty-four pages, "printed for B. Deacon, at the Angel Inn, Gilt Spur

Street, without Newgate," extracts from which I think will not be without interest to some of your readers. It is entitled—"The most famous History of the learned Fryer Bacon; showing his parentage and Birth. How he came to be a Scholar and to study Art Magick: with the many wonderful Things he did in his Life-time to the Amazement of the whole World; in making a *Brazen Head*, to haue Walled all *England* with Brass, With his Penitent Death. Also, the Merry Waggeries of his Man Miles; and the Exploits of Vandermaster, a *German*; and *Fryer* Bungay, an *English* Conjuror. With the manner of their woful Deaths, as a Warning to others."

. . . . "A Gentleman in Oxfordshire being greatly enamoured of a young gentlewoman, after long Courtship, got her Good Will, with the consent of her Father. But whilst everything was preparing for the Marriage, a rich Knight, who had a mind to the young Lady, prevailed with the covetous Father to break off the Match, and marry her to him. The young Gentleman was much grieved at this, and so was the Lady, for she had now settled her affections entirely on him, and was much averse to the Knight's courtship; whereupon he [the Knight] consulted *Fryer Bungy* how to get her, promising him a great Summ if he accomplished it. Why, says he, do but get her and her Father to ride with you abroad in a coach, and which way soever they direct or design to go, I will so enchant the Coachman and Horse, that they shall directly pass to such an old chapel, where I will be ready to marry you. This the Knight resolved to put into practice, and it accordingly proceeded so far, that they did come to the Chapel, found the Fryer there, and the Marriage was proposed.

[The young lover applies to Friar Bacon who shows him in a "Magick Glass" what is happening; Bacon strikes Bungay dumb, rescues the lady and marries her to the Gentleman from Oxfordshire.]

"After this, *Vandermaster*, the German Conjurer, came over into *England*, and not daring to venture on *Bacon*, he thought to be revenged on Bungy; so he privately challenged him into a Wood, to Conjure, thinking to make his Spirit destroy him. They made their circles, and *Vandermaster* raised a Dragon, which, running round *Bungy's* circle, threw so much fire on him, that he almost roasted him. *Bungy* raised a Sea-Monster, that with spouting Floods

almost drowned *Vandermaster*; and to destroy the Dragon, raised up the Spirit of *S. George*, while Vandermaster raised up that of *Perseus*, to destroy the Sea-Monster; and so they vanished.

"Then *Vandermaster* raised up *Hector*; and *Bungy* Achilles, who trained their Greeks and Trojans to the Battle, and fought so desperately that the whole Element seemed on fire; Thunder and Lightning, and such prodigious Storms ensued that the People for many miles distant, concluded the World was at an End; and the Spirits growing too strong for these Conjurors and their Charms, broke into their Circles, and tore them in a thousand pieces, scattering their Limbs about the Fields, and so ended they their miserable lives."

. . . Blomefield in his *History of Norfolk*, under the head of "Norwich," vol. iv, pp. 114–115, in speaking of men of worth and learning among the Franciscans says:—"1290. About this time died Brother Thomas de Bungeia or Bungye, who was born in the town of that name, which stood on an Island by the river *Waveney*, anciently called Le Bon Eye, or the *Good Island*. . . . Besides the common notions of Philosophy, he was also a great Mathematician, so knowing in the hidden secrets of nature, and so well skilled in uncommon experiments that he performed such wonders by his wit and art, as exceeded the understanding of the vulgar, and were not intelligible to some men of letters, and therefore the Doctor was traduced by some, as a person dealing in the black art, holding a correspondence with demons, and in a word a Conjuror, and one that had to do with the Devil."

Bungay, Aug. 19, 1868. G. B. Baker. "The East Anglian" or "Notes and Queries," edited by S. Tymms, vol. iii, p. 302.

"A Shock."

"In Melton stands the 'Horse and Groom'—in the days of toll-bar gates (thirty years ago) occupied by one Master Fisher. It was a dark night when Goodman Kemp of Woodbridge entered the inn in a hurried frightened manner, and asked for the loan of a gun to shoot a "Shock," which hung upon the toll-gate bars. It was a "thing" with a donkey's head and a smooth velvet hide. Kemp, somewhat

emboldened by the support of companions, sought to grab the creature and take it to the inn to examine it. As he seized it, it turned suddenly round, snapped at Kemp's hand and vanished. Kemp bore the mark of the Shock's bite upon his thumb to his dying day."

From Mr. Redstone. "Told by Fisher, the innkeeper's son, aged 70."

"The place I know supposed to be haunted by "Shock" is where a man was pitched off a waggon and broke his neck, and his spirit is supposed to be periodically seen in the form of a calf or big dog with shaggy mane and tea-saucer eyes. The said creature is, I believe, only to be seen by those born during Chime hours (8, 12, 4), these people being also qualified to see any ghost. I do know one tale which is true—at least the man who saw firmly believes it, and was perfectly sober at the time. He was a carter, and driving one night by moonlight saw a funeral procession coming—mourning coaches, etc. As the road was narrow, he stopped and drew aside to let it pass, noticing how quietly it went by. Afterwards he made enquiries, and found that there was no funeral; but that on the anniversary of the death of some old chap who died long ago, the said procession was seen, and had been seen by others. The man who tells this was living at Pakenham at the time.

"Of course you know the screech owl superstition—the death of some near relation before the year is out. If you kill it you die yourself."

Extract from a letter written to Mr. Redstone.

Neere unto it, [Aldeburgh] what time as in the yeare 1555, by reason of unseasonable weather the Corne throughout all England was choked and blasted in the eare, there grew Pease miraculously among the rocks, without any earth at all about them about the end of September, and brought down the price of Corne.

Britain. By W. Camden, translated by Philemon Holland. London, 1637, p. 466.

Hermanus, a monk of St. Edmund's, who lived in the time of the Conqueror, recounts in his history of the Saint's miracles, how

Leofstan, Sheriff of the county of Suffolk under King Athelstan, was struck with instant madness in attempting to withdraw a culprit woman from the martyr's shrine, to which she had fled for sanctuary.

"Hist. and Antiquities of Suffolk," Thingoe Hundred, by J. Gage, p. 9.

Headless Horses.

At Boulge Hall, upon the stroke of twelve at midnight, a coach drawn by a pair of headless horses, and driven by a headless coachman, who dismounts to open the lodge gates, takes back the ghost of the late owner, Mr. FitzGerald. A man from Debach stayed up one night to see if it were true, and "he was wholly frighted by the sight."

From Mr. Redstone.

A Footless Ghost.

In years gone by there lived at Dallinghoo a Widow Shawe who committed suicide by cutting her throat. She now haunts the lanes and flits by without feet. She has been seen by many, and amongst those whom she has startled is Mrs. H., a thatcher's wife (my informant for this and other Dallinghoo tales). This person is a firm believer in ghosts, for she has seen spirits track the footsteps of her children.

A Ghost that cannot be laid.

Beneath a post of a high gate in Dallinghoo lies a hidden treasure; the ghost of its former owner haunts the spot and twelve clergymen have unitedly failed to lay the spirit.

From Mr. Redstone.

Woolpit.

. . . In a meadow near the church is a large moated area, having in its centre a fine spring, called Lady's Well, said to possess medicinal virtues for the cure of sore eyes, and to have anciently had a chapel near it.

"Hist. Gazetteer and Directory of Suffolk," by W. White, Sheffield. W. White, Hoole's Chambers, Bank Street. 1885. p. 668.

"THE QUEEN OF HELL."

Boulge is said to be haunted by a Mrs. Short, who is called the "Queen of Hell." "She murdered a gentleman at Boulge Hall. The stain is on the floor where she murdered him. Now (that is 70 years after) she come out of the gate in a carriage with a pair of horses that have got no heads. She wears a silk dress. There is a light on the carriage, and a man drives the horses. About three years ago a servant girl lived there. Mrs. Short went into her room and pulled all her things off her. The girl said she felt it's (the ghost's) breath like a wolf upon her."

Copied from a written account given to Mr. Redstone.

Mrs. Smith-Debach. "She was a wicked woman. She lived 39 years ago. My mother and father have seen her run up and down the bank. She had a night dress and night cap on. She has been seen by several. There was a woman who went to shop one night, and saw her setting on the bank. The woman had a lantern in her hand. She held it up and said, 'I am not a-frightened if you are.' She turned round and looked in her face and so sanked away."

Ibid.

XII.—LOVE CHARMS AND TESTS.

The following spell is said to be still used by some country maidens in Suffolk:—

"A clover of two, if you put in y^r^ shoe,
The next man you meet in field or lane
Will be y^r^ husband, or one of the name."

To ascertain whether her pretended lovers really love her or not, the maiden takes an apple pip, and naming one of her followers, puts the pip in the fire. If it makes a noise in bursting, from the heat, it is a proof of love; but if it is consumed without a crack, she is fully

satisfied that there is no real regard towards her in the person named.

The kitchen-maid, when she shells green peas, never omits, when she finds one having *nine* peas, to lay it on the lintel of the kitchen door; and the first male who enters it is infallibly to be her husband, or at least her sweetheart.

If two people wish to marry, they must take the Church key and place it over the sixth and seventh verses of the eighth chapter of the Song of Solomon,—"Set me a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm; for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned."

Over the words they must hold the Church key, balancing it by the end; and if the wards of the key incline towards the verses, which by a skilful manipulation they can easily be made to do, it is a sign that the course of true love will run smooth.

But if after all, doubts of the lady's fitness to be his wife take possession of the gentleman's mind, there is another chapter in the Holy Bible, which, if consulted, will either confirm or scatter them. That chapter is the last in the Book of Proverbs. It contains thirty-one verses, corresponding with the number of days in the longest months. The hesitating lover must ascertain on what day of the month the birthday of the lady falls, and then compare with the verse which agrees with it in number. He will thus find out the kind of life which he will lead with her in the event of marriage; and if the verdict prove unfavourable, he will have an opportunity of avoiding a match which he has such strong reason to believe will not be a happy one.

Do not marry on Xmas day if two other couples are about to go through the sacred ceremony at the same time, for rest assured that if *three* couples marry on that day, at the same time, one of the party will certainly die during the ensuing year.

"The New Suffolk Garland," p. 175.

Divination by Bible and Key.

Any common bible, and any large key will answer the purpose. . . . It is resorted to by young women, for the purpose of ascertaining the first letter of their future husband's name. The mode of operation is as follows: the Key to be inserted between the leaves of the Bible, exactly over the 6th and 7th verses of the last chapter of Solomon's Song. The person who makes the inquiry is then to tie the bible closely together with the garter taken from her right knee; and she and some other female are to suspend it, by placing each a finger under the bow of the Key. The enquirer is then to repeat the two verses to every letter of the alphabet, beginning with A, till she comes to the letter which is the initial of her future husband's name. As soon as she pronounces this happy letter, the bible will turn round. It will sometimes happen, that by awkwardness, or defect of management (for no want of good will can be supposed), the bible will obstinately refuse to move; and whenever this is the case, the party inquiring is certainly destined to die an old maid.

Forby. "Vocabulary of E. Anglia," Appendix, vol. ii, p. 399.

St. Mark's Eve.

There is another Vigil kept by young women on St. Mark's Eve, for the purpose of ascertaining their future husbands. Precisely at midnight the husband-seeker must go alone into the garden, taking with her some hemp-seed, which she is to sow, repeating at the same time the following lines:

Hemp-seed I sow;
Hemp-seed, grow;
He that is my true love
Come after me and mow.

It is believed that if this be done with full faith in the efficacy of the charm, the figure of the future husband will appear, with a scythe, and in the act of mowing.

Ib. vol. ii, p. 408.

Dumb-Cake.

On the same night, [St. Mark's Eve] and for the same purpose, [of ascertaining their future husbands] girls bake what is called the dumb-cake; which is made of the following ingredients:

An egg-shell-full of salt,
An egg-shell-full of wheat-meal,
An egg-shell-full of barley-meal.

It must be baked before the fire, a little before twelve o'clock at night; the maker of the cake must be quite alone, must be fasting, and not a word must be spoken. At twelve o'clock exactly the sweet-heart will come in and turn the cake. The door must be left open, for a reason pretty obvious.

Ib. vol. ii, p 408.

St. Mark's Eve.

Two girls wash the hearthstone perfectly clean before going to bed, two clean pewter pots are "whelmed" down at the outermost corners, and then they (the girls, not the pewter pots) retire to their couch backwards, undressing and getting into bed backwards, and of course in perfect silence. In the morning they will find something under the pewter pots to tell them the trade of their future husband.

J. T. Varden. "E. A. Handbook," p. 124.

Plants of Omen.

The dandelion (*Leontodon Taraxacum*) is one of these. When its seeds are ripened they stand above the head of the plant in a globular form, with a feathery tuft at the end of each seed, and then are easily detached. The flower stalk must be plucked carefully, so as not to injure the globe of seeds, and you are then to blow off the seeds with your breath. So many puffs as are required to blow every seed clean off, so many years it will be before you are married.

Another plant of omen is the yarrow (*Achillæa millefolium*),

called by us yarroway. The mode of divination is this: you must take one of the serrated leaves of the plant, and with it tickle the inside of the nostrils, repeating at the same time the following lines:

"Yarroway, yarroway, bear a white blow,
If my love love me, my nose will bleed now."

If the blood follows this charm, success in your courtship is held to be certain.

Forby. "Vocabulary of E. Anglia," vol. ii, p. 423.

If a break* is cut across, the veins are supposed to shew the initial of the name of the future husband or wife.

Ib. vol. ii, Appendix.

A Charm

To make a young woman seem to be in love with a young man.

Take new wax and the pouder of a dead man, make an image with the face downward and in the likeness of the person you wish to have: make it in the ouers of mars and in the new of the mone: under the left arm-poke place a Swaler's hart and a liver under the rite: you must have a new needal and a new thread: the Sprits name must be menchened, his sine and his character.

I take this opportunity to inform my frinds that about 16 *years ago this Charm was put in practice by sum willains of witches at Needham-markett, William Studd been one of them: and they have put me to much torment and lamed me many times, they own to me that they make use of part of the bones of Mrs. Wilkerson of Felixstow, she that suffered at Rushmere sum years ago; this is sartainly true, and I am ready to give it upon oth if required.—Tho. Colson.*

Acts the 9 *&* 5. "*It is hard for the to kick against the pricks.*

"The Suffolk Garland," 1818.

A similar superstition to that in Norfolk . . . was prevalent in Suffolk sixty or seventy years ago. I was not present at the scene

* Brakes, spl. fern. Forby. Vocab. of E. A., p. 37.

which I am about to describe, but heard it related by one who lived in the house adjoining that in which it took place, and who well knew all the circumstances of the case; and some of the actors were known to myself.

Several young females determined, on some particular Eve, it might be Allhallows, to silently watch a smock which they had hung up on the back of a chair placed in the middle of a room, in expectation that the lover of one of them would, at the hour of midnight, appear and turn the garment. . . . . .

Upwards of sixty-five years ago I was present when a young female, the daughter of a respectable tradesman, came to an ancient dame to enquire about an invocation to be said on St. Thomas's Eve. The following is all that the old lady could remember of it; but which she said was quite sufficient:—

> "Good St. Thomas, use me right,
> Bring to me my love this night,
> In his apparel, his array,
> The clothes he walks in every day."

Being very young at the time it was not thought that I should take any notice of the matter; but there is an old Suffolk adage which says "Little gotches* have great ears," and it was verified in this case. . . . . The instructions how and when it should be repeated, ... were as follows: The person was to get into bed backwards, and repeat the words while doing so; but on no occasion was she to speak to anyone till the next morning. By following these directions she might expect to dream of, and see in her dream, the person who was to be her husband. I saw her again the following evening, when she was questioned as to the result; she made no confession further than that she dreamed of one who wore *trowsers* (breeches were in vogue then), and that was construed to mean that she saw, or imagined she saw, a young man who was well-known to be her walking companion.

East Anglian. "Suffolk Notes and Queries." Ipswich Journal, 1877.

* Gotch, a jug or pitcher with one ear or handle.—Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 154.

Maidens anxious for husbands keep watch on Christmas Eve. She who wishes for a sight of her future spouse washes out her chemise, hangs it before the fire to dry and waits in solemn silence until midnight, when he will come in and turn the linen. This ceremony is also observed in some places on New Year's Eve. . . . Sometimes on New Year's Eve *four* girls prepare supper for five, then sitting each in a corner of the room till midnight, when the future husband of one of them comes in to supper.

J. T. Varden. "E. A. Handbook," p. 131.

To ascertain whether her pretended lovers really love her or not, the maiden takes an apple-pip, and naming one of her followers, puts the pip in the fire. If it makes a noise in bursting, from the heat, it is a proof of love; but if it is consumed without a crack, she is fully satisfied that there is no real regard towards her in the person named.

"The New Suffolk Garland," p. 176.

A knife thrust violently into the post at the foot of the bed accompanied with the following rhymes—

It's not this post alone I stick,
But (*lover's name*) heart I wish to prick;
Whether he be asleep or awake,
I'd have him back to me and speak.

—is supposed to bring the sulkiest of lovers back to his mistress.

J. T. Varley. "E. A. Handbook for 1885," p. 99.

To gain information concerning their future husbands, young maidens repeat the following charm on three consecutive Friday nights:—

To-night, to-night is Friday night,
Lay me down in dirty white,
Dream who my husband is to be,
Lay my children by my side
If I am to live to be his bride.

On the last night the anxious one dreams of her future spouse. . . . Again the expectant one writes several male Christian names, and also her own, on slips of paper, rolls each separately in a

little ball of clay, and then places them all in a pail of water. As the clay dissolves the slips are liberated, and the first that reaches the top is that of her future husband, but should her own win the race, she is placed for good and all upon the "old maid's list."

Ib. p. 109.

Wedding cake is in great request, as a small portion which has been drawn through the bridal ring placed on the pillow causes a maiden to dream of her future husband. Sometimes at weddings a common flat cake is prepared, into which a ring and a sixpence have been placed. When the company are about to disperse the cake is served round among the unmarried. She who gets the ring will shortly be married, but the finder of the sixpence is doomed to a single life.

The first egg laid by a hen is the object of the following superstition:—If it be broken into a tumbler of water over night, by the morning the white will tell the fair sorceress the trade of her future husband. If its shape resemble in some way a pair of scissors, he will be a tailor; if a boot or shoe, he will be a shoemaker, etc., etc. Sometimes a hole is made in the middle of four crossways and the ear applied to it; if the coming husband be a carpenter, the sound of sawing will be heard; if a shoe-maker, the tap, tap of his hammer, etc., etc.

. . . Stumbling upstairs, or seeing three crows sitting in the road, or dreaming of the dead, are accounted "signs of an approaching marriage."

Ib. p. 110.

Dancing in a Hog's Trough.

The practice of the elder sisters dancing in a hog's trough in consequence of the youngest sister marrying before them, is known in several parts of the county. The Rev. Hugh Pigot ascertained that the custom was known at Hadleigh. A lad from Great Whelnetham mentioned such a custom whilst giving evidence before the Justices at Bury St. Edmund's; and a correspondent of the "East Anglian" says that he knew of a case in the neighbourhood of Eye, where the

87280

hog's trough was danced to pieces. It is considered the most correct thing to dance in green stockings.

"The New Suffolk Garland," p. 177.

[Mr. Redstone met with an instance of this custom at Sutton, near Woodbridge, within the last twenty years.]

Sou'wester.—The very useful, but very ugly, oil-skin head-gear, used by fishermen, and making their comely faces really look very like some of the flat fish they deal in. No glossary was needed to tell what a sou'wester is, nor, probably, for the little superstition attached to it. The sailor, arriving from the north seas at nightfall, may go to his home, where the wife is sitting alone, thinking or not of him: just opening the door wide enough, he pitches his sou'wester into the room. The true good wife will run to the door at once, not minding the sou'wester. "But this may be old wives' mardle," said he who told me.

Ed. FitzGerald. "The East Anglian," or Notes and Queries, edited by S. Tymms, vol. iii, p. 356.

XIII.—MISCELLANEOUS CUSTOMS, PHRASES. Etc.

'Seal.'

In my memory the ordinary wish at parting was 'The seal of the day to you.' . . . This seal meant the season or time of the day. It seems to be identical with the latter part of the word 'haysel,' which is still in common use for the hay season.

"Some materials for the Hist. of Wherstead." By F. B. Zincke.

Hay-*seal*, wheat-*seal*, barley-*seal*, are the respective seasons of mowing, or sowing those products of the earth. . . . Of an idle dissipated fellow, we say that he "keeps bad *seals*"; of poachers, that they are "out at all *seals* of the night"; of a sober, regular,

and industrious man, that he attends to his business "at all *seals*," or that he keeps "good *seals* and meals." Sir Thomas Browne spells it *sele*; but we seem to come nearer to the Saxon. A. S. *sæl*, opportunitas. Pegge's Supplement to Grose.

Forby. "Vocabulary of E. Anglia," vol. ii, p. 293.

"To give one the seal of the day," *i.e.*, to be commonly civil to him, but nothing more.

Ibid. vol. ii, p. 433.

A Gate-Post Man.

The following conversation took place between me and a neighbour last August (1876):—Said he, "I sold my pigs at the right time; they are down three or four shillings." "But," said I, "have you got the money?" "Ay, ay," was his reply, "I am a *gate-post man*." I asked him what he meant by a *gate-post man*, when he told me that they called a man a *gate-post man* when he took his money first.

Mr. Halliwell (Glossary, p. 393) has the following passage:—*Gate-post bargain*, when the money is laid on the gate-post before the stock leave the field.—North.

"A Suffolk Parson in Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal.

Strewing Chaff Before the Door.

Query.—Can any of your correspondents throw light upon the following incident, which took place within the last twenty years in Suffolk?

Neighbours had good reason to believe that a man was in the habit of beating his wife, and otherwise ill-using her. To mark their sense of his conduct *they strewed chaff before his door.*—P.Q.

Answer.—It is obviously intended by "scattering *chaff* before a man's door" to intimate he has recently been *thrashing* (?).

"Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal.

'Earnest.'

Earnest.—A sum given by a master on hiring a servant. A shilling is the usual sum. It is still a notion that if *Earnest* be not given and taken, it is not a complete hiring. . . . We usually pronounce it *arnest.*

Ed. Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 117.

'Handsel.'

Handsel.—First wearing a new coat, gown, or anything else, is *hanselling* it. It is extensively used, and always in a sense of first using—or initiatory—the first coin taken in the day by a pedlar or shop-keeper, is *hansel.* It is also used as a verb.

Ibid. p. 162.

Pay the Pepperidge.—A school-boy having on a new suit of clothes is subject to have a button pulled off unless he "pays the pepperidge" by giving a douceur to his fellows.

Ibid. p. 268.

Shewen the Cowt.

Shoeing the Colt.—A quaint phrase for the social exaction of a fine, on the introduction of an associate to any new office. If he meets his companions at a periodical dinner, a bottle of wine or a bowl of punch, in a certain rank of life, is a common fine on the *Colt's* health being drank. "Pahen his footen" is an equivalent phrase.

Ibid. p. 343.

Forfeits.

Forfeits, s. pl. Shakespeare, in Measure for Measure, mentions "*forfeits* in a barber's shop." They exist to this day in some, perhaps in many, village shops. They are penalties for handling the razors, etc., offences very likely to be committed by lounging clowns, waiting for their turn to be scraped on a Saturday night, or Sunday morning. They are still, as of old, "more in mock

than mark." Certainly more mischief might be done 200 years ago when the barber was also a surgeon. We have also *forfeits* in every inn yard, payable in beer, by those who dabble in the water cistern, carry candles into the stables, etc.

Forby. "Vocab. of E. Anglia," vol. i, p.

The 'Boy-Bishop.'

Strype says [Eccl. Mem., vol. iii, 310] that in 1556, "On St. Nicolas Even, Saint Nicolas, that is a boy habited like a bishop *in pontificalibus* went abroad singing after the old fashion, and was received with many ignorant but well disposed people into their houses, and had as much good cheer as ever was wont to be had before." "To receive St. Nicholas' Clerks" is one of the points mentioned by Foxe as essential to "a true faithful child of the holy mother Church." It is by the same writer* related of Argentine, Master of the Grammar School at Ipswich (A.D. 1556), that "after the death of his wife, he was made a priest, taking upon him divers times to preach, but never without his white minever hood, such doctrine as was shameful to hear, saying mass, and carrying about the pix in high processions: Furthermore, leading the boy St. Nicholas with his minever hood about the streets, for apples and belly-cheer: And whoso would not receive him, he made them heretics, and such also as would not give his faggot to the bonfire for Queen Mary's Child. And thus continued he at Ipswich the most part of Queen Mary's days.

The "E. Anglian," or "Notes and Queries," new series, vol. i, p. 171.

Pass, v. To "pass the bell" is to toll it for the purpose of announcing a death. On the day of the funeral, the bell is not said to be *passed*, but tolled or rung. The phrase alludes (with an absurd misapplication of the word *pass*) to what was anciently called the passing bell, otherwise the soul-peal, rung whilst the

* The Acts and Monuments of John Foxe, vol. viii, p. 282.—R.T.S.

sick lay in extremity, to admonish those who heard it to pray for the soul while it was *passing*.

Forby. "Vocabulary of E. Anglia," vol. ii, p. 244.

Woodbridge Church Bells.

In 1286 a violent storm raged upon the east coast of Suffolk, destroying churches, houses, and much property. It was customary to ring the bells to frighten away the demons of the storm, but in this year the bells were out of repair, and so the Spirits of the Air prevailed. Prior Thomas therefore caused great strife and contention between the tenants of Roger Bygood (lord of the Manor and proprietor of the Church) and the inmates of the Priory, by demanding a fixed sum for the reparation of the bells. Riots occurred, and to restore peace and order among those over whom he acted as steward, Prior Thomas agreed with the tenants that a sum of five shillings in silver would satisfy his demands. The money was paid, but with this additional clause to the agreement, that the said tenants were not bound to pay more to the repairs of the fabric of the church and the restoration of the churchyard than were other parishioners. . . . I would draw the attention of Woodbridgians to the fact that one good custom of bell-ringing has dropped, the five a.m. bell to rouse man to his work, and that the "Ave Bell," which rings just prior to divine service on Sundays, is older than the Curfew, which I hope may never fail to be rung, as it regulates the far distant clocks of

Yours truly, Antiquary.

(From a letter in the "Woodbridge Reporter," 1892.)

Bell-Ringers' Customs.

I have in my possession a brown-glazed pot with handle, holding about two gallons, and inscribed in rude letters arranged in four lines:—

"Here yov may see what
I reqvst of Hanst (honest) Gentlmen
My Baly (belly) filed of the bast I com
Bvt now and then. 1716."

It was called the "Ringer's Pot," and was formerly carried from house to house by the bell-ringers of Ixworth, in Suffolk, to receive whatever beer the liberal parishioners might be disposed to bestow. It has been disused about thirty years. It was probably made at the celebrated pottery in the neighbouring parish of Wattisfield.—J. Warren. *Ixworth.*

"E. Anglian," edited by S. Tymms, vol. i, p. 61.

Hawsted Church.

. . . The font . . . is of plain stone . . . having a hole at the bottom. Through this hole the consecrated water, when it was to be renewed, was let off, and descended to a cavity below, where it was absorbed by the earth, that it might not be irreverently thrown away, or applied to any profane or superstitious use. At the upper edge of it are the remains of the iron fastenings, by which the cover was formerly locked down, for fear of Sorcery. How long this custom continued I cannot say, but a lock was bought for the font in Brockdish church, in Norfolk, as late as 1553.

Sir J. Cullum. "Hist. and Antiq. of Hawsted."

Mr. Redstone sends the two interesting extracts that follow:—

On removing the floor in the Tower (1879), the foundation of the wall of the West end of the Church was discovered, running in a straight line from North to South, and near it was dug up a quantity of animal bones, apparently those of a boar.

Dallinger's Church Record of Woodbridge, p. 83.

It was the custom in ancient times to bury a dog or a boar alive under the corner-stone of a Church, that its ghost might haunt the churchyard and drive off any who would profane it, *i.e.*, witches or warlocks.

Henderson's "Folk-Lore," p. 238.

Within living memory the church of Raydon St. Mary, Suffolk, was decorated with birch* boughs on Whitsun day. . . .

Beating the Boundaries.

Little Cornard Parish Accounts.

. . . There are several accounts extant for this same year, 1733. . . . Among the other items are "Laied out when we went a gangin £0 10*s.* 0*d.*" . . . Going a ganging means "beating' the bounds," a relic of the old processional Litanies in Rogation week.

Cecil Deedes. Wickham St. Paul's Rectory, Halstead.

The "E. Anglian," or "Notes and Queries," new series, vol. iii, p. 73.

Extracts from the Churchwarden's Books of St. Clements, Ipswich.

1627. Payd the boyes when we went of perambellation, £00 09*s.* 00*d.*

1628. For bread and beare at Goodie Coulls uppon the perambulation daie for the boyes, £00 09*s.* 00*d.*

The "E. Anglian" (new series), vol. iii, p. 356.

1638. Item ffor bread and beare giuen to the boyes when they wente the boundes of the parishe, £00 12*s.* 00*d.*

Ibid. vol. iv, p. 5.

Bump. . . . At stated periods it is usual for parish-officers, attended by many idly-disposed boys and men, to go *a-bounding,* that is along (and to notice and mark) the bounds of the parish. This useful circumambulation is in some cases annual, in others

* Herrick, in his list of evergreen suitable at particular seasons for the decoration of houses, says:—

"When Yew is out, then Birch comes in,
And many flowers beside,
Both of a fresh and fragrant Kinne,
To honour Whitsontide."

H. A. W. The "E. Anglian," or "Notes and Queries," new series, vol. iii, p. 197.

biennial, triennial, etc. And at its extremities, where a marked tree has generally been trained up, boys are soundly *bumped*, to impress on their memories, etc., the terminal fact. A stranger passing at the time, without a due consideration on the part of the bounders of who he may be, runs an imminent risk of having similar *impressions* made on his mind, etc.—for it is a sort of Saturnalia; a little drink being, perhaps, allowably charged in the parish accounts, superadded to the social collections of the *bounders* and *bumpers*, and sometimes even of a good humoured *bumpee*.

"Suffolk Words and Phrases," by Ed. Moor, p. 54.

Hawsted.

Upon the bounds to the South-west grew some years ago a majestic tree called the *Gospel Oak*; it stood on an eminence and commanded an extensive prospect. Under the shade of this tree, the clergyman and his parishioners used to stop in their annual perambulations, and surveying a considerable extent of a fruitful and well-cultivated country, repeat some prayers of the Gospel only, proper for the occasion.

Sir J. Cullum's "History and Antiquities of Hawsted."

Oct. 31, 1777.—Last Saturday being the Anniversary of St. Crispin, the shoemakers made a grande Procession, on Horseback, from the Southgate, thro' all the Principal Streets, wth Trumpets in front and the rest of the band, joined wth drums, fifes, etc., between the divisions; on w^{ch} occasion there was more company in town than was ever remembered before. The Prince was mounted on a fine grey horse, and most magnificently habited: He was attended by his nobles superbly dress'd in green, and white, and his guards in blue and white: which made a very good appearance. His noble and warlike B^{r} Crispianus, appeared in a coat of mail, attended by his troops, in two divisions, one in red and white, the other in purple and white. They all rode in half-boots made of morocco in different colours adapted to their uniforms; their jackets and caps were extremely neat,

and in elegant taste, made all of leather. . . . The Prince attended by his guard, with his torch bearers, and a grand band of musick, playing before him, went to the play, and was rec^{d} wth every mark of respect.

"The E. A.," ed. by S. Tymms, vol. i, p. 31.

Processions in honour of Bishop Blaize used to be held in Hadleigh, on Feb. 3, within the memory of persons still living. Persons connected with the wool trade used to parade the town, and a female, attired as shepherdess, rode in state in a post-chaise, carrying a lamb in her lap. The custom has died away, but we have one memorial of it in an old woman, who bears the Christian name of "Shepherdess" from having been baptized soon after one of these processions.—Hugh Pigot.

Ibid. p. 48.

In a contemporary common place book in MS. I find the following notices of the celebration of St. Blaze's and St. Crispin's days in Bury St. Edmunds.

February 3, 1777.—This day, Munday, being the anniversary of Bishop Blaze, the same was observed in this town, in a manner far surpassing anything of the kind ever seen. The Cavalcade consisting of between 2 and 300 Woolcombers, upon Horses in uniforms, properly decorated. Bishop Blaze, Jason, Castor and Pollux, a band of musick, drums, colours, and everything necessary to render the procession suitable to the greatness of the Woollen Manufactory. The following lines were spoken by the Orators:—

"Wth boundless gratitude, Illustrious Blaze,
Again we celebrate, and speak thy Praise," etc.

Foy, s., a supper given by the owners of a fishing vessel at Yarmouth, to the crew in the beginning of the season. It is otherwise called a *bending-foy*, from the bending of the sails or nets, as a ratification of the bargain. It must be from Fr. *foi*.

Forby. "Vocabulary of E. Anglia," vol. i, p. 121.

Hunting Squirrels on Christmas Day.—In many parts of the country, particularly where there is much wood, the custom still

prevails of hunting squirrels on this day. . . . On Christmas morning half the idle fellows and boys in a parish assemble in any wood, or plantation, where squirrels are known to harbour; and having started their game, pursue it with sticks and stones from tree to tree, hallooing and shouting with all their might, till the squirrel is killed. . . . From the general discouragement shewn to this sport, probably comes the common saying, "Hunt Squirrels and make no noise."

Ibid. vol. ii, p. 420.

Kitty-witch, s.—1. A small species of cancer on our coast. . . . 2. A species of sea-fowl; probably more than one; certainly including that which is called by Pennant the *Kitty-wake*. 3. A female spectre; arrayed in white, of course. The plumage of sea-birds contains, in almost all instances, a large proportion of pure and brilliant white. 4. A woman dressed in a grotesque and frightful manner; otherwise called a *kitch-witch*, probably for the sake of a jingle. It was customary, many years ago at Yarmouth, for women of the lowest order to go in troups from house to house to levy contributions, at some season of the year, and on some pretence, which nobody now seems to recollect, having men's shirts over their own apparel, and their faces smeared with blood. These hideous beldames have long discontinued their perambulations; but in memory of them, one of the many rows in that town is called Kitty-witch row.

Ibid. vol. ii, p. 186.

Devil Worship.—Rendlesham, or Rendilisham, *i.e.*, as Bede interprets it, the House of Rendilus. . . . . Cambden tells us, "Redwald, King of the East-Angles, commonly kept his Court here; he was the first of all that people who was baptized, and received Christianity: but afterwards, being seduced by his wife, he had (as *Bede* expresses it) in the self-same Church, one Altar for the Religion of Christ, and another little Altar for the Sacrifices of Devils." . . . .

"The Suffolk Traveller," first published by Mr. John Kirby. 2nd Edition, London, printed for J. Shave, at the Stationer's Arms, in the Butter Market. MDCCLXIX.

Marriage Customs in Suffolk.

There is a . . . Scotch proverb, "It is better to marry over the midden than over the moor." . . . I am not aware of the existence of any proverb to this effect in East Anglia; but the usual practice of the working classes is in strict accordance with it. Whole parishes have intermarried to such an extent that almost everybody is related to, or connected with, everybody else. . . .

> "Marry in Lent,
> And you'll live to repent."

> "To change the name, and not the letter,
> Is a change for the worst, and not for the better."

i.e. it is unlucky to marry a man whose surname begins with the same letter as her own.

. . . The attendance at the wedding of agricultural labourers is naturally small; but it is very remarkable that neither father nor mother of bride or bridegroom come with them to church. I can hardly recollect more than one instance of any of the parents being present at the ceremony, and then what brought the bridegroom's father was the circumstance of the ring having been left behind. . . . The usual attendants at a labourer's wedding are only three—the official father, the bridesmaid, and the groomsman; the two latter being, if possible, an engaged couple, who purpose to be the next pair to come up to the altar. . . .

The parties very frequently object to sign their names, and try to get off from doing so, even when they can write very fairly, preferring to set their *mark* to the entry in the register.

Suffolk. C. W. J., "The Book of Days," edited by R. Chambers, vol. i, p. 722.

> "They that wive
> Between sickle and scythe
> Shall never thrive."

J. T. Varden, "E. A. Handbook," p. 110.

Ring-finger.—As elsewhere, the third finger of the left hand. We have a persuasion that this finger was thus selected, because

an artery comes direct to it from the heart—a distinction enjoyed by no other digit.

Ed. Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 295.

The Ploughman's Feasting Days.

"This would not be slipt,
Old guise must be kept.
Good housewives, whom God has enriched enough,
Forget not the feasts, that belong to the plough:
The meaning is only to joy and be glad,
For comfort, with labour, is fit to be had."

*Plough Monday.**

"Plough Monday, next after that Twelfthtide is past,
Bids out with the plough, the worst husband is last,
If ploughman get hatchet, or whip to the screen,
Maids loseth their cock, if no water be seen."

Shrovetide.

"At Shrovetide to shroving, go thresh the fat hen,
If blindfold can kill her, then give it thy men.
Maids, fritters and pancakes enow see ye make,
Let slut have one pancake for company sake."

Sheep-Shearing.

"Wife, make us a dinner, spare flesh, neither corn,
Make wafers and cakes, for our sheep must be shorn,
At sheep-shearing, neighbours none other thing crave,
But good cheer and welcome, like neighbours to have."

The Wake-Day.†

"Fill oven with flawns, Jenny, pass not for sleep,
Tomorrow, thy father his wake-day will keep.
Then every wanton may dance at her will,
Both Tomkin with Tomlin, and Jenkin with Gill."

* . . . The men and maid servants strove to outvie each other in early rising on Plough Monday. If the ploughman could get any of the implements of his vocation by the fireside before the maid could put on her kettle, she forfeited her Shrovetide cock. The evening concluded with a good supper.

† On the night preceding the day of the dedication of the parish church, which is always identified with some Saint in the Romish Calendar at least, the young parishioners used to watch in the church till morning, and to feast the next day. This practice was likely to lead to irregularities, and was properly changed to waking at the oven in each particular house.

*Harvest-Home.**

"For all this good feasting, yet art thou not loose,
Till ploughman thou givest his harvest-home goose.
Though goose go in stubble, I pass not for that,
Let goose have a goose, be she lean, be she fat."

Seed-Cake.

"Wife, some time this week, if the weather hold clear,
An end of wheat sowing we make for this year:
Remember thou therefore, though I do it not,
The seed-cake, the pasties, and furminty pot."

Twice a-week Roast.

"Good plowmen, look weekly, of custom and right,
For roast meat on Sundays, and Thursdays at night.
Thus doing and keeping such custom and guise,
They call thee good housewife, they love thee likewise."

Threshing the Hen.—This singular custom is almost obsolete, yet it certainly is practised, even now, in at least one obscure part of the kingdom. . . . .

"At Shrovetide to shroving, go thrash the fat hen,
If blindfold can kill her, then give it thy men.
Maids, fritters and pancakes enough see you make,
Let slut have one pancake, for company sake."

So directs Tusser in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, 1620." 4to. On this his annotator, "Tusser Redivivus, 1710," (8vo. June, p. 15) annexes an account of the custom. "The hen is hung at a fellow's back, who has also some horse-bells about him; the rest of the fellows are blinded, and have boughs in their hands, with which they chase this fellow and his hen about some large court or small enclosure. The fellow with his hen and bells shifting as well as he can, they follow the sound, and sometimes hit him and his hen, other times, if he can get behind one of them, they thresh one another well favour'dly; but the jest is, the maids are to blind the fellows, which they do with their aprons, and the cunning baggages will

* It appears that a goose used formerly to be given, at harvest-home, to those who had not overturned a load of corn, in carrying, during harvest.—Tusser's "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," p. 270.

endear their sweethearts with a peeping-hole, whilst the others look out as sharp to hinder it. After this the hen is boil'd with bacon, and store of pancakes and fritters are made."

Tusser's annotator, "Redivivus," adds, after the hen-thrashing: "She that is noted for lying a-bed long, or any other miscarriage, hath the first pancake presented to her, which most commonly falls to the dog's share at last, for no one will own it their due." . . . . Old Tusser himself, by a reference, denotes that this was a sport in Essex and Suffolk.

"The Every Day Book," by William Hone. London: printed for Thomas Tegg, 73, Cheapside. (1826.) p. 246.

Pancake-Day, s. Shrove Tuesday.—Ill-luck betides the family in which *pancakes* are not served up on that day.

Forby. "Vocab. of E. Anglia," vol. ii, p. 242.

Customary Viands for particular Days.—On certain days in the year it was the custom of old times to prepare a particular kind of food, which was considered peculiar to that day. Some of these customs are still in use amongst us. On Michaelmas Day, for instance, every person, who can afford it, has a roast goose for dinner. Christmas is a season of festivity in all parts of the kingdom; but in Suffolk, and particularly in High Suffolk, that festival is begun in a way which is, perhaps, not general in other parts. On the morning of Christmas Day, in many farmhouses, a large quantity of frumenty is prepared, and the labourers on the farm, with their wives and children, are invited to breakfast upon it. It is considered a great treat, and is really a most nourishing and delicious food. . . . In Suffolk [on Christmas Eve] hot elderberry wine, with spice, is the usual regale for holiday friends. On Shrove Tuesday, pancakes are indispensable; but the "fat hen" is never now threshed; nor, indeed, is there any tradition of that barbarous sport having been practised in these counties for many years. . . . In Suffolk we have no particular

dish at Easter, but Whit Sunday is always celebrated with baked custards, and if possible, with gooseberry pies; and these delicacies are standing dishes during the whole of Whitsuntide.

Ibid. vol. ii, p. 422.

*Kichel.**—A flat Christmas cake, of a triangular shape, with sugar and a few currants *strowd* over the top—differing, only in shape, I believe, from a *bun*. Cocker says, "*Kichel* is Saxon—a kind of cake or God's *Kichel*, a cake given to God-children when they ask blessing of their God-father."

Ed. Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 192.

Soham Fair Bread.—A loaf made of new wheat.

Mr. Redstone, Woodbridge.

Groaning-Cake.—A cake made on such occasions [*i.e.* lying-in], with which about as many superstitious tricks are played as with bride-cake.

Forby, vol. ii, p. 142.

Hot Cross Buns.—Hot cross buns, if properly made, will never get mouldy. To make them properly, you must do the whole of the business on the Good Friday itself; the materials must be mixed, the dough made, and the buns baked on that day, and this, I think, before a certain hour; but whether this hour is sunrise or church-time I cannot say.

Suffolk. C. W. J., "Book of Days," vol. ii, p. 323.

Tusser in his "Five Hundred points of Husbandry," says:

> "Yer Christmas be passed, *let Horsse be lett blood*,
> For many a purpose it doth him much good:
> The day of St. Steven,† old fathers did use,
> If that do mislike thee some other day chuse."

W. Hone. "The Every Day Book," vol. i, p. 1644.

* cf. Aubrey, "Remaines of Gentilisme and Judaisime," p. 7. (F. L. Socy., 1881.)
† Hone refers to "Naorgeorgus," translated by Barnaby Googe.

"Then followeth Saint Stephen's day, whereon doth every man
His horses jaunt a course abrode, as swiftly as he can,
Until they doe extreemely sweate, and than they let them blood,
For this being done upon this day, they say doth do them good,
And keepes them from all maladies and sickness through the yeare,
As if that Steven any time took charge of horses heare."

May Day.—It was an old custom in Suffolk, in most farm-houses, that any servant, who could bring in a branch of hawthorn in full blossom on the first of May, was entitled to a dish of cream for breakfast. This custom is now disused, not so much from the reluctance of the masters to give the reward, as from the inability of the servants to find the white-thorn in flower. The alteration of the style will go some way to account for it, but scarcely far enough. It very seldom happens that any blossoms are seen open even on Old May Day.

Forby, vol. ii, p. 426.

"This is the day,
And here is our May,
The finest ever seen,
It is fit for the queen;
So pray, ma'm, give me a cup of your cream."

J. P. Varden. "E. A Handbook," p. 125.

Gloves at Lammas (Aug. 1st).—It was once customary in England . . . . to give money to servants on Lammas-day, to buy gloves, hence the term *Glove Silver*. It is mentioned among the ancient customs of the Abbey of St. Edmund's, in which the clerk of the cellarer had 2d., the cellarer's squire 11d., and the cowherd a penny. . . .

Hampson's Medii Ævi Kalendarium, quoted in "Book of Days," vol. ii, p. 154.

[From "*The titles containing the expences of household and other forren charges and money defraied by me, Thomas Fryer, for the use of my mr. Thomas Kytson Squire, beginning the first of October*, 1572.]

December.

Payed for iij sheets thick grose paper to decke the bores* heade in Christmas xij^{d}.

* At Christmas the entry of the boar's head, decked with laurel and rosemary recalled the sacrifice of the boar to Frigga at the midwinter feast of old heathendom —J. R. Green's "Conquest of England." London: Macmillan & Co., 1883, p. 11

More payd to Bushe of Bury, paynter, for the paynting the bores heade with sondry colors ij^{s}.

To Meg and Mary to play at maw in Christmas time, x^{s}.

In reward to Stephen, Mr. Longe's man, for playing an interlude before my m^{r}. in Chrystmas, xx^{s}.

May.

[In London.] For green boughs, ij^{d}. (Probably to adorn the house at the pastime of the midsummer watch.)

June.

[In London.] For the hire of a man on Midsomer^{n} night with a corslet to attend upon my Lord Mayor, iiij^{s}.

(A minute description of the pastime called the Midsummer Watch will be found in Stowe's survey of London, p. 159, Lond. 1603. In a household book at Hengrave of the Lady Long, for the year 1546, the following entry occurs:—P^{d} to xxx men for weying of yo^{r} La harneys on Midsommer Eve and S^{t}. Peter's Eve, y^{t} is to say x^{s}. to my L. Mayor, and xx^{s}. to Sir Roland Hill." Thus it would appear that it was the custom to enter the houses of individuals, in the city, for the purpose of examining the state of their arms, a practice Stowe does not directly notice, though he speaks particularly of the commodities of the pastime.)

January.

For a bull to kill in Christmas time, xxxiiij^{s}, iiij^{d}.

In rewarde to Richard Reede, one of the wayghts of Cambridge, for his attendance in Christmas time, xx^{s}.

Gage's Hengrave, p. 198.

Roarers.—The men who shovel out the herrings f^{r} the lugger into the ped, or f^{r} the ped along the fish-curing floor, with *roaring shovels.* This reminds me of a song once current on y^{r} coast, of wh^{h} I can lay hold of no more than the burden, I suppose. It was told me by a clergyman.

"The roaring boys of Pakefield
Didn't know what to contrive,
They had but one poor parson,
And him they buried alive."

Edward FitzGerald's Works, vol. ii, p. 466.

(Alternative Version.)

"The roaring boys of Pakefield,
Oh how they all do thrive!
They had but one poor parson,
And him they buried alive."

(Propi Septuagenarius.) "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal.

[See Brand on "Roaring Boyes," in "Drinking Customs," Pop Antiq., vol. ii, p. 203.]

Supernaculum.—A word well known and occasionally heard in social circles in Suffolk—generally understood to mean little else than an excellent bottle—something supercurious. Few of us, I ween, were aware of its origin, which Nares shews in a very curious article. . . . It is a kind of mock Latin, intending to mean *on the nail,* and is thus explained in a quotation from Pierce Pennelesses.

Drinking super nagulum; a devise of drinking, new come out of Fraunce, which is, after a man hath turned up the bottom of the cup, to drop it *on his naile,* and to make a pearle with that is left; which if it slide, and he cannot make it stand on, by reason ther's too much, he must drink again for his pennance. . . .—Gay's Fest. Notes, p. 102.

Ed. Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 409.

[See Brand's Pop. Antiq., vol. ii, p. 202, p. 209.]

Owd Shue.—An old shoe; which I introduce for the purpose of noticing that we still retain the phrase of "throwing an *owd shue* aater one" for good luck.

Ed. Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 263.

"Ah, deeow, hull an owd shew aater me for good luck."

Ibid. p. 343.

Silly Suffolk (Vol. i, p. 197, etc.).—An instance of the peculiar use of the word "silly" as pointed out in previous numbers of the "East Anglian," is seen in one of the inscriptions in the last number

(p. 288)—"*this syllie shrine.*" * A certain parish in the County is known as *Silly Hemingstone*; amongst its neighbours are *Proud Coddenham, Lousy Barham, Worm-eaten Gosbeck,* and *Plum-pudding Ashbocking.*

G. M. L. The "East Anglian," or "Notes and Queries," new series, vol. ii, p. 303.

Eastern Sunday. . . . It may not be impertinent, though not exactly apposite, to remark here, that the female baptismal name, *Esther* or *Hester* (by no means an uncommon one) is always pronounced *Easter;* no doubt the name of the Saxon goddess, handed down without interruption or change, and confounded with that of the Persian Queen.

Forby. "Vocab. of E. Anglia," vol. i, p. 104.

Bess o' Bedlam, s. a sort of vagrant very common in this country thirty or forty years ago; but now very nearly, if not quite, extinct. . . . . They were wont to announce themselves as inmates of Bedlam, allowed in some lucid interval to range the country, and return at a stated time to their confinement. They talked in a wild incoherent manner, were great annoyances to everybody, objects of great terror to many, and, from the general wish to be rid of them as soon as possible, were likely to collect considerable contributions. They were in existence in Shakespeare's time, who speaks of "Bedlam beggars with their roaring voices." The name is not yet obsolete. Any female maniac, or any whose dress, manners, and language, are wild, disorderly, and incoherent, is still called a *Bess o' Bedlam.*—V. Tom o' Bedlam.

Ibid. vol. i, p. 23.

Wolf, s.—1. A preternatural or excessive craving for food. "Surely he must have a wolf in his stomach." 2. A gnawing internal pain, proceeding from cancer or other ulcer, which, as a ravenous beast,

* "Iohn Browne of Waltone Gentleman Philip Browns soñe & heir
Brother unto Winifred his onlie sister deare
Foreseeinge that mans life is fraile & subject vnto death
Hath chosen this syllie shrine, to shrevd his corps in earth." . . etc.
Inscription in Church of St. John de Sepulchre, Norwich.

preys on the intestines. A poor woman, whose husband had long been thus afflicted, and who had, with much difficulty, been prevailed upon to allow his body to be opened, told the author that the Doctors had found *the wolf*, and carried it away. Had she supposed it to be a morbid part of the body, she would certainly not have allowed this; but she believed, *bonâ fide*, that it was a voracious animal, which had somehow found its way in, and had been detected, and turned out, too late.

Ibid. vol. ii, p. 378.

Wolf.—I can recollect certain women, oldish ones I think, who were generally believed—by boys and girls I mean—to have a wolf in their stomachs. The notion was encouraged by the women themselves, who, it may be imagined, more disposed to eat than to work, thus accounted for an inordinate appetite, and obtained commiseration and relief.

Ed. Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 490.

Composant.—Some years ago a young sailor was telling me of a "*composite*" lighting on each mast of a yawl during a stormy night. I didn't understand the word though I knew the meaning; an older sailor explained that "composant" was the proper word. I was not the wiser till I chanced upon the explanation in *Dampier's Voyages*. "After four o'clock the thunder and the rain abated, and then we saw a *corpus sant* at our maintopmast head, on the very top of the bruck of the spindle. This sight rejoiced our men exceedingly, for the height of the storm is commonly over when the *corpus sant* is seen aloft, but when they are seen lying on deck, it is generally accounted a bad sign." "A *corpus sant* is a certain small glittering light; when it appears, as this did, on the very top of the mainmast, or at a yard-arm, it is like a star; but when it appears on the deck it resembles a great glow-worm. The Spaniards have another name for it, though I take even this to be a Spanish or Portuguese name, and a corruption only of '*corpus sanctum*' [I suppose *the host*, or starry pyx that holds it], and I have been told that when they see them they presently

go to prayers, and bless themselves for the happy sight. I have heard some ignorant seamen discoursing how they have seen them creep, or, as they say, travel, about in the scuppers, telling many dismal stories that happened at such times. But I did never see any one stir out of the place where it was first fixed, except upon deck, where every sea washed it about; neither did I ever see any but when we have had hard rain as well as wind; and therefore do believe it is some jelly." . . . Dampier's men probably called the word *corpusant* or *corposant*, whence *composant*, and, after the invention of certain candles peculiar to the nineteenth century, *composite*.

Edward Fitzgerald. *Works*, vol. ii, p. 466, "Suffolk Sea Phrases" (Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.'s Edition), 1887.

Hobby-Lantern.—The jack-o'-lantern, will-o'-th'-wisp, etc., as given by Forby. Nor should he (Jack I mean) need bringing in here, but for a habit of his which I only lately heard of on the coast—namely, Jack's inveterate hatred, or jealousy, (or love?) of any light but his own. He will fly and dash at lighted windows, I am told; and the sailor from whom I learned this, knew of a friend, who, coming home at night with a lantern, was violently assaulted in that quarter.

Ibid. p. 466.

Joan's silver pin, s. a single article of finery, produced occasionally, and ostentatiously among dirt and sluttery.

"The Vocabulary of E. Anglia," by Rev. R. Forby, vol. ii, p. 175.

Kiss-me-at-the-Garden-Gate, s. a fanciful, yet rather a pretty, name of the several beautiful varieties of the garden pansy.

Ibid. p. 184.

Wood-sprite, s. the Woodpecker.

Ibid. p. 378.

Tittle-my-fancy, s. pansies. *Viola tricolor*, Lin.

Ibid. p. 350.

Old-witch, s. the cockchaffer, or midsummer dor, which, after sunset, on a fine evening in June or July, "wheels it's droning flight." . . .

Ibid. p. 238.

Shoes and Stockings, s. pl. The variety of primrose and polyanthus which has one flower sheathed within another.

Ibid. p. 297.

Devil's toe nails.—Gryhea incurvata.

Mr. Redstone.

Bird of the Eye, s. the pupil, or rather, perhaps, the little refracted image on the retina, or that of a very near spectator reflected from the cornea. In many languages there seems to be some delicate or endearing term of this kind. . . .

Forby, vol. i, p. 24.

Beggar's Velvet, s. the lightest particles of down shaken from a feather-bed, and left by a sluttish housemaid to collect under the bed till it covers the floor for want of due sweeping, and she gets a scolding from her dame.

Ibid. vol. i, p. 22.

. . . I may mention a ludicrous Suffolk phrase descriptive of a person not quite so sharp as he might be: he is spoken of as "short of buttons," being, I suppose, considered an unfinished article.

Suffolk. C. W. J., "Book of Days," vol. ii, p. 322.

Bungay-play, s. a simple straightforward way of playing the game at whist, by leading cards in succession, without any plan to make the best of the hand. Perhaps it was applied before the invention of whist, to an unskilful manner of playing old games, as primero, gleek,

* Tittle, v. to tickle. A. S. Kittelan titillare.—Forby, vol. ii, p. 350.

etc. At any rate we are not to understand that, in this name, an indiscriminate, and therefore an unjust, censure is cast upon all the good people of Bungay for their unskilfulness. In O.E. *bungar* was synonymous with *bungler*.

Forby, vol. i, p. 46.

To sit where the Dog was hanged.—It means a succession of petty mischances. The good woman breaks her thread, drops her stitches, overturns her snuff-box, scalds her fingers with her tea-kettle; or if she sits down to play soberly at cribbage, trickets, or all-fours, she meets with all the modes of ill-luck attendant on any of those games. And, after sustaining a competent number of these "miseries of human life," accounts for them by exclaiming, "Surely I sit where the dog was hanged!"

Ibid. vol. ii, p. 409.

In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for November, 1783—selec. i, 362—are some translations from a scarce book entitled, "Corolla Varia, by the Rev. W. Hawkins, Schoolmaster of *Hadleigh, Suffolk*,"—printed at Cambridge, 1634. The translations are of three authentic registers of the Monastery of *St. Edmundsbury*. One runs thus:—"This Indenture certifies that Master John Swassham, sacrist, with the consent of the prior and convent, demise and let to ——, the manor called *Habyrdon* in *Bury* —, and the said ——, his executors, etc., shall find or cause to be found *one white bull* every year of his term, so often as it shall happen that any gentlewoman (*mulierem generosum*), or any other woman, from devotion or vows by them made, shall visit the tomb of the glorious martyr St. Edmund, to make the oblation of the said white bull, etc. Dated the 4th of June, in the second year of King Henry VII." (A.D. 1487). The other indentures, nearly similar, are of the 11th and 25th of Henry VIII.

The following are from Mr. Hawkins's observations thereon. . . .

"Whenever a married woman wished to be pregnant, this white bull, who enjoyed full ease and plenty in the fields of *Habyrdon*, never meanly yoked to the plough, nor ever cruelly baited at the stake, was led in procession through the principal streets of the

town to the principal gate of the monastery, attended by all the monks singing, and a shouting crowd; the woman walking by him and stroking his milk-white sides and pendent dewlaps. The bull being then dismissed, the woman entered the church, and paid her vows at the altar of St. Edmund, *kissing the stone*, and entreating with tears the blessing of a child."

. . . Of the above-named manor of *Habyrdon* are probably those deep indented meadows now called *Haberden*, close to the town, on the right as you enter *Bury* from *Ipswich*: they still appertain to the guild—derived, uninterruptedly perhaps, from the better days of the monastery which covered them.

Ed. Moor. "Oriental Fragments," p. 518. 1834.

Chevington.

In the time of Abbot Cratfield. . . . the customs were particularly defined. Among the free tenants, *liberi tenentes*, was Philip de Kedynton. . . . He was to do one ploughing, *arrura*, at the time of sowing at the *Plough-ale*, and to find a reaper in autumn for one day at the *Alebene*. William Redenhale, another customary tenant, was to do work at the Plough-ale, and Alebene; and also to do three ploughings at the *Lovebene*.

J. Gage. "Hist. and Antiq. of Suffolk," p. 324.

St. Valentine's Day.—In this part of the county of Suffolk, Valentine's Day appears to be the great gift day of the year; and the many costly tokens of affection appear to be accompanied by as much mystery and fun as on New Year's Day in Paris. . . H. *Lowestoft.*

"The East Anglian," vol. i, p. 24.

Hunting the wren on Valentine's Day is not entirely out of use.

Gage's "Hist. and Antiq. of Suffolk." Thingoe Hundred. Foot-note, p. xxvii.

Feet traced on Leaden Roofs.—When Sir Symonds D'Ewes of Stowlangtoft, Suffolk, in 1627, was on his wedding tour, he says

"Wee went both up to the topp of King's Colledge Chapell [Oxford] on the north side whereoff upon the leades my wives foote was sett, *being one of the least in England*, her age and stature considered, and *her arms exsculped within the compasse of the foote in a small escocheon.*" (Notes to Hearne's Lib. Niger Scaccarii, p. 644.) . . . That the practice of "setting the foot" was common every leaden roof will tell us, and that it was not confined to "rude and ignorant people," the following extract from Stowe's *Chronicle*, as well as the above note of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, will curiously show:—"1606. And then the King [of Denmark] and the Lord Chamberlayne, with others, ascended the top of the steeple [at Westminster Abbey] and when he had surveied the cittie, he held his foote still whilst Edward Soper, Keper of the Steple, with his knife cut the length and breadth thereof in the lead, and for a lasting remembrance thereof the said Soper within a few days after made the King's character [*i.e.* his name and title] in gild copper, and fixed it in the middest of the print of the King's foote. . . ."

L. "The E. Anglian," vol. iv, p. 192.

Manor.—I did not at first understand what was meant by a ship "wreckt upon the Manor." What did that mean? Why, stranded above the ebb, to which the Lord of the Manor's right extends. And if the vessel not only strikes, but go to pieces there, he claims a fee from the owner. Think of that last drop in the cup! To be wreckt, half-drown'd oneself, and one's ship quite lost, and then to have to pay a fee for the privilege of her knocking to pieces where she lies!

Ed. FitzGerald. *Ibid.* vol. iv, p. 113.

East Anglian Pilgrimages.

The will of William Crispe, shoemaker, of Bury, 1516, mentions "Our Lady of Grace in Ippiswiche," and "Our Lady of Walsyngham" (Bury Registry, Lib. Hood, p. 38) as places of pilgrimage. At this time the Ipswich lady had attained her highest repute, having just worked a miraculous cure in the presence of the Abbot of Bury,

on the daughter of a Sir Roger Wentford, of Essex, a young lady of sixteen, "who was many wayes vexed and troubled with the deville's appearing to her, so that she had utterly forgotten God and all his workes." This famous image was ignominiously burnt in Smithfield, in twenty years after this occurrence.—Hollingsworth's *Hist. of Stowmarket*, p. 106.

The will of Alice Cosyn, of Farnham, Suffolk, 1524, enumerates several other places of great sanctity in the East Anglian district—"I will that Walter Noble go on pilgrimage to oure blessed ladye of huntington, to oure blissed ladye of redychame, to Busshop Alcocke, and to Sainte Awdrie. It'm, I will that Richarde Noble go on pilgramage to oure blissed ladie of Wulpette, and to our blissed ladie of grace."

Pilgrim. "E. Anglian," vol ii, p. 226.

Spit in both hands.—For a good bargain.

Weep.—The nails weeping with rust is one sign of the ship's complaining.

Gay-gown Day.—"What the likes of us sometimes say in fine weather at sea; thinkin', I suppose, of the women ashore."

Ed. Fitzgerald. "East Anglian," vol. iv, p. 262.

Grace.—"Laid up in Grace"; laid up "in lavender," away from common use.

Ibid. p. 111.

Renewed.—When a whole new piece of *lint* has been added to the old, nets are "renewed"; when the old lint is simply repaired, they are "*Bet ups.*" And good nets well bet up, and well renew'd, will *kill* themselves catching fish, they say, before wearing out.

Ibid. p. 263.

Butter a Cat's Paws.—Not a phrase but a fact; being a charm sometimes resorted to by the "ignorant" hereabout to attach a cat to a house, for which, as they gravely say, "She's a bringing up."

Company-Keepers.—Ships that sail together, as well as Lovers who "walk" together. "That old Jemima and Woilet (Violet) are rare company-keepers."

Gast-Cope.—(I know not how else to write it, nor how at all to account for it.) "Going gast cope" without hire, or pay, as a boy on his first voyage.

Ibid. vol. iv, p. 111.

Rattlin' Sam.—A term of endearment, I suppose, used by Salwagers for a nasty shoal off Corton coast.

Red Caps.—Formerly, I am told, the master-boat among the Luggers; she that had raised most money by the voyage, distinguished her crew with red caps, in token of victory.

Services.—Pieces of old lint, rope, spun yarn (always sounded *spunnion*, you know) wrapt round rope or warp to prevent its chafing. The word is not peculiar to these parts, but is noted here because among the Luggers, beer, biscuit, and cheese should, according to old usage, be handed round at this ceremony, which comes close on the voyage.

Ibid. vol. iv, p. 115.

XIV.—MISCELLANEOUS OMENS.

It is regarded as a bad omen, if when you leave a house you replace the chair on which you have been sitting against the wall; the probability, if not the certainty, in that case is that you will never visit that house again.

"The New Suffolk Garland," p. 179.

If you have your clothes mended upon your back you will be ill-spoken of.

Ibid. p. 180.

If you break two things, you will break a third. A lady saw one of her servants take up a coarse earthenware basin and deliberately throw it down upon the brick floor. "What *did* you do that for?"

asked the mistress. "Because, ma'am, I'd broke tew things," answered the servant; "so I thout the third 'd better be this here," pointing to the remains of the least valuable piece of pottery in the establishment, which had been sacrificed to glut the vengeance of the offended ceramic deities.

Ibid. p. 180.

I once had a servant who was very much given to breaking glass and crockery. . . . "Let her buy something," said the cook, "and that will change the luck." "Decidedly," said the mistress, "it will be as well that she should feel the inconvenience herself." "Oh I didn't mean that, ma'am," was the reply; "I meant that it would change the luck."

Suffolk. C. W. J., "Book of Days," vol. ii, p. 105.

Friday is considered an unlucky day. Sunday, on the other hand, is regarded as an auspicious day; and if persons have been ill and have become convalescent, they almost always get up for the first time on Sundays.

"The New Suffolk Garland," p. 179.

Amongst Suffolk people, to sneeze three times before breakfast is a pledge that you will soon have a present made to you. The sneezing of a cat, however, is considered to be an evil omen; it is a sign that the family of the owner will all have colds.

Ibid. p. 178.

To sleep in a room with the whitethorn bloom in it during the month of May will surely be followed by some great misfortune.

Choice Notes (vol. vii, p. 201).

Broom, Whitethorn.—Formerly I used to hear the rhymes:—

> "Sweep with a broom that is cut in May,
> And you will sweep the head of the house away."

. . . The somewhat similar superstition that you will die before the year is out if you bring May-flower into your house.

"Some Materials for the Hist. of Wherstead," by F. B. Zincke, p. 179.

It is a common misbelief that an abundance of fruit on this plant (*i.e.* hawthorn) is an indication that the coming winter will be severe, because we have before us a providential store of food for many of the feathered tribe.

Ibid.

Kid.—To signify by hand and arm (A. S. cydan) how many herrings on board; the arm struck forward signifies a last; waved round, a thousand.

I forgot to mention under "clock-calm," that those potent, grave, and reverend seniors, the *old* eight-day clocks, are supposed to know a good deal of what goes on in the house they inhabit, more indeed than the masters themselves; fore-knowing, and by some hurried ticking or inward convulsion, foretelling the death of some member of the family. I was told of one distinctly "*kidding*" the approaching decease of his old mistress. "There was no mistake at all about it—why the old clock fared in the biggest of agony."

Edward Fitzgerald. *Works*, vol. ii, p. 466. "Suffolk Sea Phrases."

Thief in the Candle.—A defective wick, which not being equally consumed, causes the candle to gutter and waste. A coming *letter* is foretold by a projecting spark on the *snaste*. [snast, or sneest. The snuff of a candle or lamp.]

Ibid. p. 426.

Spilling the Salt.—This ominous accident is still felt in all its full force among us, but the threatened result may be in part averted by throwing a little of the spilled article over your left shoulder.

Thirteen at Table.—I have known and now know, persons in genteel life, who did, and do, not sit down to table unmoved with twelve others. And so far is this feeling carried that one of the thirteen is requested to dine at a side table! . . . Our notion is that one of

thirteen so partaking will die ere the expiring of the year. . . . Hence also may have arisen the phrase of the devil's dozen. Thus in Scottish "*Deil's dozen,*" the number thirteen: apparently from the idea that the thirteenth is the devil's lot. "Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary," 8vo. Thirteen is likewise called a *baker's dozen.* In vulgar eyes this tradesman is too often contemplated in connection with the Devil.

Ibid. p. 384.

"*Gifts*" *on the nails.*—Small white specks on the nails are sure indications that those who are so fortunate as to have them will in some way or other be the better for them; though perhaps not literally in the manner implied by the name. And some sagacious old women are very shrewd in explaining, from their number, size, position, etc., in what manner it will be; and particularly in accounting for anything of the kind which has really happened.

There is a superstition also respecting cutting the nails. . . . To cut them on a Tuesday is thought particularly auspicious. Indeed, if we are to believe an old rhyming saw on this subject, every day of the week is endowed with it's several and peculiar virtue, if the nails are invariably cut on that day and no other. The lines are as follow:—

"Cut them on Monday, you cut them for health;
Cut them on Tuesday, you cut them for wealth;
Cut them on Wednesday, you cut them for news;
Cut them on Thursday, a new pair of shoes;
Cut them on Friday, you cut them for sorrow;
Cut them on Saturday, see your true-love to-morrow;
Cut them on Sunday, the devil will be with you all the week."

Forby, vol. ii, p. 410.

"*Gifts*" *on Nails.*—The rhyme given below gives their mystic significance, commencing with the thumb and going on to the little finger:—

"Gift—Friend—Foe—
Sweetheart—journey to go."

There is another proverb which says :—

"A gift on the thumb
Is sure to come;
A gift on the finger
Is sure to linger."

J. T. Varden, "East Anglian Handbook," p. 107.

It is dangerous to let blood in the dog-days.

If a servant goes to his place by daylight, he will never stay long in it.

Wherever the wind lies on Ash Wednesday, it continues during the whole of Lent.

If you set the broom in a corner, you will surely have strangers come to the house.

It is very unlucky to burn green elder.

If a goose begins to sit on her eggs when the wind is in the east, she will sit five weeks before she hatches.

Never begin any bit of work on a Friday.

If you swear, you will catch no fish.

If you do not baste the goose on Michaelmas-day, you will want money all the year.

Every person must have some part at least of his dress new on Easter Sunday, or he will have no good fortune that year.

You should always burn a tooth when it is drawn, because, if a dog should find it and eat it, you would have dog's teeth come in its place.

If you eat the marrow of pork you will go mad.

If a servant burns her clothes on her back, it is a sign that she will not leave her place.

*If you make your bed at bedtime, you will look fair in the morning.

In dressing a wound, you must be careful that the old plaster be not burnt; if it is, the wound will not heal. It must always be buried.

* It is useless to make it earlier; if you do the fairies will pull it to pieces. Mr. Redstone.

Every particle of the leaves or berries of the holly, or other evergreens, with which the house was dressed at Christmas, must be removed on Candlemas Eve. If they are suffered to remain, some misfortune will certainly happen to the family.

If a person is stabbed by a thorn, and can draw it out of the flesh, he must bite the thorn, and then the wound will not fester.

You must never burn the withes (or bands) of the faggots.

Friday is either a very fine or a very wet day.

To put on your stockings inside outwards is a sign of good luck.

Forby, vol. ii, p. 413.

It is considered very unlucky to receive confirmation from the Bishop's *left* hand, those so unfortunate being "doomed on the spot to single blessedness."

J. T. Varden. "E. A. Handbook," p. 108.

The following incidents of ordinary life are accounted "lucky":—

To find a horseshoe, or a piece of metal, if only a pin.

. . . To carry a crooked coin in the pocket. To have a small spider called the "Moneyspinner" descend upon you.

. . . To see two crows *sitting* in the road; very lucky indeed if six are met with in the same place. . . .

"Bad luck" is predicted by the following:—

To come back after once starting on a journey, but the evil may be averted if you sit down in the house for a minute or so; to watch anyone out of sight; to meet a weasel, a hare, or an old woman; to see two sticks lying across in your path; to begin work or go on a journey on Friday; to spill salt, cross knives or spoons; but the bad luck predicted by the first omen may be averted by throwing some of the spilt salt over the *left* shoulder; to help a person to salt;

"Help me to salt,
Help me to sorrow."

To walk under a ladder; to see one crow sitting in the road; to pluck the first primrose that blooms in the garden, and carry it into the house; to bring wild flowers into the house.

Sundry other apparently trivial events have also their mystical significance, thus:—

If the foot itches you will soon tread on strange ground; if the right hand itches you will soon take money; but if the left hand itches, you will soon pay money away; if you shiver, some one is walking over your future grave; a flake of soot on the grate indicates the same; if hens are set on an even number of eggs, there will be no chickens; if the first bunch of primroses brought into the house contain less than thirteen, so many eggs only will each hen or goose lay; snakes can only die at night if even they be cut into a dozen pieces.

A Suffolk rhyme teaches us the significance of the "wear of shoes":

> "Tip at the toe, live to see woe;
> Wear at the side, live to be a bride;
> Wear at the ball, live to spend all;
> Wear at the heel, live to save a deal."

J. T. Varden. "E. A. Handbook," p. 115.

Clothes.—It is lucky to put on any article of dress, particularly stockings, inside out; but if you wish the omen to hold good, you must continue to wear the reversed portion of your attire in that condition, till the regular time comes for putting it off, that is, either bed-time or "cleaning yourself." If you set it right you will "change the luck." It will be of no use to put on anything with the wrong side out *on purpose.*

The clothes of the dead will never wear long. When a person dies, and his or her clothes are given away to the poor, it is frequently remarked: "Ah! they may look very well, but they won't wear: they belong to the dead."

If a mother gives away *all* the baby's clothes she has (or the cradle), she will be sure to have another baby, though she may have thought herself above such vanities.

If a girl's petticoats are longer than her frock, that is a sign that her father loves her better than her mother does. . . .

If you would have good luck, you must wear something new on "Whitsun-Sunday" (pronounced Wissun Sunday). . . . A glance

round a church or Sunday-school in Suffolk, on Whitsunday, shows very plainly that it is the day chosen for beginning to wear new "things."

Suffolk. C. W. J. "Book of Days," vol. ii, p. 322.

A bride on her wedding day should wear:

"Something new,
Something blue,
Something borrowed."

From Mr. Redstone.

The big blue apron worn by Suffolk cottage women is called by them a "mantle." It is considered an omen of ill-luck if their mantle strings come untied.

Ibid.

If a fire does not burn well, and you want to "draw it up," you should set the poker across the hearth, with the fore part leaning across the top bar of the grate, and you will have a good fire . . . but you must not . . . refuse to give time to the charm to work. For a charm it is, the poker and top bar combined forming a cross and so defeating the malice . . . of the witches and demons who preside over smoky chimneys. . . .

Suffolk. C. W. J. "Book of Days," vol. ii, p. 105.

The price of corn rises and falls with Barton Mere—an eccentric piece of water, which varies in size from twelve to fourteen acres to a small pond, and is sometimes entirely dried up. It lies about four miles from Bury St. Edmunds, and a worthy old farmer, now deceased, used frequently to ride to Barton Mere to observe the state of the water there, before proceeding to Bury Market.

Ibid. p. 322.

If the raindrops hang on the window, more will come to join them.

Ibid.

Cottagers even now always open doors during a tempest to let the lightning out.

Beds must never be stuffed with wild birds' feathers, or sleep will be uncomfortable on them.

It never rains fast on the top of the church steeple.

Servants are told not to burn the withies with which faggots are tied, or the bread that is baked will be holey.

You must never burn green leaves or twigs, or ill-luck will attend you.

Take notice how the first foal of the year that you see, stands. If it is with the head towards you, good luck will be yours through the year; if the tail is towards you, bad luck.

From Mr. Manfred Biddell, of Playford.

Divination by Bible and Key. — When any property has been stolen, and a strong suspicion attaches to a particular person, against whom no positive evidence can be obtained, recourse is sometimes had to this mode of divination, which is performed in two different ways. In both of them the key of the church door and the church bible are the instruments employed. In one way of performing the ceremony, the suspected person and the owner of the stolen goods are the only agents. The key is inserted between the leaves of the bible, with the bow and part of the stalk protruding at one end. The book is then tied together very tightly, so that its weight may be supported by the key. The bible is then set on the other end, and is raised from the ground by the supposed thief and the person robbed, each supporting the weight by one or two fingers placed under the bow of the key, opposite to each other. Whilst the book is thus suspended between them, a form of adjuration is pronounced with due solemnity; and it is believed that, if the suspected person be guilty, the bible will of itself turn towards him, and as it were point out the culprit.

The other mode of divination is used when the suspicion is divided amongst many. The parties suspected are arranged round a table, on which is laid the bible with the key upon it. The owner of the stolen goods then takes the key by the middle, and

gives it a strong twirl, so that it turns round several times. The person opposite to whom it stops is the thief.

Forby, appendix, vol. ii, p. 399.

Opening the Bible on New Year's Day.—This superstitious practice is still in common use, and much credit is attached to it. It is usually set about with some little solemnity, on the morning of New Year's Day before breakfast, as the ceremony must be performed fasting. The bible is laid on the table unopened; and the parties who wish to consult it are then to open it in succession. They are not at liberty to choose any particular part of the book, but must open it at random, or (as we should say) "*promiscuously.*" Wherever this may happen to be, the inquirer is to place his finger on any chapter contained in the two open pages, but without any previous perusal or examination. The chapter is then read aloud, and commented upon by the company assembled. It is believed that the good or ill fortune, the happiness or misery of the consulting party, during the ensuing year, will in some way or other be described and foreshewn by the contents of the chapter. Of course a good deal of perverse ingenuity is often exercised in twisting and accommodating the sacred texts to the fears or wishes of the consulters; and some have made themselves very wretched, when they have unfortunately opened on any of the prophetic denunciations of divine vengeance. If the chapter happens to contain nothing remarkable, it is concluded that no material change in the circumstances of the enquirer will take place within the year. The reader will probably require little argument to convince him that these modes of divination have descended to us from our Puritanical ancestors.

Ibid. p. 400.

Persons will take the Bible to bed with them on New Year's Eve, and as soon as they awake after twelve o'clock, they open it at random in the dark, mark a verse with their thumb or stick a pin through a verse, turn down a corner of the page, and replace the

book under the pillow. That verse is supposed to be a prophecy of destiny (good or bad) during the coming year.

"The New Suffolk Garland," p. 179.

Childermas Day.—On whatever day of the week the Anniversary of the Holy Innocents (December 28th) may fall, that same day in every week through the ensuing year, is called Childermas Day. It is "Dies nefastus." Any new undertaking begun upon it will surely fail; and any disaster, which may befal any one, is easily accounted for. That this strange extension of the term "the Mass of Children" beyond its own proper day, existed above an hundred years ago, appears from the paper in the Spectator, No. 7. There was then, as now, a Childermas-day * in every week.

Forby, vol. ii, p. 405.

The Twelve Signs.—We still cling to the notion of planetary influence on the human body. And though the progress of refinement has divested our Almanacks of their formerly indispensable ornament —the figure of a naked man pierced through with darts—yet the doctrine of the "Dominion of the moon on man's body, passing through the twelve zodiacal constellations" (as Francis Moore expresses it) has even now many believers. It is considered a matter of imprudence, if not of danger, to tamper with any part of the body on the day when the column of that sage physician shows it to be under the dominion of the stars; or as our phrase is, "*when the sign lies in it.*" Perhaps our opinion upon this subject may be best explained by an example: About the close of the last century, a medical practitioner of great eminence in Suffolk sent a purge to a patient, and desired him to take it immediately. On the following day he called at his house, and inquired how it had operated. The patient (a substantial farmer) said he had not taken

* "Thursday!" says she, "No, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas Day; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough." I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that anybody would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in every week.—C. "The Spectator," Thursday, March 1, 1710–11, No. 7.

it; and upon the doctor's remonstrating against this disobedience, the sick man gravely answered, "That he had looked into his Almanack, and seeing the sign lay in 'Bowels,' he thought *that*, and the physic together, would be too much for him."

Nor are the stars believed to influence the human body only, but to have an equal effect upon brutes. A prudent dairy-wife would never wean a calf when the sign was in the head, lest it should go dizzy; and the author well remembers to have heard a wealthy yeoman inquire of a farrier, when he would perform a certain operation on his colt. The leech assumed a most oracular look, and answered with great gravity, that "he would just step home, and see how the sign lay, and would then let him know."

Ibid. p. 404.

A Suffolk Song.

There wus a man lived in the West,
Limbo clashmo!
There wus a man lived in the West,
He married the wuman that he liked best,
With a ricararo, ricararo, milk in the morn
O' dary mingo.

He married this wuman and browt her hom,
Limbo clashmo!
He married this wuman and browt her hom,
And set her in his best parlour rom,
With a ricararo, ricararo, milk in the morn
O' dary mingo.

My man and I went to the fowd,
Limbo clashmo!
My man and I went to the fowd,
And ketcht the finest wuther that we could howd,
With a ricararo, ricararo, milk in the morn
O' dary mingo.

We fleed this wuther and browt him hom,
Limbo, clashmo!
We fleed this wuther and browt him hom,
Sez I, Wife, now youar begun yar doon,
With a ricararo, ricararo, milk in the morn
O' dary mingo.

I laid this skin on my wife's back,
Limbo clashmo!
I laid this skin on my wife's back,
And on to it I then did swack,
With a ricararo, ricararo, milk in the morn
O' dary mingo.

I 'inted har with ashen ile,
Limbo clashmo!
I 'inted har with ashen ile,
Till she could both brew, bake, wash and bile,
With a ricararo, ricararo, milk in the morn
O' dary mingo—mingo.

A Suffolk Man. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal, 1877.

Local Prophecies.—Some years since a friend showed me the following lines, which he said he copied from an old Court Book of the Manor of Shimpling Thorne, between Bury St. Edmund's and Sudbury:—

"Twixt Lopham forde and Shimpling Thorne,
England shall be woonn and lorne.
W.

"The East Anglian," or "Notes and Queries." vol. i, p. 3, 1869.

New Year.—'*First Foot.*'—It is thought lucky, on first going out on New Year's Day, to meet "a big man"; not big in paunch, but in height and breadth, and all the noble proportions "that become a man." Lowestoft is a lucky place to live in for this.

Ed. Fitzgerald. "Sea Words and Phrases." "E. Anglian," or "Notes and Queries," vol. iv, p. 114.

Cards.—Though often carried on board to pass away the time at All-fours, Don, or Sir-wiser (q.v.), nevertheless regarded with some suspicion when business does not go right. A friend of mine vowed that, if his ill-luck continued, over the cards should go; and over they went.

Opinions differ as to swearing. One captain strictly forbade it on board his lugger; but he also, continuing to get no fish, called out, "Swear away, lads, and see what that'll do."

Ibid. p. 110.

. . . I was assured by an old woman that if a fresh apple was left all night in the room of anyone suffering from small pox, it would be found in the morning to be affected by the disease. It would be, that is, quite corrupt and covered with spots similar to those produced on the body of the patient.

Clare. Oct. 17th. C., "The East Anglian," p. 27.

. . . While walking on our Common, I fell in with a "buoy," who told me to beware of the bull, for he was in a great passion. "Why," said I, "what have you been doing to him?" "Oh!" said he, "I went to him and said:—

"Tut, prut, bull, you fool,
You can't jump over a three-legged stool;"

and that allus do wex 'em so, they don't know what to do for rage!"

Ibid. vol. iii, p. 27.

XV.—NURSERY RHYMES.

A Suffolk Version of a Nursery Rhyme.

I send you a song my little brother learnt from some village lad, but whether it is a true Suffolk song or merely a worthless ballad I cannot say.

When good King Arthur reigned,
He was a very good king;
He kicked three men right out o' the room
A-cases-a they would na sing.

The first he was a miller;
The second he was a weaver;
The third he was a little tailor;
And they all rose up together;

The miller, he stole corn;
The weaver, he stole yarn;
And the tailor, he stole a roll o' broad cloth
To keep these three rogues warm.

The miller was grinding his corn,
The weaver was spinning his yarn,
And a hen ran away with the little tailor
With the broad cloth under his arm.

A. W. T. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal, 1877.

The Cuckoo.

"In April—'a shake 'as bill,
In May—'a pipe all day,
In June—'a change 'as tune,
In July—awah 'a fly,
Else in August—awah 'a must."

Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 1.

"The dow she dew no sorrow know,
Until she dew a *benten* go."

That is, until other food failing, she be forced to betake herself to the seeding *Bentles*,* where she finds but scurvy fare.

Ibid. p. 25.

Barnabee.—The golden-bug or lady-bird: also Bishop-barney: . . . this pretty little and very useful insect, is tenderly regarded by our children. One settling on a child is always sent away with this sad valediction:—

"Gowden-bug, Gowden-bug, fly awah home;
Yar house is bahnt deown an yar children all gone."

—It is sure to fly off on the third repetition.

Ibid. p. 15.

* Bentles. Sandy land by the sea, where Bents—*triticum juncium*—grow.

An old labourer at Grundisburgh adds the two following lines to the above:—

"Fly to the East, and fly to the West,
Fly to the home that you like best."

Camilla Gurdon.

Nursery Rhymes.

(From a Grundisburgh Child.)

"Hod-ma-Dod, Hod-ma-Dod,
Stick out your horns,
Here come an old beggar
To cut off your corns."

"Mrs. Mason broke a bason,
Mrs. Frost asked her how much it cost,
Mrs. Brown said 'half-a-crown,'
Mrs. Flory said 'what a story.'"

"Tiddle Wink, the Barber,
Went to shave his father,
The razor slipped and cut his life,
Tiddle Wink, the Barber."

"The man in the moon
Came down too soon,
To ask his way to Norwich.
The man in the South
Burnt his mouth
With eating cold Plum Porridge."

"There was an old woman
Who lived in Dundee,
And in her back garden
There grew a plum-tree;
The plums they grew rotten
Before they grew ripe,
And she sold them three farthings a pint."

"Dimmitee, Dimmitee Dot,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
And down she come,
Dimmitee, Dimmitee Dot."

"I had a little pony,
His name was Nobby Gray,
His head was stuffed with pea straw,
His arms were made of hay.
He could nimble, he could trot,
He could carry the mustard pot
All round the chimney pot.
I, gee wow."

"Yankee Doodle came to Town,
And how do you think they serv'd him?
One took his bag, and one his scrip,
The quicker for to starve him."

"I had a little nut tree
And nothing would it bear,
But a golden nutmeg
And a silver pear.
The King of Spain's daughter
Came to visit me,
And all for the sake of my little nut tree."

"There was an Old Man and he went mad
He jumped into a Biscuit Bag;
The Biscuit Bag it was so full
He jumped onto the Roaring Bull;
The Roaring Bull it was so fat
He jumped into a Gentleman's Hat;
The Gentleman's Hat it was so fine
He jumped into a Glass of Wine;
The Glass of Wine it was so clear
He jumped into a Barrel of Beer;
The Barrel of Beer it was so thick
He jumped on top of the Broom Stick;
The Broom Stick it was so rotten,
That it let him down to the bottom."

OMENS (see Animal, Death, Miscellaneous).

XVI.—PROVERBS AND SIMILES.

"Pretty is what pretty dü."

"Self's allers at home"—heard by me in a sea-board Suffolk parish.

"If that was to rain bread and milk [various reading, 'puddens'] next thing he'd want 'ud be for't to rain a spüne [v.r., 'spünes']."

"He make rats and mice," *i.e.* Practically recognises distinctions between two classes, which the *lower* of them tries to fancy on a level. It was applied to a friend of mine on the border of "the tew counties," who, to avoid the certainty of discomfort and the risk of suffocation at his tithe dinner, tried to meet his large and small farmers on successive days, instead of in one close-packed mass. "But the joskins was staunch, and he found 'twouldn't dü."

"He never give a apple, but what he mean to get a orchard."

"I tell that fellow Dan'ls that job o' his kinder stink o' thyme (time)." This remark was addressed by the most indefatigable of farm-bailiffs—who was always up at four a.m., and expected every-one to move at *his* pace—to a rather dilatory labourer.

"He eat the calf i' the cow's belly," *i.e.* Anticipates his income.

"An Adoptive Sandboy." "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal.

Proverbs, etc.

"If the hen does not prate, she will not lay," *i.e.* Scolding wives make the best housewives.

"If it won't pudding, it will froize,"* *i.e.* If it won't do for one thing it will do for another.

"His religion is copyhold, or he has not taken it up." This is said of one who never goes to any place of worship.

"For want of company welcome trumpery."

"A wheelwright's dog is a carpenter's uncle," *i.e.* A bad wheel-wright makes a good carpenter.

* Froize, s. a pancake.—Forby, vol. i, p. 123.

"You must do as they do at the Hoo; what you can't do in one day, you must do in two."

"He is in his own clothes." This is a term of defiance. Let him do as he pleases; I fear him not.

"A lie made out of the whole stuff," *i.e.* Without any foundation.

"I'll give him a kick for a culp," *i.e.* A Roland for an Oliver.

"Laurence has got hold of him," *i.e.* He is lazy. "Lazy Laurence" was one of the alliterative personifications, which our ancestors were so fond of.

"Hitty-missey, as the blind man shot the crow," *i.e.* accidentally.

"It is a poor dog that does not know 'come out,'" *i.e.* He is foolish who does not know when to desist.

"Everything has an end, and a pudding has two." In explanation of this it must be observed that our Suffolk puddings are not round but long; they are sometimes called leg-puddings, from their resemblance to the human leg . . . in High Suffolk the poke-pudding is still held in high esteem.

"His word is as good as his bond." This is said ironically, when both are worthless.

"Nothing turns sourer than milk," *i.e.* A mild, good-humoured man is most determined, when he is thoroughly provoked.

"There is no fence against a flail," *i.e.* You cannot guard against the attacks of a person who utters blunt unwelcome truths, without any restraint from good manners.

"She looked as if butter would not melt in her mouth, but cheese would not have choked."

"You must eat another yard of pudding first," *i.e.* You must wait till you grow older.

"You must hunt squirrels, and make no noise," *i.e.* If you wish to succeed in an enquiry, you must go quietly about it.

"It is a good thing to eat your brown bread first," *i.e.* If you are unfortunate in the early part of life, you may hope for better success in future.

"Deal with an honest man as you would with a rogue," *i.e.* Do not omit all necessary precautions in business, because a man has the character of being honest.

"The dog that fetches will carry," *i.e.* A tale-bearer will tell tales *of* you, as well as *to* you.

"I was not born in a wood to be scared by an owl," *i.e.* I am not so easily frightened as you may imagine.

"Sorrow rode in my cart." It means to express, I did ill, but I had reason to repent it afterwards.

"His lies are latticed lies, and you may see through them."

"Little knocks rive great blocks;" *i.e.* Steady perseverance with little means, gets through great difficulties.

"His eyes draw straws," *i.e.* He is sleepy. When a person's eyes are nearly closed, he appears to see small rays of light, like straws.

"I will come when the cuckoo has pecked up the dirt," *i.e.* in the Spring.

"Nip a nettle hard and it will not sting you," *i.e.* Strong and decided measures are best with troublesome people.

"'What's her's is mine; what's mine is my own,' quoth the husband."

"You had better be drunk than drowned," *i.e.* It is better to exceed in wine now and then, than to be constantly drinking largely of weak liquors.

"He is a crust of the law; he will never know a crumb of it."

"Your conscience is made of stretching leather."

"There is more of Sampson than of Solomon in him," *i.e.* Great bodily strength but little sense.

"He is a Walberswick whisperer; you may hear him over to Southwold." Walberswick and Southwold are two sea-port towns in Suffolk, situated on opposite sides of the mouth of the river Blyth, and distant nearly a mile from each other. It is of course intended to describe an audible whisperer.

"You may know a carpenter by his chips." This is usually applied to great eaters, who leave many bones on their plate.

"Elbow-grease gives the best polish," *i.e.* Hard rubbing makes furniture look brighter; generally, industry is the surest road to success.

"The miller's boy said so," *i.e.* It was matter of common report.

"She is fond of gape-seed," *i.e.* Of staring at everything that passes.

"To laugh like Robin Good-fellow," *i.e.* A long, loud, hearty, horse-laugh. Thus the memory of the merry goblin still lives amongst us. But though his mirth be remembered, his drudgery is forgotten. He is even forgotten in the nursery.

"He has got his jug," *i.e.* Not so much drink as he could have swallowed, but as much as he can fairly carry.

"To have the hands of one," *i.e.* To have the advantage of him.

"There are more that know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows," *i.e.* Persons in public situations are known by many whom they are unacquainted with.

"To go down the red lane," *i.e.* to be swallowed.

"The beard will pay for the shaving." This is used when a person is paid for his labour by taking part, or the whole, of that which he is employed about; as cutting bushes, etc. In general it means, the work will produce enough to pay itself.

"There is a good steward abroad when there is a wind-frost," *i.e.* You have no occasion to look to your labourers, they must work to keep themselves warm.

"There is a deal of difference between go and gow," * *i.e.* between ordering a person to do a thing, and going with him to see him do it, or doing it with him.

"God's lambs will play." An apology for riotous youth; probably it was originally a sneer at some unlucky Puritan, who had been detected in some indiscretion.

"I gave it him as it came from the mill," *i.e.* Undressed; the bran and flour mixed together. It means I spoke my mind plainly, and without dressing it up.

"If the cat's away, the mice will play;" *i.e.* If the master is out of the way, servants will be idle.

"To make one eat *humble* pie," *i.e.* To make him lower his tone and be submissive. It may possibly be derived from the "umbles" of the deer, which were the perquisite of the huntsman . . . . *umble-pie,* the food of inferiors.

* gow, v. let us go; an abbreviation of "go we," the plur. imper. of the verb to go.—Forby, vol. ii, p. 138.

"There's no hoe in them," *i.e.* You cannot stop them; they don't know when to leave off. "They fight without hoe." Lord Berner's Froissart.

"You can't make a silk purse of a sow's ear." . . . .

"It will take the gilding off the gingerbread," *i.e.* It will reduce his profits; he will make little of it.

"To stand holes," *i.e.* To continue as you are; probably borrowed from Cribbage, Fair Play, or some such game.

"Within a hog's gape," *i.e.* Very near; within a little.

"He may well be musical, for he walks upon German flutes." This is often applied to a spindle-shanked musician.

"He has swallowed shame, and drank after it," *i.e.* He has no sense of shame left.

"He does the devil's work for nothing." This is usually said of a common swearer.

"She that's fair, and fair would be, must wash herself with fumitory."

"The man was hanged that left his liquor." This is used as a persuasive to drink, and is said to be derived from the following circumstances. It was the custom to present a cup of wine to criminals on their way to the gallows; one poor fellow who was going to execution refused to stop and drink it. He went on, and was hanged; but just after he was turned off came a reprieve, which would have been in time to save his life, if "he had not left his liquor."

"To lay the stool's foot in water." To make preparation for company. It is derived from the custom of washing brick floors; an operation always performed on the very day company is expected, by many of our "tidy" housewives, with whom wet and clean are synonymous.

"You will catch more flies with a spoonful of honey than with a gallon of vinegar," *i.e.* Kind language prevails more than sharp reproof.

"Little fish are sweet." It means small gifts are always acceptable.

"A lame tongue gets nothing."

"Go to Bungay, to get new-bottomed." The explanation given of this common saying is, that people broke at Beccles, and when the navigation was opened and improved, removed to Bungay, and throve there. But the saying is probably much older than the navigation. Certainly there are few market towns in which such fortunes have been acquired.

"As bad as marrying the devil's daughter, and living with the old folks." This strange saying is commonly applied to a person who has made unpromising connections in marriage.

"I made my obedience to him, but he would neither speak nor grunt." This is said when a superior passes without returning your civility; and on the same occasion another very common expression is, "A hog would have grunted."

"A ground sweat cures all disorders," *i.e.* In the grave all complaints cease from troubling.

"Give him that which costs you nothing," *i.e.* civility.

"He does not know great A from the gable end of a house."

"He laughs on the wrong side of his face," *i.e.* He affects a laugh when he is disposed to cry.

"It is better to wear up with work than with rust."

"He was meant for a gentleman, but was spoilt in the making."

"He lies bare of a suit," *i.e.* He has no money.

"He will make a tight old man." This is said of a lazy fellow who does not hurt himself with work.

"He has laid a stone at my door," *i.e.* by way of memorandum not to knock at it again; in the modern cant phrase, "He has cut me."

"He has made a hole in his manners." This expression is much like Cotgrave's "casse maurs."

Forby, vol. ii, p. 427.

"If it warn't for hope the heart 'ud die."

(From the old Gardener at Grundisburgh Hall.)

"God never pays his debts with money." Said of any bad person who falls ill, or meets with misfortunes.

(From the Rev. S. Hooke, Rector of Clopton.)

"'A spend everything 'a can rap and rend." That is, all he can get. It is probably *rip* and *rend*—both words meaning tear and waste.

Ed. Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 308.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on; happy is the corpse that the rain rains on."

Ibid. p. 163.

"When ye lah an egg, tho' ta be a' gowd, don't *cackle*."

Ibid. p. 62.

"As dry as a Hambuck." "His legs are like Hambucks." Hambuck: the dry fibrous stalk of hemp, after having been peeled.

Ibid. p. 190.

A Suffolk Proverb.

"Singers and ringers are little home bringers."

A. W. T., "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal.

"Thin as a rake" is not an unfrequent comparison with us: which I should, unaided, have thought meant simply as the shin handle, or *stale*, as we call it, of the rake. On this passage in Coriolanus i, 1—

"Let us revenge this with our pikes ere we become *rakes*,"

commentators have, and I cannot but deem needlessly, put forth a deal of learning. Steevens has I think hit on the author's meaning, which in Suffolk we should say is "as plain as a pike-staff," and shows the proverb "thin as a rake" to be as old as Shakespeare's day, and that he referred merely to the paper-handled tool. . . . I may note that the long handled tool that we call a *pitch-fork* . . . used it appears to be called a *pike*, and is still called so in Devonshire.

Ed. Moor, p. 305.

"His tongue moves like a beggar's *clap-dish*."

Clap-dish, s. . . . It was a dish, or rather box, with a movable

lid, carried by the beggars at that time, to attract notice by the noise it made, and to bring people to their doors. . . .

Forby, vol. i, p. 65.

"Her eyes are as black as *sloons*"—sloes.

Ed. Moor, p. 363.

"Pale as a *deusan*."

Deusan, s. a hard sort of apple which keeps a long time, but turns pale and shrivels. . . . Fr. *deux ans*.

Forby, vol. i, p. 92.

"As yulla as a peagle" is said of a sallow atrabilious person. Peagle: the cowslip.

Ed. Moor, p. 268.

Conger-eel.—Sometimes cast ashore, alive and kicking, in winter. I was wondering how so strong a fish suffered himself to be so stranded, and was told (at Felixstowe) that it was because of the Conger "blinding himself by striking at the stars."

Ed. FitzGerald. *Works*, vol. ii, p. 466.

"Deep as the North-Star;" said (by the conger-eel man) of a very *wide-awake* babe, four months old.

Ibid.

"The night's as dark as black hogs."

Ibid.

"Flat as a dab," the sea calm-flat, as the flat fish, so commonly called.

Ibid.

Willock.—A Guillemot, I am told. The same bird that, "after shutting the door after him," presents the kitty with the fish he has re-appeared with. This is not the action of an ill-mannered bird; nor have I seen anything wild in his demeanour. Yet, they say, "Mad as a willock."

Ibid.

Dutch Uncle.—"There were the squires on the bench, but I took heart, and talked to 'em like a Dutch Uncle." This, I trust, opens a wide field for conjecture.

Ibid.

Neighbour's Fare.—Doing as well as one's neighbours. "I mayn't make a fortune, but I look for neighbour's fare nevertheless."

Ibid.

Shim-Shimmer.—The glitter of fish coming above water, into the net. When the mackerel men—after many and many an empty net—come to draw in one with a shimmer of fish in it, they say—

"There's a white,
And a shim,
And another after him;
And a white,
And a lily-white,
And a scrunck-ho!"

Ibid.

"You're giving extra good measure, Mrs. Spalding."

"A-well, my pore father he used to say, 'Hape it up Maw'r, hape it up:

"Good weight an' measure
Is hivenly treasure."

A. W. T. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal, 1877.

"As thick as todge."

A Suffolk man. *Ibid.*

"As blue as Wad." Wad s. Woad.

Forby, vol. ii, p. 366.

"As white as Nip." Nep. Nip. s. the herb cat-mint, nepeta cataria, Lin.

Ibid. p. 230.

"As thick as Loblolly."

"East Anglian in Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal.

Loblolly, s. neither water gruel nor any particular seafaring dish as Todd's Johnson makes it. With us, as in Exmore, it means, "any odd mixture of spoon-meat," provided only that it be very thick.

Forby, vol. ii, p. 198.

In years long ago, I remember the old quatrain which we as children used to repeat, when a piece of paper was burnt, and we noted how the sparks on the burnt and blackened paper kept moving about, and at last went out one by one. The lines were as follows:—

"There goes the parson,
And there goes the clerk;
And there go the people
Out in the dark."

Senex. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal.

At the rectory gatherings on Christmas night, Will was one of the principal singers; his *chefs-d'œuvre* "Oh! silver (query *Sylvia*) is a charming thing" and "The Helmingham Wolunteers." That famous corps was raised by Lord Dysart, to repel "Bony's" threatened invasion; its drummer was John Noble, afterwards the wheelwright in Monk Soham. Once after drill, Lord Dysart said to him: "You played that very well, John Noble;" and "I know't, my lord, I know't," was John's answer—an answer that has passed into a Suffolk proverb, "I know't, my lord, I know't, as said John Noble."

Francis Hindes Groome. "A Suffolk Parson." Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, March, 1891, p. 318.

A Yarmouth *Capon.*—That is, a red herring: more herrings being taken than capons bred here.

Ray. "A Complete Collection of English Proverbs," p. 225.

A London *Cockney.*—This nickname is more than four hundred years old. For when Hugh Bigot added artificial fortifications to

his naturally strong castle of Bungey in Suffolk, he gave out this rhyme, therein vaulting it for impregnable.

"*Were I in my Castle of* Bungey
Upon the river of Waveney,
I would ne care for the King of Cockney,

meaning thereby King Henry II., then quietly possessed of London, whilst some other places did resist him: though, afterwards, he so humbled this Hugh, that he was fain with large sums of money, and pledges for his loyalty, to redeem this his Castle from being razed to the ground. I meet with a double sense of this word Cockney.—1. One *coax'd* and *cocquer'd*, made a wanton or nestle-cock, delicately bred and brought up, so as when grown up to be able to endure no hardship. 2. One utterly ignorant of country affairs, of husbandry and houswivery as there practised. The original thereof, and the tale of the citizen's son, who knew not the language of a Cock, but called it *neighing*, is commonly known.

Ibid. p. 252.

"Before the Normans into England came, Bentley was my seat, and Tollemache was my name."

Higson's MSS. Coll. No. 72. Bentley in Suffolk, near Ipswich. "English Proverbs" and "Proverbial Phrases," arranged and annotated by W. Carew Hazlitt. J. Russell Smith, London, 1869.

Ash Week, the first week in Lent.

Old Mothers' Rock-stones, old wives' fables.

(Paulinus. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal.)

"My ancient authority" (*i.e.* "one who dated from the early part of the last century") "would frequently say, if a person was relating a fabulous tale, 'There, that's only the old woman's Rock Staff,*

* Rock-Rock-Staff, s. a distaff; from which, as we are told in Todd's Johnson, the wool *was* spun "by twirling a ball below." It *is* spun, to this day, by being drawn out and formed into yarn by the finger and thumb, and pressed by the hand on the trip-skin, against which the spindle twirls, by degrees collecting on itself the ball. . . . "An old woman's rock-staff" is a contemptuous expression for a silly superstitious fancy.—Forby, vol. ii, p. 279.

which the old man took for a walking stick, and carried it all over the world.'"

'East Anglian.' "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal.

A White Mary.—"N. M. told me that one day last Spring, when she was walking up the Church Meadow, she had fallen down in a kind of fit; that the night before, when she was just falling off to sleep, she was frightened by some one seeming to stand by her bedside; she did not know whether it was a *White Mary* or not. She put out her hand to push it away. I said, 'I suppose it was what we call nightmare.'"

Camfordiensis. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal.

Cavey—Peccavi.—"A began to cry *Cavey*."—he began to knock under—to moderate.

Ed. Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 72.

Jack at a Pinch.—A sudden unexpected call to do anything. "Well, if I be'ent set tew regular I on't come Jack at a pinch."

"Children and chicken are always a-picking."

(From Mr. Redstone, Woodbridge.)

Three blue beans in a blue bladder.—What is the origin of this whimsical combination of words, it may not be easy to discover; but at least it is of long standing.

F. Hark! doest rattle?

S. Yes, like three blue beans in a blue bladder, rattle bladder, rattle.

Old Fortunatus, Anc. Dr. iii, p. 128.

Prior has it in his Alma:

"They say—
That putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder."

Cant. i, v. 25.

Thus far Nares. To this I have to add that "three blue beans

in one blue bladder, rattle bladder, rattle"—thrice repeated, is an old and frolicksome sort of Suffolk shibboleth, as I can recollect; and is still frequently heard.

Moor, p. 22.

Proud as a Horse.—The Sailor generally regarding that creature as showing so much of the Devil, with all its rearings and prancings, and "Ha, Ha's!" . . .

Ed. FitzGerald. "Sea Words," etc. "E. Anglian" or "Notes and Queries," vol. iv, p. 114.

"Great Ships ask deep Waters."

Ibid. p. 263.

Mitten.—"Dead as a Mitten"—that is the sea phrase. Another article as well appreciated by the Seaman is commonly used for the same comparison ashore. A Game-keeper near Lowestoft was describing how some Dignitary of the Church—he knew not what—was shooting with his Master. Some game—I know not what—was sprung; and the Gamekeeper, at a loss for any correct definition of his man, called out "Blaze away, your Holiness!"—"And blowed if he didn't knock it over as dead as a Biscuit."

Ibid. p. 263.

"A thatch'd church and ivied steeple, a bad parson and wicked people."

W. H. S. "The E. Anglian," vol. iv, p. 168.

XVII.—SLEEP CHARMS.

A popular prayer that is taught to children by some parents is clearly a relic of Roman Catholic times, and has been handed down from a period anterior to the Reformation, for it is an appeal

to particular Saints for their intercession with Almighty God. The words are these—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
Bless the bed I lie upon;
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels at its head,
One to watch, two to pray,
And one to bear my soul away;
God within and God without,
Sweet Jesus Christ all round about;
If I die before I wake
I pray to God my soul to take."

There is sometimes this ludicrous (?) variation of the fourth line—

"Four angels all aspread."

"The New Suffolk Garland," p. 178.

The Spell of St. Edmund's Bury.—Wynkyn de Worde put forth the first edition of the Horæ, in this country, relating to the Cathedral Service at Salisbury, under the following title: "Hore beate Marie Virginis ad usum insignio ecclesie Sarum. Londinii per Winandum de Worde. 1502." 4to membran. A copy of this impression, now in the Gough Library at Oxford, and described in Vol. ii, p. 107, of Dibdin's Typographical Antiquities, and in Vol. i, pp. 11, 12, of the 2nd day of his Decameron, contained upon the margin thereof certain written rhymes, in an ancient hand, of a strange mysterious nature: to wit, "the Little Credo," "the White Paternoster," and the following curious spell:—

Peter's Brother where lyest all night?
Ther as Chryst y God.
What hast in thy honde? heaven Keyes.
What hast in thy tother?
Broade booke leaves.
Open heauen gates,
Shutt hell Geates.
Euerie child creepe christ ouer
White Benedictus be in this howse
Euerye night.

Within and without. This howse rounde about,
St. Peter att the one doore,
St. Paule att the other,
St. Michael in the middle
Fyer in the flatt
Chancell-op shatt
Euerie naugers bore
An Angell before.
—Amen.

"The Suffolk Garland," p. 354.

A Spell against thieves, to be said three times while walking round the premises:—

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
This house I bequeath round about,
And all my goods within and without,
In this yard or enclosed piece of land,
Unto Jesus Christ, that died on a tree,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, all Three,
Thieves! Thieves! Thieves!
By virtue of the Blessed Trinity.

That you stir not one foot from this place until the rising of the sun next morning with beams full clear. And this I charge you in the name of the Trinity; Jesus save me and mine from them and fetching. Amen.

Quoted from a note on "Spells" (by G.R.P. in the Eastern Counties Collectanea), by J. T. Varley, E. A. Handbook, 1885, p. 100.

A Spell as a protection from Assault. . . .

"Whoever thou art that meanest me ill,
Stand thou still!
As the river Jordan did
When our Lord and Saviour, Jesus,
Was baptised therein.
In the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."
Amen.

Ibid.

It is not easy to get hold of spells . . . many people disown any knowledge of Spells, believing there is something "uncanny" in their use.

Ibid.

XVIII.—WEATHER MYTHS.

I still occasionally hear people assert that if a pig is killed while the moon is waning the fat will in cooking shrink. Their rule therefore is to kill their pigs while the moon is waxing. . . . Reversely, it was believed that there were things which ought to be done while the moon was waning; for instance, you should cut your corns at this time. The moon is waning. Growth will then be weak. They will not wax again rapidly. The moon that wanes in heaven before our eyes is the cause of all sublunary waning. Its period of waning is the period of waning in all things. Therefore, take off your lambs and little pigs while the moon is in this phase. The secretion of milk in the ewes and the sows will then be more readily staunched. It is waning time. It is a bad time for putting up poultry to fatten. It would be contrary to nature for them to wax at that time.

Some materials for the Hist. of Wherstead, by F. B. Zincke, p. 175. See Forby. vol. ii, p. 404.

"Sow pease (good trull)
The moon past full.
Fine seeds then sow,
Whilst moon doth grow.

Tusser. "Five Hundred Points," p. 101.

"Sow peason and beans in the wane of the moon,
Who soweth them sooner, he soweth too soon,
That they with the planet may rest and arise,
And flourish, with bearing most plentifullwise."

Ibid. p. 107.

"Cut all things or gather, the moon in the wane,
But sow in encreasing, or give it his bane."

Ibid. p. 131.

"In March is good grafting, the skilful do know,
So long as the wind in the east do not blow:
From moon being changed, till past be the prime,
For grafting and cropping, is very good time."

Ibid. p. 127.

The new moon "lying on its back," with the horns of her crescent pointing upwards, is believed to indicate a dry moon*; and, on the contrary, when the new moon appears with the horns of the crescent pointing downwards, or as it is locally expressed, "when it hangs dripping," it will be a wet moon.

When the new moon happens on a Saturday, it is superstitiously believed to be a sign of unfavourable weather, thus:

"A Saturday moon—
If it comes once in seven years comes too soon."

And if in addition the full moon falls on a Sunday, it is said:

"Saturday new, Sunday full,
Never was good, and never *wool*."

There is also a saying that "the sun is always seen on a *Saturday*," and this is firmly believed by many of the country people. . . . .

"The New Suffolk Garland," p. 166.

Many persons will courtesy to the new moon on its first appearance, and turn the money in their pockets 'for luck.' Last winter I had a set of rough country lads in a night-school; they happened to catch sight of the new moon through the window, and all (I think) that had any money in their pockets turned it 'for luck.' . . . The boys could not agree what was the right form of words to use on the occasion, but it seemed to be understood that there was a proper formula for it.

Suffolk. C. W. J., "Book of Days," vol. ii, p. 203.

* In this position it is supposed to retain the water, which is imagined to be in it, and which would run out if the horns were turned down.—*Suffolk.* C. W. J., "Book of Days," vol. ii, p. 203.

Another superstition was acknowledged by them [*i.e.* a set of rough country lads in a night-school] at the same time—namely, that it was unlucky to see the new moon for the first time through glass. . . .

. . . To see 'the old moon in the arms of the new one' is reckoned a sign of fine weather.

Ibid.

It is lucky to see the moon over your left shoulder.

Forby. "Vocab. of E. Anglia," vol. ii. Appendix.

Weather.

"Evening red, and morning grey
Send the traveller on his way;
But evening grey, and morning red,
Send the traveller wet to bed."

"A rainbow at morning
Is the shepherd's warning;
But a rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight."

A *burr*, that is, a *halo*, round the moon is a sign of rain; if it is large, the proverb is:—

"Far burr, near rain;
Near burr, far rain."

When a robin sings at the bottom of a bush it betokens bad weather, but if he sings at the top of a bush it will be fair. . . .

"March dry, good rye;
April wet, good wheat."

When you see the grey "Shepherd's flock" before 8 o'clock in the morning, it will rain before night.

"If it rains before seven
'Twill cease before eleven."

The sun rising clear in the morning and going to bed again (as it is called) immediately, is a sure indication of a foul day. When

the small clouds are seen scudding before larger ones, they are called "*water carts*," and rain is sure to follow.

"When the wind's in the South,
'Tis in the rain's mouth;
When the wind's in the East,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast."

There is also a saying with reference to the new moon, that—

"When early seen
'Tis seldom seen."

"When a cat wipes her face over her ears, it is a sign of fine weather, and when a cat sits with her back towards the fire, it is a sign of frost."

"A fine Saturday, a fine Sunday;
A fine Sunday, a fine week."

"If the rainbow comes a night,
The rain is gone, quite."

"When it rains with the wind in the East,
It rains for twenty-four hours at least."

"May never goes out without a wheat ear."

"The grass that grows in Janiveer
Grows no more all the year."

"Cut your thistles before St. John,
You will have two instead of one."

"First comes David, then comes Chad,
Then comes Winnold as if he were mad."

This alludes to the stormy weather which is common at the beginning of March.

"The New Suffolk Garland," collected by John Glyde, junior. Printed for the Author, St. Matthew's Street, Ipswich, 1866. pp. 166, 167, 168.

"Rain before seven,
Fine before eleven."

. . . The character of St. Swithin's Day is much regarded here as a prognostication of fine or wet weather.

. . . The streaks of light often seen when the sun shines through broken clouds are believed to be pipes reaching into the sea, and the water is supposed to be drawn up through them into the clouds, ready to be discharged in the shape of rain.

Suffolk. C. W. J. "Book of Days," vol. ii, p. 203.

There is a saying at Woodbridge that where Bromeswell wind is on Ash Wednesday, there it continues to blow for 40 days. It is also called Old Parker's wind. Old Parker, the people say, was a very disagreeable old man, who lived at Bromeswell. His wind is the East Wind.

From Mr. Redstone.

Water-dogs, s. pl. small clouds of irregular but roundish form, and of a darker colour, floating below the dense mass of cloudiness in rainy seasons, supposed to indicate the near approach of more rain.

Forby. "Vocabulary of East Anglia," vol. ii, p. 369.

Noah's Ark, s. a cloud, appearing when the sky is for the most part clear: much resembling, or at least supposed to resemble, a large boat turned bottom upwards. It is considered as a sure prognostic of rain.

Ibid. p. 233.

It is believed among us that such a cloud immediately preceded and prefigured the deluge, and we still confidently expect rain on its re-appearance.

Ed. Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 250.

Roger's-Blast, s. a sudden and local motion of the air, not otherwise perceptible but by its whirling up the dust on a dry road in perfectly calm weather, somewhat in the manner of a water-spout. It is reckoned a sign of approaching rain.

Forby, vol. ii. p. 280.

"On Candlemas Day if the sun shines clear,
The shepherd had rather see his wife on her bier."

So many fogs in March, so many frosts in May.

"If the robin sings in the bush,
Then the weather will be coarse;
But if the robin sings on the barn.
Then the weather will be warm."

A mackerel sky forebodes rain.

When frogs in the grass appear of a bright yellowish green, the weather will be fine; if they are of a dark dirty brown there will be rain.

A wet Sunday, a wet week.

"Sow in the slop,
Heavy at top,"

i.e., wheat sown when the ground is wet, is most productive. Wheat always lies best in wet sheets.

"When the pigeons go a benting,
Then the farmers lie lamenting."

At Old Christmas the days are longer by a cock's stride. A green Christmas, a fat churchyard.

"On Saint Valentine
All the birds of the air in couples do join."

"Saint Matthew
Get candlesticks new.
Saint Matthi
Lay candlesticks by."

"Saint Andrew the King,
Three weeks and three days before Christmas comes in."

On Holy-Rood day the Devil goes a-nutting."

Ibid. p. 415.

Bleuse.—This is a noun formed from 'blue.' It means a bluish mist, not unusual in summer when the temperature suddenly becomes

chilled, the sky remaining cloudless. It is supposed to bring a blight. I will give the meaning of the word as it was many years ago explained to me by a Suffolk labourer. I had said to him . . . . "This chilly haze will bring blight." To this he sharply replied, correcting me, "It is no haze." "Well," I enquired, "What is it? It is what people call haze or mist." "No," was his rejoinder, "it is not haze or mist, it is 'blewse.'" "And what," I continued, "is 'blewse'?" "Why," he replied, "everybody knows what 'blewse' is. It is the smoke of the burning mountain."

"Some materials for the Hist. of Wherstead," by F. B. Zincke, p. 195.

The London Road.—Once on a clear starlight night I said something to a labourer, who happened to be with me, about the Milky Way. "We," he interposed, "don't call it by that name. We call it the London Road." I supposed at the moment that this merely meant that from the neighbourhood where we were it was parallel to the direction of the London Road. It was for this reason that Watling Street (the Roman Road from London to Wroxeter) and the Milky Way were once interchangeable appellations. On continuing the conversation, however, I found that this was the smallest part of the reason why the luminous celestial belt had received this strange local appellation. The date of our conversation was in the days before railways, when the upper ten thousand posted to and fro, and there was a great deal of traffic by night in carriages and wagons. "Its name," he explained, "is the London Road, because it is the light of the lamps of the carriages and wagons that are travelling to and from London."

Ibid. p. 197.

Milkmaids' Path.—The milky way; as if the heavenly milkmaid had spilt her pail as she crossed over. Not so uncouth a fancy!

"Sea Words and Phrases along the Suffolk coast," p. 7.

XIX.—WELL WORSHIP.

Of the Holy Wells near Ipswich there remains only the name, which still distinguishes some clear springs. There is also, on Mr. Milner-Gibson Cullum's property near Bury a spot named Holy Well, but no traditions concerning either place survive.

Camilla Gurdon.

. . . In a low part of the lane that leads from *the Green* towards Whepstead, is a spring that rises to a level with the road: it had formerly a margin of free-stone, part of which still remains, inscribed:

"Jacob's well—
Empty the sea,
And empty me."

Its boast is not a vain one; for it was never exhausted during the late succession of remarkably dry summers.

Sir J. Cullum's "Hist. and Antiq. of Hawstead," p. 6.

XX.—WITCHCRAFT.

As early as the reign of Henry the Sixth, "Margery Jourdemayn, the famous witch of Eye," was employed by the Duchess* of

* "A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,—
Under the countenance and confedracy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout—
Have practised dangerously against your State,
Dealing with witches, and with conjurers;
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life a death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand."
—Shakespeare. "King Henry VI." Part ii. Act. ii. Sc. 1.

Gloucester, wife of the good Duke Humphrey. . . In the latter part of the last century, however, the immediate neighbourhood of Eye was again distinguished by the residence of a Sybil, who, under the name of "Old Nan Barret," enjoyed for more than forty years a reputation only inferior to that of her renowned predecessor. She was not indeed sought after by royalty, nor probably much known out of "the two counties"; but in them she was held in high veneration, and it was no unusual thing for people to go thirty or forty miles to consult her. . .

The belief that witches are inclined to injure others gratuitously, and of mere malice, appears to be much upon the decline. It was at its greatest height amongst us towards the middle of the seventeenth century. In 1693 a book was published by "Samuel Petts, Minister of the Gospel at Sudbury, in Suffolk," containing a "faithful narrative of the wonderful and extraordinary fits, which Mr. Thomas Spatchett (late of Dunwich and Cookly) was under by witchcraft." It is a thin quarto of thirty-five pages, and proves, curiously enough, the perverse inclination, then prevailing, of imputing any unusual symptoms of disease to witchcraft. In this case also it appears that a confession of her guilt was extorted from the suspected witch. But it should appear that the appetite for judicial murder on this account was glutted, or that courts of justice were not so ready to entertain cases of this kind; for the author feelingly complains, "that notwithstanding what could be witnessed against her, yet she was sent home; and nothing in point of law was done against her." . . .

Sometimes, however, the revenge of witches was exercised rather in a sportive than a malignant spirit: of this an instance was told, and religiously believed, in Norfolk, towards the end of the last century. A farmer's wife had lost some feathers, and consulted the celebrated "Nan Barrett" on the surest mode of recovering them. The Sybil assured her that they should be brought back; but the niggardly housewife, having obtained this assurance, refused to pay the old woman her accustomed fee. Provoked, as she well might be, at being thus bilked, the prophetess repeated the assurance that the feathers should come back, but added, "that the owner should

not be the better for them." The enquirer, however, fully satisfied that she should recover her goods, laughed at the threat, and returned in high glee. . . . As soon as she got home, she called her maids to go to milking; and when they had about half done, hearing a slight noise, she raised her head, and saw her feathers come flying into the milking-yard like a swarm of bees; and, to her great annoyance, beheld them direct their flight towards the milk-pails: thus spoiling at once both milk and feathers. It will readily be imagined that, after this catastrophe, no one ever ventured to defraud Mrs. Barrett of her dues. . . . .

The belief is, that a witch cannot pass over the threshold on which a horseshoe is nailed, with the open part upwards; or at least, that she cannot perform her diabolical feats within the door to which it belongs. . . . . There is, indeed, another prophylactick, but which, from its nature, can only be resorted to in extreme cases. Where a witch is known to harbour resentment against anyone, or to have expressed an intention of doing him an injury, it is held to be a sure preservative, if the party threatened can draw blood from the sorceress: and many a poor old woman has been scarified, from the received opinion that a witch will not "*come to the scratch.*" Next to prevention comes the remedy; and the following is considered as a specific. If in the near neighbourhood, or anywhere indeed within the malignant influence of a known witch, a child is afflicted with an obstinate ague, a great many worms, or any pining sickness; if a calf be dizzy, or a cow "tail-shotten," or have "gargot," or "red-water," so that it may *reasonably* be concluded to be bewitched; the most effectual remedy, or mode of exorcism, is to take a quantity of the patient's urine, and boil it with nine nails from as many old horse-shoes. The process is to begin exactly at midnight. The conductress of it is to have an assistant to obey orders, but is to touch nothing herself. . . . . These orders must be conveyed by signs. A single word mars the whole charm. At a certain critical point in the process, when three, five, or seven of the nails have been put in motion at once by the force of the boiling fluid (for some cases are more difficult than others) the spirit is cast out: at which happy moment, the child squalls,

the cow "blores," or the calf "blares"; convalescence immediately commences of course. The good woman, from whom the author obtained this valuable information about forty years ago (not immediately, indeed, nor without some little breach of confidence), confirmed it by recounting a failure that once befell herself. She had prevailed on a boy to sit up with her. All was going on most prosperously. The hob-nails were in merry motion. The child in the cradle squalled. The boy, in a cold sweat, ventured to look behind him; he was so overpowered with terror, that he forgot all the cautions he had received, and called to his mistress to look at the little black thing, which was endeavouring to escape through the keyhole. This was, no doubt, the evil spirit; which, thus recalled, must have entered the poor child again, for it certainly never recovered.

At present, indeed, the power principally attributed to witches amongst us is that of foretelling future events, and of discovering the possessors of stolen goods.

. . . One circumstance more remains to be mentioned with respect to witches. It is generally believed that a witch, or wizard, be his size or corpulence what it may, cannot weigh down the Church Bible: and many instances might be cited of persons accused of witchcraft applying to the clergyman of the parish to be allowed to prove their innocency by this ordeal. This trial, however, is not considered quite satisfactory when the suspicion is very strong against the party accused. The only sure criterion by which his guilt or innocence can be satisfactorily ascertained is still believed to be by swimming.

Forby. "Vocabulary of East Anglia," Appendix, vol. ii, pp. 388–398. 1830.

. . . Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset . . . is said to have consulted Margery Jourdemayne, the celebrated witch of Eye, with respect to his conduct and fate during the impending conflicts. She told him that he would be defeated and slain at a castle; but as long as he arranged his forces and fought in the open field, he would be victorious and safe from harm. . . . After the first battle of St. Albans, when the trembling monks crept from

their cells to succour the wounded and inter the slain, they found the dead body of Somerset lying at the threshold of a mean alehouse, the sign of which was a castle. And thus:

"Underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous in his death."
—Shakespeare. "King Henry VI." Part ii. Act v. Sc. 3.

"The Book of Days," ed. by R. Chambers, vol. i, p. 399.

SCENE IV.—THE SAME—THE DUKE OF GLOSTER'S GARDEN.

[*Enter Margery Jourdain, Hume, Southwell, and Bolingbroke.*]

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay! what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth: John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

[*Enter Duchess, above.*]

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this geer; the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silence of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle;* Bolingbroke *or* Southwell *reads* Conjuro te, etc. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*]

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath.
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For till thou speak thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt: That I had said and done!

Boling. "First of the king. What shall of him become?"

[*Reading out of a paper.*]

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him outlive and die a violent death.

[*As the* Spirit *speaks,* Southwell *writes the answer.*]

Boling. "What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?"
Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.
Boling. "What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?"
Spir. Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.
Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake,
False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning.* Spirit *descends.*]

—Shakespeare. "King Henry VI.," Part ii. Act 1.

Witchcraft Trials.

In 1663, Lowestoft shared the disgrace with Yarmouth and Bury of the infamous witch prosecutions. Hopkins, the witch-finder, went his circuit, causing the death of sixteen unhappy creatures at Yarmouth, forty at Bury, and a number in other towns. At Lowestoft, a Mr. Samuel Pacey, an eminent dissenter, commenced a prosecution against two poor widows for bewitching two of his daughters. They were tried at Bury, before Sir Matthew Hale, condemned and executed.

John Cream Nall. "Chapters on the East Anglian Coast," Part i, pp. 190, 191.

In reference to Hopkins, the Assembly Book of Great Yarmouth records under date Aug. 15th, 1645, as follows:—"Agreed that the gentleman, Mr. Hopkins, employed for discovering and finding out witches, be sent for to town to search for such wicked persons, if any be, and have his fee and allowance for his pains, as he hath in other places."

Ibid. p. 32.

Hopkins was too busy to bestow much time on it, and a staff of four female assistants as searchers and watchers were engaged

at a salary of 12d. a day amongst them. The result of their labours was a presentment at the sessions on the 10th of September of that year, of six widows and spinsters for practising witchcraft and sorcery. They were all adjudged to be suspended by the neck, &c., until, &c., which sentence was carried out, one only being respited.

Ibid. p. 93. (Note.)

We arrive now at a melancholy phase in the history of punishments recorded as inflicted in this Borough. I refer to the hanging of witches in the year 1645. It will be interesting to read an extract or two from a book relating to the notorious Matthew Hopkins, commonly called the Witch-finder General. This man was born at Manningtree, in Essex, and was, with some others, commissioned by Parliament in 1644 and two following years, to perform a circuit for the discovery of witches. By virtue of this commission, they went from place to place through many parts of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Huntingdonshire, and caused sixteen persons to be hanged at Yarmouth, forty at Bury, and others in different parts of the country, to the number of sixty persons. Hopkins used many arts to extort confessions from the suspected, and when these failed he tied their thumbs and great toes together, and threw them into the water. If they floated, they were guilty; if they sank, they were innocent. This method was pursued until some gentleman, indignant at Hopkins's barbarity, tied his thumbs and toes together, and threw him into the water, when he swam, by which expedient the country was soon rid of him. Hopkins is represented in an old engraving as a spare man with a tight-fitting dress, conical hat, and a staff in his hand. He first visited Aldeburgh the day before the execution of an old woman, Mother Lakeland, at Ipswich, on the 8th September, 1645, who, in a pamphlet published after her death, is said to have confessed that she had sold herself to the Devil twenty years before, and had been furnished with three imps, in the forms of two dogs and a mole, by which she had grievously afflicted Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Beal, a maid of Mr. Jennings's, besides other persons in that town.

The following items from the Chamberlain's accounts for 1645–6 will best narrate Hopkins's activity at Aldeburgh :—

"Given Mr. Hopkyns, the 8th September, £2 for a gratuitie, he being in town for finding out witches. One pound to Goody Phillips there for her pains for searching out witches. 13s. 10d. to sundry men for watching days and nights with such as are apprehended for witches. Two pounds more to Mr. Hopkins, the 20th December, for being in town for finding out witches. One pound to widow Phillips, the search-woman. 12s. 8d. paid Mr. Thos. Johnson, that he paid Mr. Skinner's men for fetching widow Phillips. A further sum of £2 for Mr. Hopkyns for a gratuitie for giving evidence against the witches in the jail, the 7th of January. Paid six men to ward at the Sessions and execution for two days and a half, at 12d. per day, and 6d. to drink, all is 15s. 6d. Paid John Pame, eleven shillings for hanging seven witches. Paid Mr. Dannell, £1 for the gallows, and setting them up. For a post to set by the grave of the dead bodies that were hanged, and for burying of them, six shillings. Paid Henry Lawrence, the roper, eight shillings for seven halters, and making the knots. Received of Mr. Newgate, March 13th, 1645, in part for the charge of trying a witch in Aldeburgh, the sum of £4. Received of Mr. Richard Brown by the hands of Mr. Bailiff Johnson, May 25th, 1646, in part, for the charges of trying a witch in Aldeburgh, the sum of £4."

N. F. Hele. "Notes or Jottings about Aldeburgh," pp. 41–3. Second Edition (1890).

Matthew Hopkins assumed the title of Witch-finder General, and travelling through the counties of Essex, Sussex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Huntingdon, pretended to discover witches. . . . His principal mode of discovery was to strip the accused persons naked and thrust pins into various parts of their body, to discover the witch's mark, which was supposed to be inflicted by the devil as a sign of his sovereignty, and at which she was also said to suckle her imps. He also practised and stoutly defended the trial by swimming, when the suspected person was wrapped in a sheet, having the great toes and thumbs tied together, and so dragged through

a pond or river. If she sank, it was received in favour of the accused; but if the body floated (which must have occurred ten times for once, if it was placed with care on the surface of the water), the accused was condemned, on the principle of King James, who, in treating of this mode of trial, lays down that, as witches have renounced their baptism, so it is just that the element through which the holy rite is enforced should reject them, which is a figure of speech, and no argument. It was Hopkins's custom to keep the poor wretches waking, in order to prevent them from having encouragement from the devil, and, doubtless, to put infirm, terrified, overwatched persons in the next state to absolute madness; and for the same purpose they were dragged about by their keepers till extreme weariness and the pain of blistered feet might form additional inducements to confession.

"Demonology and Witchcraft," by Sir Walter Scott, Bart. London: George Routledge and Sons, 1887, p. 206.

The following were the principal methods employed by Hopkins and his crew in the discovery of witchcraft:—

I. To weigh them against the church Bible; if the suspected person was the heaviest, she was set at liberty.

II. To make them repeat the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed. This no witch was ever able to do correctly.

[These methods were only occasionally used; they were far too humane for the "Witch-finder General" and his satellites.]

III. By swimming, which was the most usual practice. The hands and feet of the suspected were tied together cross-wise, right hand thumb to toe of left foot, and *vice-versâ*; they were wrapped in a sheet or blanket and placed upon their backs in a pond or river. If they sank, they were innocent; if they floated, they were guilty and condemned to the fire.

IV. By pricking. This, the most disgusting of the so-called tests, began by a search for the devil's private mark, noted above as being insensible to pain, into which, when found, large pins were stuck (some three inches long). . . . .

V. By watching, The witch was placed cross-legged, or in some other uneasy position, upon a chair or table, and kept for four-and-twenty hours without food. It was supposed that one or other of her attendant imps would come during that interval and suck her blood, and as it might come in the shape of a fly, wasp, or moth, watchers were appointed with special instructions to kill any insect that might enter. If an insect thus chased escaped, the woman was guilty—that insect was her familiar; she went to the stake, and the witch-finder pocketed his twenty shillings.

There is something like poetical justice in the manner in which Hopkins met his death. His influence slowly decayed, and in a village in Suffolk the people were disposed to doubt the charge of witchcraft he had brought against a woman of the place. In proof he produced a memorandum book, in which he said Satan had entered the names of all the witches in England, when someone in the crowd suggested that the possession of such a book was proof positive of his own traffic with Satan. In spite of his remonstrances, he was seized and put to his own test. Some say that he floated, and was summarily executed by the mob; others that he was drowned.

J. T. Varden. "E. A. Handbook," for 1885, p. 89.

From the famous Trial of the Essex Witches, arraigned and condemned at Chelmsford, July 29, 1645, pp. 817-858, I extract the following:—

"This informant [John Rivet, of Manningtree, Taylor] saith, That about Christmas last, his wife was taken sicke and lame, with such violent fits, that this informant verily conceived her sickness was something more than meerly naturall: whereupon this informant, about a fortnight since, went to a cunning woman, the wife of one Hovye, at Hadleigh, in Suffolke, who told this informant that his wife was cursed by two women, who were neer neighbours to this informant, the one dwelling a little above his house, and the other beneath his house, this informant's house standing on the side of an hill: whereupon he believed his said wife was bewitched by one Elizabeth Clarke, *alias* Bedingfield, that dwelt above this

informant's house, for that the said Elizabeth's mother and some other of her kinsfolke did suffer death for witchcraft and murther."

Then, later on: "This informant [Richard Edwards, of Manningtree, Gent.] saith, that not long since, about three months to his best remembrance, as he was coming from Eastberryholt in Suffolke, halfe an houre within the evening, within ten score of the middle bridge (according to the desire of the said Elizabeth Clarke, as is declared in the confession of the said Rebecca Weste) this informant's horse started with him, and greatly endangered him; and he heard something about his horse cry, Ah, ah! much like the shrieke of a polcat. And this informant saith, That with much difficulty he saved himselfe from being thrown off his horse. All which, this informant reported to his wife and neighbours as soone as he came home."

S. L. G. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal. 1877.

The laws against witchcraft were, during the years 1645–6, rigidly enforced in Suffolk, and Rev. John Lewis, who was presented to the Vicarage of Brandeston, in May, 1596, where he lived 50 years, was executed as a wizard. Matthew Hopkins, of Manningtree, the celebrated witch-finder, brought some hundreds to the gallows, and the Parliament highly rewarded him for his services. By order of the Privy Council, commissioners were appointed for the trial of witchcraft, and were often nominated from the Presbyterian Divines. Baxter unfortunately sanctioned the cruelties which Hopkins inflicted on those who were suspected of witchcraft, and thus writes respecting Mr. Lewis:—"Mr. Calamy went along with the judges on the circuit to hear the witches' confessions, and to see there was no fraud or wrong done unto them. I spoke with many understanding, pious, learned, and credible persons that lived in the counties, and some that went to them in the prisons and heard their sad confessions. Among the rest, an old reading parson named Lewis, not far from Framlingham, was one that was hanged, who confessed that he had two imps, and that one of them was always putting him upon doing mischief: and he being near the sea, as he saw a ship under

sail, it moved him to send it to sink the ship: and he consented and saw the ship sink before him." Sir Walter Scott, from whose letters on Demonology and Witchcraft the above quotation has been made, thus writes:—"Notwithstanding the story of his alleged confession, Mr. Lewis defended himself courageously at his trial, and was probably condemned rather as a Royalist and malignant than for any other cause. He showed at the execution considerable energy, and to secure that the funeral service of the Church should be said over his body, he read it aloud for himself while on the road to the gibbet."

J. J. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal.

The following, many years since, was copied by me from a manuscript. I am unable to give the exact title of the book; but as well as I can remember, it was a History and Description of the Manor of Brandeston, and of the Church, etc., by a former steward of the manor:—

"Vicars of Brandeston, Suffolk."—"John Lowes, Instituted 6th May, 1596, on the Presentation of Charles Seckford, Esquire, was, after he had been vicar here about 50 years, and 80 years of age, accused of Witchcraft, put into the Castle Ditch at Framlingham, for Triall thereof, where he did swim, and so did other old Persons then put therein, always reputed honest People. Swimming is no proof of Witchcraft as to aged Persons, for the Radical moisture, Juices and Blood, being naturally wasted by Age, the Body is thereby rend'red lighter than the quantity of Water it occupies, and consequently must swim. His chief accuser was one Hopkins (who called himself Witch-finder General, had 20*s.* of every Parish he went to, and died miserably). This Rascal kept the poor old Man awake severall Days and Nights together, in a large Room in the Castle, till he was delirious and confest (as Witnesses testified) such familiarity with the Devill, as had such Weight with the Jury and his Judges (viz.) Serjeant Godcold, Old Calamy, and Fairclough, as to condemn him, with 59 more for the like crime, at St. Edmund's Bury, about the beginning of 1646, altho' he stoutly maintained his Innocency. And when he came to the place of

Execution, because he would have Christian Buriall, he read the Office himself. But John Revet, Esquire, his Parishioner, and Brian Smith, Dr. in Divinity (afterwards Rector of Rendlesham in the Neighbourhood), who both knew him verie well, altogether acquits him of that crime, as far as they could judge, and verily believed, that Mr. Lowes, being a Litigious Man, made his Parishioners (too tenacious of their customs) very uneasy, so that they were glad to take the opportunity of those Wicked times, to get him hanged, rather than not get rid of him. . . . Allusion is made to him and the Rest in Hudibras, Part II, Canto 3."

East Anglian. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal.

On the left side of Northgate-road [Bury St. Edmunds] is the "Thinghow," a mound which gives name to the Hundred, and which was the ancient place of assembly for the "Thing," a word suggesting the period when Suffolk lay within the "Danelagh." The "Thinghow" was the place of execution till 1766, and the forty persons hanged at Bury in 1644, under the ban of Hopkins, the "witch-finder,"—

> "Who after proved himself a witch,
> And made a rod for his own breech"—

no doubt suffered here.

Murray. "Handbook for Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Cambridgeshire," p. 134.

Mother Lakeland, of Ipswich, 1645.

In an old tract bearing the title of "The Laws against Witches and Conjurations" is preserved a curious statement purporting to be the confession of a famous witch of Ipswich, known as Mother Lakeland. According to this document, Mother Lakeland sold herself to the devil, who supplied her with three familiars in the shape of two little dogs and a mole. She practised first on her husband, who, after lying long in great misery, died; then on a Mr. Laurence, of Ipswich, and his child, tormenting them to death by her sorceries,

all on account of the former asking her for some ten or twelve shillings she owed him. A Mrs. Jennings was also done to death by the mole aforesaid, and Mr. Beale, of Ipswich, suffered much at her hands; a fine new ship owned by him was burnt before it went to sea, and himself reduced to a mere skeleton by her machinations. This good lady was burnt at Ipswich, Sept. 9th, 1645, and it is said that her latest victim, Beale, began at once to amend, and seemed in a very short time to be in a fair way of recovery.

J. T. Yarden. "East Anglian Handbook for 1885," p. 92.

The Case of Magdalen Holyday.

The county of Suffolk was remarkable for the number of *Witches* which were known to practice their diabolical arts in it. Baxter says he knew more than a *hundred* at one time. . . . The present case is found in a copy of Baxter's "World of Spirits," and was probably preserved for another edition, which did not appear. It is directed to him—

Worthy Sir,—Your last, of the 6th of July, I duly received, and since that, I have inquired further into the business of the possession of *Magdalen Holyday*, maidservant to the Parson of Saxmundham, Suffolk, as you desired; you saying, it would be of use to your forthcoming volume, and of which case I informed you, in a letter dated Nov. 1, 1685, and forwarded to you by the Ipswich waggon to the Rose Inn, Smithfield. Now, being myself lately on a visit to my sister's nephew in these parts, a painstaking, honest man, living at Freston, under the Lord Stafford, which village is near to the sea, and not far from the said town of Saxmundham; I have made due and diligent enquiry thereupon in answer to your pressing entreaties, that I would enrich your next Work on Apparitions and Witchcrafts with this case; I here forthwith send it to you, as I have received it from the mouths of many sober, creditable persons in these parts. Witness my hand—Tobias Gilbert, Cordwainer, No. 2 East Cheap, now dwelling at Freston aforesaid.

"*Magdalen Holyday*, spinster, aged eighteen years, the daughter

of poor honest persons, Phineas and Martha Holyday, of the parish of Rendham, near Framlingham (as may be seen by the register of the said parish), was servant-maid to Mr. Simon Jones, minister of the parish of Saxmondham, with whom she had dwelt for the space of three years and upwards; and was esteemed by all the neighbours as a civil, well-behaved young woman, of good conduct above her years, very decent and frugal in her apparell, modest in her behaviour, sweet and civil in her speech, and painstaking in her religion; so that she was well respected of all in the said parish, young and old. She was also a very fair and comely person, save only a defect in the colour of her hair, for moderate stature, and a cheerful disposition; nor was any reproach ever thrown upon her, save that some few of the *Gospellers* (a party that sprang up in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and doth now continue to the great division of the One Catholic Church) would taunt her, that being handmaid to a Minister of the Church, she would frequent wakes and fairs at Whitsuntide, and Saint days and holy days, but they could not throw anything in her teeth which they would, as she always went in company with her brother, aunts, or other sober people of good repute, who could keep the scandal from her door. Her family did not like Oliver Cromwell nor any of his ordinances, but were true and faithful to King Charles of blessed memory, though they were but poor folk. Now Magdalen Holyday had, in her youth, been touched of the King for the evil when he came into the associated counties, but since that she had always preserved her health, so that the rose blush in her cheek, and the milky snow on her forehead, were known to all. But to come to my story. It happened on Monday, in Lammas, the year 1672, about noon, as she was carrying in dinner, no one in the parlour save the parson and his wife and their eldest daughter, Rebecca, then about to be married to a worthy and painstaking Gospel Minister, then living at the parish of Yoxford, in the said county; that on a sudden, just as she had placed a suet dumpling on the board, that she uttered a loud shriek, as if she were distraught, and stooping down as in great pain, said she felt a pricking as of a large *Pin* in the upper part of her leg; but did not think that any such thing could

be there. Yet on ungartering her hose, she felt a pin had got there, within the skin yet not drawing blood, nor breaking the skin, nor making any hole or sign, and she could hardly feel the head of it with her finger, and from that time it continued tormenting her with violent and retching pains all the day and night, and this continuing and nothing assuaged, Mistress Jones, by advice of the Minister, sent for the assistance of two able Apothecaries (medici) then dwelling in the said town; one, a chirurgion of great repute too, who had studied under the famous Hondius at Frankfort; the other, a real son of Galen, who, on examining the part, and above and below, at sufficient distance, both declared they could see neither "vola, nec vestigium" of the said pin; but on her constant and confident assertion there was a pin, though it had now time to work itself deeper into the flesh like an insidious enemy, they made an incision, but could find none, only the maid asserted that a few days before, an old woman came to the door and begged a pin of her, and she not giving her one, the said woman muttered something, but she did not suspect her. And now it was time these noted leeches should do something for this afflicted person; for now she lies in ceaseless torment, both by night and by day, for if she slept, her sleep was troubled with dreams and wicked apparitions: sometimes she saw something like a mole run into her bed, sometimes she saw a naked arm held over her, and so was this poor maid thus tormented by evil spirits, in spite of all Godly prayers and ringing of church bells, etc. But now the doctors took her in hand; their names Anthony Smith, Gent., and Samuel Kingston, chirurgion to Sir John Rouse, of Henham, Knt. Having taken down the deposition of the said Magdalen Holyday before Mr. Pacey, a pious Justice of the Peace, living at Marlesford, in the said county, upon oath, they then gave to the said Magdalen Holyday the following medicines:—Imprimis, a decoction—ex fuga Dœmonium—of southern wood, mugwort vervain, of which they formed a drink according to Heuftius' Medical Epistles, lib. xii., sec. iv., also following Variola, a physician of great experience at the Court of the Emperor. They also anointed the part with the following embrocation:—Dog's grease well mixed, four ounces; bear's fat, two ounces; eight ounces of

capon's grease; four and twenty slips of mistletoe, cut in pieces and powdered small with gum of Venice turpentine, put close into a phial, and exposed for nine days to the sun till it formed into a green balsam, with which the said parts were daily anointed for the space of three weeks, during which time, instead of amendment, the poor patient daily got worse, and vomited, not without constant shrieks or grumbling, the following substances:—Paring of nails, bits of spoons, pieces of brass (triangular), crooked pins, bodkins, lumps of red hair, egg-shells broken, parchment shavings, a hen's bone of the leg, one thousand two hundred worms, pieces of glass, bones like the great teeth of a horse, a luminous matter, sal petri (not thoroughly prepared), till at length relief was found, when well nigh given up, when she brought up with violent retching, *a whole row of pins stuck on blew paper!!* After that, these sons of Æsculapius joyfully perceived that their potent drugs had wrought the designed cure—they gave her comfort, that she had subdued her bitter foe, nor up to the present time has she been afflicted in any way; but having married an honest poor man, though well to do in the world, being steward to Sir John Heveningham, she has borne him four healthy children. . . . . Whether this punishment was inflicted by the said old woman, an emissary of Satan, or whether it was meant wholesomely to rebuke her for frequenting wakes, may-dances, and Candlemas fairs, and such like pastimes, still to me remains in much doubt. "Non possum solvere nodum." Sir, your thankful servant, T.G.—*Freston Parish nigh to Saxmondham; sent by the carrier.*

P.S.—I hear the physicians followed up their first medicine with castory, and rad. ostrutii and sem. danci, on Forestius' his recommendation.

From a cutting, evidently taken from some Suffolk newspaper (no name or date given) in an interesting collection of various material relating to Suffolk in the possession of Mr. J. Loder, of Woodbridge. Cf. *Gent. Mag. Library*, "Popular Superstitions," pp. 277–280.

Lowestoft Witches, 1664.

Rose Cullender and Amy Duny, of Lowestoft, were tried for witchcraft at Bury St. Edmund's, March 10th, 1664, before the learned and upright Sir Matthew Hale, condemned and executed on the 17th of the same month. They were accused of bewitching certain children, affecting them with strange fits, during which they vomited pins and twopenny nails, and depriving them of the use of their limbs; also bewitching the horses of a cart which accidentally collided with the corner of the house of one of them, so that they died; while for a similar accident another stalwart yeoman found his waggon immovable and himself troubled with bleeding at the nose on his attempting to unload it. The most curious incident in the evidence against them was that the mother of one of the bewitched children consulted a Doctor Jacob, of Yarmouth, concerning its strange condition, and he having some experience in such cases, told her to hang up the blanket in which the child slept by the chimney corner all day, and at night when she put the child to bed to wrap it in the same, and whatever she found therein she was without fear immediately to throw into the fire. She did so, and when she took the blanket down, a great black toad fell from it, which, being caught by a youth in the house and held with the tongs in the fire, *exploded* with a loud noise and disappeared. On the morrow the news was bruited abroad that Amy Duny was in a sad plight, and the mother going to see her found her sitting alone in the house with her face and legs very much scorched and burnt, and scarcely a rag of clothing upon her. Mistress Duny informed her that she might thank her for it, and that she intended to be revenged, for she (the mother) should live to see some of her children dead, while herself should be compelled to go upon crutches. . . . . The learned Sir Thomas Browne, of Norwich, . . . appeared to testify his belief in witchcraft. The prisoners were hanged.

J. T. Varden. "East Anglian Handbook" for 1885, p. 93.

In John Aubrey's "Miscellanies upon the following Subjects," etc. (London, 1721), is the following passage:—"Under the porch

of Stanisfield Church in Suffolk, I saw a Tile with a Horse-shoe upon it, placed there for this purpose [to hinder the power of Witches that enter into the House], though one would imagine that Holy Water would alone have been sufficient."

C. S. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal.

I may here add that I have seen a horse-shoe nailed on a cottage threshold as a preservative against a witch—the idea being that she could not step over cold iron.

Ed. Moor. "Suffolk Words and Phrases," p. 263.

I send the following extract from an article in an old newspaper, dated 1792, headed "Country News:"—

"Bury, June 20. In the course of an examination relative to a pauper on Wednesday se'nnight before Sir Charles Davers, Bart., and the Rev. John Ord, at the Angel Inn, an old woman of Stanningfield charged another with having called her Witch, which she said had very much disordered her head; but the Justices telling her they could take no cognizance thereof, she on Wednesday last voluntarily submitted to the usual ordeal; at first it was proposed to weigh her against the Church Bible, but the clergyman refused to lend the same, when her husband, brother, and another man tied a rope round her body, and cast her into a horsepond, from whence, as she was found to sink, they dragged her out almost lifeless. On the men being rebuked for this egregious instance of folly, in complying with so extraordinary a request, and particularly the husband, he said that he thought it better to indulge her therein, than to suffer her to destroy herself, which was certain she would have done had she not undergone this trial."

Acton, Middlesex. Charles Ed. Stewart. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal.

Witchcraft.—In the 3rd Vol. of the "Proceedings of the Suffolk Institute of Archæology," p. 309, it is stated that a poor unfortunate

witch so late as 1795 "went through the usual sufferings in a pond close to the churchyard of Stanningfield." I am told the ordeal of water took place at the pond on the green called "Hoggage Green" (why so called?); that the name of the witch was "Greygoose," and that she had "six imps—Silcock, Wisky, Turntail, Toby, Tarran, and Tegg."

Buriensis. Quoted in "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal, from "The East Anglian," for Sept. 1863.

In July, 1825, a man was "swam for a wizard" at Wickham-Skeith, in Suffolk, in the presence of some hundreds of people. In that parish lives Isaac Stebbings, a little spare man about sixty-seven years old, who obtains a livelihood as a huckster; and hard by his cottage lives a thatcher whose wife is afflicted in mind. In the same parish there happens to be a farmer whose mind is occasionally disturbed. Some one or other put forth the surmise, that these two afflicted persons were bewitched, and Stebbings was spoken of as the "worker of the mischief." Story grew on story; accumulated hearsays were accepted as proof "undeniable." Among other things it was said that the friends of the afflicted woman had recourse to some means recorded in the annals of witchcraft for detecting the devil's agent; and that whilst the operation was going on at night, Stebbings came dancing up to the door. In his denial of this circumstance, Stebbings admitted that he did once call at his neighbour's with mackerel for sale at four o'clock in the morning, before the family were up, and this admission was taken to be as much as he was likely to make. Besides this, the village shoemaker, persisted that one morning, as Stebbings passed two or three times before his house, he could not "make" his wax—the ingredients would neither melt nor mix. Dubbed a wizard beyond all doubt, poor Stebbings, ignorant as his neighbours, and teased beyond bearing, proposed at length of himself the *good* old-fashioned ordeal of "sink or swim." The proposal was readily caught at, and on the following Saturday, at two o'clock, in a large pond, called the *Grimmer*, on Wickham-Green, four men walked into the water with him, and

the constable of the parish engaged to attend and keep the peace! The sides of the pond were crowded with spectators—men, women and children. Stebbings had on his breeches and shirt; and when the men had walked with him into the water breast-high, they lifted him up and laid him flat upon his back on the water. Stebbings moved neither hand nor foot, and continued in that position for ten minutes. This was the first trial, and the spectators called out "give him another." Another trial was accordingly given, for the same length of time, and with the same result. "Try him again and dip him under the water," was then the cry. They did so: one of the four men pressed his chest, and down went his head whilst up came his heels; in a word he was like a piece of cork in the water. These trials kept the poor old fellow three-quarters of an hour in the pond, and he came out "more dead than alive." Still, some were not satisfied. Another man, they said, of his age and size, ought to be swam with him. Stebbings agreed even to this, for he was determined to get rid of the imputation, or die. The following Saturday was appointed for the purpose, and a man called Tom Wilden, of Bacton parish, hard by, was named for his companion. The story now got more wind, and hundreds of people from all the neighbouring parishes attended to witness the second ordeal. But in the interval, the clergyman of the parish and the two churchwardens had interfered, and the swimmers were kept away, to the no small vexation and disappointment of the deluded multitude. It is gravely told, that at the very time Stebbings was swum, the afflicted farmer alluded to above was unusually perturbed; he cried out, "I can see the imps all about me; I must frighten them away with my voice;" and his delusion and his noise, as Stebbings did not sink, are put down to his account. To complete the affair, a respectable farmer in a neighbouring parish went, it is said, to some "cunning man," and learnt to a certainty that Stebbings was a wizard. The sum of £3 was paid for this intelligence, and for the assurance that Stebbings should be "killed by inches."

These particulars in *The Times* newspaper of July 19, 1825,

extracted from the *Suffolk Chronicle*, prove the deplorable ignorance of certain human beings in England.

"The Everyday Book," by W. Hone, vol. i, p. 942. See Forby. "Vocabulary of East Anglia," vol. ii, p. 391.

Some years ago, in Berkshire, a young fellow in the militia gave me a receipt for hurting an enemy, which he had learnt of a "wise woman" at Aldershot. It was, to take a piece of red cloth, stick pins in it, and then burn it in a clear fire. I remember telling this afterwards to a rat-catcher, a genuine Suffolker and a great crony of mine. He heard me attentively, much as a man of science might listen to an account of a new discovery in chemistry; made me repeat the formula, the better to impress it on his memory; and then "S'help me lucky," he said, "but I'll try that on my brother, I'ool."

G. d'A. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal.

In the Eastern Counties it is believed that neither a witch nor a person using charms for any purpose whatever can die without delivering her secret to another.

J. T. Varden. "E. A. Handbook," for 1885, p. 96.

Mrs. Mullinger was a strange old woman. People said she had an evil eye; and if she took a dislike to anyone and looked evilly at their pigs, then the pigs would fall ill and die. Also, when she lived next door to another cottage, with only a wall dividing the two chimneys, if old Mrs. Mullinger sat by her chimney in a bad temper, no one on the other side could light a fire, try as they might.

Francis Hindes Groome. "A Suffolk Parson," Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine. March, 1891, p. 319.

Will, like many other old people in the parish, believed in witchcraft, was himself indeed a "wise man" of a kind. My father

once told him about a woman who had fits. "Ah!" old Will said, "she've fallen into bad hands." "What do you mean?" asked my father; and then Will said that years before in Monk Soham there was a woman took bad just like this one, and "there weren't but me and John Abbott in the place could get her right." "What did you do?" said my father. "We two, John and I, sat by a clear fire; and we had to bile some of the clippin's of the woman's nails and some of her hair; and when ta biled," he paused. "What happened?" asked my father; "did you hear anything?" "Hear anything! I should think we did. When ta biled, we h'ard a loud shrike a-roarin' up the chimley; and yeou may depind upon it, she warn't niver bad no more."

Ibid, p. 318.

The "Ancient Fisherman," whose character is pourtrayed in these stanzas (The invocation by Mrs. J. Cobbold, of Holy Wells, Ipswich), was . . . once resident in the parish of St. Clement, Ipswich, by name Thomas Colson, but better known by the appellation of Robinson Crusoe. . . . He . . . became a fisherman on the Orwell. . . He was a firm believer in the evil agency of wizards and witchcraft. On this subject he was by no means uninformed; and a frequent perusal of the Dæmonology of . . . K. James I, . . . soon confirmed his belief in these absurd opinions. He appeared also to have read "Glanvil's Saducismus Triumphans" with considerable attention. . . His mind was so haunted with the dreams of charms and enchantments, as to fancy that he was continually under the influence of these mischievous tormentors. His arms and legs, nay, almost his whole body, was encircled with the bones of horses, rings, amulets and characts, verses, words, etc., as spells and charms to protect him against their evil machinations. On different parts of his boat was to be seen the "horse shoe nailed," that most effective antidote against the power of witches. When conversing with him, he would describe to you that he saw them hovering about his person, and endeavouring, by all their arts, to punish and torment him. . . . However powerful and effective his charms might be to protect him from the agency of evil spirits, they d[illegible] not prove sufficiently operative against the

dangers of storm and tempest. For being unfortunately driven on the Ooze by a violent storm on the 3rd October, 1811, he was seen and earnestly importuned to quit his crazy vessel; but relying on the efficacy of his charms, he obstinately refused; . . . and poor Robinson sunk to rise no more.

"The Suffolk Garland," 1818, p. 8.

Exorcism by Fire.—A woman I knew forty-three years ago had been employed by my predecessor to take care of his poultry. At the time I came to make her acquaintance she was a bedridden toothless crone, with chin and nose all but meeting. She did not discourage in her neighbours the idea that she knew more than people ought to know, and had more power than others had. Many years before I knew her it happened one spring that the ducks, which were a part of her charge, failed to lay eggs. . . . She at once took it for granted that the ducks had been bewitched. This misbelief involved very shocking consequences, for it necessitated the idea that so diabolical an act could only be combated by diabolical cruelty. And the most diabolical act of cruelty she could imagine was that of baking alive in a hot oven one of the ducks. And that was what she did. The sequence of thought in her mind was that the spell that had been laid on the ducks was that of preternaturally wicked wilfulness; that this spell could only be broken through intensity of suffering, in this case death by burning; that the intensity of the suffering would break the spell in the one roasted to death; and that the spell broken in one would be altogether broken, that is, in all the ducks. . . . Shocking, however, as was this method of exorcising the ducks, there was nothing in it original. Just about a hundred years before, everyone in the town and neighbourhood of Ipswich had heard, and many had believed, that a witch had been burnt to death in her own house at Ipswich by the process of burning alive one of the sheep she had bewitched. It was curious, but it was as convincing as curious, that the hands and feet of this witch were the only parts of her that had not been incinerated. This, however, was satisfactorily explained by the fact that the four feet of the sheep, by which

it had been suspended over the fire, had not been destroyed in the flames that had consumed its body.

Some materials for the "History of Wherstead," by F. Barham Zincke. Ipswich: 1887, p. 168.

1744.—The last of them [*i.e.* the "Ipswich Witches"], one Grace Pett, laid her hand heavily on a farmer's sheep, who, in order to punish her, fastened one of the sheep in the ground and burnt it, except the feet, which were under the earth. The next morning Grace Pett was found burnt to a cinder, except her feet. Her fate is recorded in the "Philosophical Transactions" as a case of spontaneous combustion.

"Handbook for Essex, Suffolk, etc. Murray: p. 109. See Forby, vol. ii, p. 396.

A Wizard's Curse.—Many years ago a man told me that a row of plum-trees that had in his time grown in a garden in this parish — they had been parallel to and not far from the road —had been cursed by a wizard. He had been overheard, while passing them, to mutter his curse. After that they never bore any more fruit, and gradually died out, so that at the time my informant mentioned to me the occurrence there was not one of them remaining. . . . I ridiculed to my informant the idea that these plum-trees had been cursed, and that any curse could have any such effect. He earnestly deprecated my ridicule with the remark, "You do not know, Sir, what may come of what you are saying. These people have obtained very great power. Mischief may be laid on you for what you are now saying. One ought to be careful not to anger, it is better not to speak about, these people."

Zincke, p. 173.

A Wizard's Familiars.—Over forty years ago the occupier of a farm of about 400 acres, and who was also a churchwarden, told me that in his younger days—he was then about sixty-five—on his entering the room of a wizard with whom he was acquainted—the wizard's name was Winter, and he resided at Aldborough; the name of the man and

his place of residence were given in the belief that they were all but unanswerable vouchers for the truth of the story—he saw on the table before the wizard some half-dozen imps. They were black, the colour of the white man's devil. In form and size they were something between rats and bats, the most mischievous and hideous of English animals. They were twittering to the wizard: they could not be allowed human voice. As soon as my informant entered the room they were ordered to vanish: the mysteries of iniquity must not be exhibited to honest men. They obeyed this order by gliding down to the floor: they could not have the same modes of locomotion as God's creatures. They then vanished through the floor: solid substances, impermeable to God's creatures, were permeable to them. I take it for granted that the narrator believed he had seen all this. . . . . He believed . . . . that his cows and his calves had been bewitched, when they were only suffering from natural ailments, and he . . . . had recourse to nailing up a horse-shoe over his cow-house, and to drawing lines and crosses, and circles and triangles in the dust before the door, which figures he was persuaded it was impossible for any witch or wizard to step over . . . . he believed that one of his ploughmen—the man whom he suspected of having bewitched his cows and calves—had been seen following his plough, not on his feet, but on his head.

Ibid. p. 172.

My father, who died several years ago at the age of 85 . . . still believed in witchcraft. I have as a boy been enraptured by his tales . . . especially of an old woman who kept a small shop, and resided on the shore by the Old Green Yard, and whom he and most of the residents had no doubt bewitched people. He once called upon a friend of his residing in Albion Street, and on enquiry as to the health of himself and family, was told by his friend that his daughter Bessie was very queer, and no doubt bewitched by the old woman referred to, and that he intended in the evening to prove it by taking some blood from his daughter, with part of her hair and nails, etc., and simmer them in a saucepan over the fire until the ingredients were consumed, the belief being

that as they were consumed so would the life of the witch also pass away. He left the man preparing his test, and in the morning called to know the result. After my father left he had placed the saucepan on the fire, containing the blood, etc., and had been stirring the ingredients some time, when he heard a great noise in the cellar, followed by a knocking at the front door; and upon going to the door, he found the old woman suspected, who, after making some frivolous remark, bade him good-night and went away. The mistake made was in going to the door. Had he kept on with his experiment, the result would have been that as the ingredients were consumed, so would the old woman have perished.

N.S. "Suffolk Notes and Queries," Ipswich Journal.

Suffolk Superstition.—At an inquest held at Fressingfield, on the body of a child named Hammond, aged eleven weeks, daughter of a labourer, the father and mother stated that they believed the death of the child was due to the witchcraft of Mrs. Corbyn, the child's step-grandmother. This woman died a few hours before the child, and stated that the infant would not live long after her. The child was taken out, and the father stated that he saw smoke issue from its perambulator, and that she died upon being taken home, the mother stating that it was hot and dry and smelt of brimstone. The medical evidence went to show that death was due to shock caused by the external application of some irritant, and the jury, in returning a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence, said there was not sufficient evidence to show the nature of the irritant. George Corbyn said he was of opinion his late wife had the powers of a witch, and he always tried to do what she wanted in consequence.

Sunday Times, 13th April, 1890.

From the Churchwarden's Account Books, Woodbridge (St. Mary's) 1592–1685:—"1595. Item. Paid to John Henlington for making a place upon the 'pillario' for the witches to stand on . . . 3d."

From Mr. Redstone.

Trial of Amy Duny and Rose Cullender, the Lowestoft Witches.

Three of the parties above-named, viz., Anne Durent, Susan Chandler, and Elizabeth Pacy, were brought to Bury to the Assizes and were in a reasonable good condition: but that Morning they came into the Hall to give Instructions for the drawing of their Bills of Indictments, the Three Persons fell into strange and violent fits, screeking out in a most sad manner, so that they could not in any wise give any Instructions to the Court who were the cause of their Distemper. And although they did after some certain space recover out of their fits, yet they were every one of them struck Dumb, so that none of them could speak neither at that time nor during the Assizes until the Conviction of the supposed Witches.

[Here follows the evidence of Dorothy Durent, the substance of which has been given already.]

II. As concerning Elizabeth and Deborah Pacy, the first of the age of Eleven Years, the other of the age of Nine Years, or thereabouts: as to the Elder, she was brought into the Court at the time of the Instructions given to draw up the Indictments, and afterwards at the time of Tryal of the said Prisoners, but could not speak one Word all the time, and for the most part she remained as one wholly senseless as one in a deep sleep, and could move no part of her body. . . . After the said Elizabeth had lain a long time on the Table in the Court she came a little to herself and sate up, but could neither see nor speak, but was sensible of what was said to her . . . and by the direction of the Judg, Amy Duny was privately brought to Elizabeth Pacy, and she touched her hand; whereupon the Child without so much as seeing her, for her eyes were closed all the while, suddenly leaped up, and catched Amy Duny by the hand, and afterwards by the face; and with her Nails scratched her till Blood came, and would by no means leave her till she was taken from her, and afterwards the Child would still be pressing towards her, and manifesting signs of anger conceived against her.

Deborah, the younger Daughter, was held in such extream manner, that her Parents wholly despaired of her life, and therefore could not bring her to the Assizes.

The Evidence which was given concerning these Two Children was to this Effect :—Samuel Pacy, a merchant of Leystoff aforesaid (a man who carried himself with much soberness during the Tryal, from whom proceeded no words either of Passion or Malice, though his Children were so greatly Afflicted), Sworn and Examined, Deposeth, That his younger Daughter, Deborah, upon Thursday the Tenth of October last, was suddenly taken with a Lameness in her Leggs, so that she could not stand, neither had she any strength in her Limbs to support her, and so she continued until the Seventeenth day of the same Month, which day being fair and Sunshiny, the Child desired to be carryed on the East part of the House to be set upon the Bank which looketh upon the Sea; and whil'st she was sitting there Amy Duny came to this Deponent's House to buy some Herrings, but being denyed she went away discontented, and presently returned again, and was denyed, and likewise the third time and was denyed as at first, and at her last going away, she went away grumbling; but what she said was not perfectly understood. But at the very same instant of time, the said Child was taken with most violent fits, feeling most extream pain in her Stomach like the Pricking of Pins, and Shrieking out in a most dreadful manner like unto a Whelp and not like a Sensible Creature. . . . A Doctor of Physic . . . being come, he saw the Child but could not conjecture . . . what might be the cause of the Child's Affliction. And this Deponent farther saith, that by reason of the circumstances aforesaid, and in regard Amy Duny is a Woman of an ill Fame, and commonly reported to be a *Witch* and *Sorceress*, and for that the said Child in her fits would cry out of Amy Duny as the cause of her Malady, and that she did affright her with the Apparitions of her Person (as the Child in the intervals of her fits related) he this Deponent did suspect the said Amy Duny for a Witch, and charged her with the injury and wrong to his Child, and caused her to be set in the Stocks on the Twenty-eighth of the

same October, and during the time of her continuance there, one Alice Letteridge and Jane Buxton demanding of her (as they also Affirmed in Court upon their Oathes) what should be the reason of Mr. Pacy's Child's Distemper? telling her, That she was suspected to be the cause thereof, she replyed, *Mr. Pacy keeps a great stir about his Child, but let him stay until he hath done as much by his Children as I have done by mine.* And being further examined, what she had done by her Children, she answered, *That she had been fain to open her Child's Mouth with a Tap to give it Victuals.*

. . . . Within two days . . . the eldest daughter, Elizabeth, fell into extream fits, insomuch that they could not open her mouth to give her breath, to preserve her Life, without the help of a Tap which they were enforced to use; and the younger Child was in like manner Afflicted. . . . And further the said Children . . . would severally complain That Amy Duny (together with one other Woman whose person and Cloathes they described) did thus Afflict them, their Apparitions appearing before them . . . and sometimes they would cry out, saying *There stands* Amy Duny, *and there* Rose Cullender, the other Person troubling them.

Their fits were various, sometimes they would be lame on one side of their Bodies, sometimes on the other; sometimes a soreness over their whole Bodies. . . . At other times they would be restored to the perfect use of their Limbs, and deprived of their Hearing; at other times of their Sight . . . once wholly . . . of their Speech for Eight days together. . . . Upon the recovery to their Speech they would cough extreamly, and bring up . . . crooked pins and a Two-penny nail with a very broad head. . . . This Deponent would cause them to Read some Chapters in the New Testament. Whereupon . . . they would read till they came to the Name of Lord, or Jesus, or Christ; and then before they could pronounce either of the said Words they would fall into their fits. But when they came to the Name of Satan, or Devil, they would clap their Fingers upon the Book, crying out, *This bites, but makes me speak right well.*

. . . And farther, the said children . . . would tell, how that

Amy Duny and Rose Cullender would appear before them holding their Fists at them, threatning, *That if they related either what they saw or heard, that they would Torment them Ten times more than ever they did before.*

[The children are sent to Yarmouth to their Aunt Margaret Arnold, who gives evidence of "their raising at several times at least Thirty Pins in her presence," when she had carefully taken all pins out of their reach. She continues:]

At some times the children (only) would see things run up and down the House in the appearance of Mice, and one of them suddenly snapt one with the Tongs, and threw it into the fire, and it screeched out like a Rat.

At another time the younger Child . . . went out of Doors to take a little fresh Air, and presently a little thing like a Bee flew upon her Face, and would have gone into her mouth, whereupon the Child ran . . . into the House again, screeking out in a most terrible manner . . . the Child fell into her Swooning Fitt, and at last with much pain she vomited up a Two-penny Nail with a broad Head . . . and being demanded how she came by this Nail? She answered, *That the Bee brought this Nail and forced it into her Mouth.*

At other times, the elder child declared unto this Deponent that during the time of her Fitts, she saw Flies come unto her, and bring with them in their Mouths crooked Pins. . . . At another time she said *she saw a Mouse*, and she crept under the Table looking after it, and at length she put something in her Apron, saying *she had caught it*; and immediately she ran to the Fire and threw it in, and there did appear unto this Deponent, like the flashing of Gunpowder, though she confessed she saw nothing in the Child's Hand. . . . At another time the Younger Daughter being recovered out of her Fitts declared that Amy Duny *had been with her, and that she tempted her to Drown herself, and to cut her Throat or otherwise destroy herself.*

At another time in their Fitts they both of them cryed out against *Rose Cullender* and *Amy Duny*, complaining against them: *Why do not you come yourselves, but send your Imps to torment us?*

Edmund Durent, father of Ann, one of the bewitched children, bears witness that his wife refused to sell herrings to Rose Cullender, who "returned in a discontented manner." Soon after his daughter Ann was afflicted with pain in her Stomach, swooning fits, and "vomiting up divers Pins." She declared that during her fits she saw "the Apparition of Rose Cullender," who threatened to torment her.

Diana Bocking testifies to the same symptoms in her daughter Jane, who likewise complains of Rose Cullender and Amy Duny.

Mary Chandler, Mother of Susan, another of the children bewitched, bears testimony to a Warrant against Rose Cullender and Amy Duny being granted by Sir Edmund Bacon, Bt.; the two women accused would confess nothing, and Sir Edmund gave order that they should be searched, appointing Mary Chandler and five others for this office. Whereupon they discovered upon Rose Cullender the Devil's mark. After which Mary Chandler's daughter Susan, aged eighteen, complained of the Apparition of Rose Cullender, fell "extream sick," "vomited up divers crooked pins," and was stricken dumb and blind in turns. The said Susan Chandler when produced in Court, and asked what she could say against either of the Prisoners, "fell into her fits, screeking out in a miserable manner, crying *Burn her, burn her.*"

John Soam, yeoman, of Lowestoft, bears witness that one of his carts having "wrenched the window of Rose Cullender's house," "she came out in a great rage and threatned" him. His other carts went to and fro safely, as usual, but this one after it was loaded was overturned twice or thrice that day, and finally trying to bring it through "the Gate which leadeth out of the Field into the Town" it stuck fast, and they were "inforced to cut down the Post of the Gate to make the Cart pass through, although they could not perceive that the Cart did of either side touch the Gate-posts." After which, when the Cart was brought home into the Yard they could not get it near to the place where they should unload the corn, and when they attempted to unload "at a great distance" they found it so hard a task that others came to assist them; whereupon "their Noses burst forth a-bleeding,"

and they left it alone until the following morning, when they had no difficulty in unloading it.

Robert Sherringham testifies that about two years since the axletree of his cart touched Rose Cullender's house. She threatned that "his Horses should suffer for it." Shortly after "all those Horses, being four in Number, died;" since which he had suffered great losses "by the suddain dying of his other Cattle," and by a "Lameness in his Limbs," and by an affliction of Lice, so that "in conclusion he was forced to burn all his Clothes, being two suits of Apparel, and then was clean from them."

Richard Spencer bore witness that Amy Duny had said in his house *That the Devil would not let her rest until she were revenged on one Cornelius Sandeswell's wife*, etc.

Several Gentlemen—Mr. Sergeant Keeling, and "an ingenious person" who objected that the "children might counterfeit this their Distemper," were "unsatisfied" with the Evidence; upon which, an experiment to see whether her afflicted children recognised blindfold Amy Duny's touch, having failed, Lord Cornwallis, Sir Edmund Bacon, Mr. Sergeant Keeling and others openly protested "that they did believe the whole transaction of this business was a meer imposture." But Mr. Pacy's arguments, and those of the learned Dr. Brown, of Norwich, prevailed. Sir Matthew Hale summed up against the prisoners, who were condemned to be hanged. "They were much urged to confess but would not." Mr. Pacy affirmed of the afflicted children, "That within less than half an hour after the *Witches* were Convicted, they were all of them Restored and slept well that night."]

A Tryal of Witches at the Assizes Held at Bury St. Edmonds for the Cy of Suffolk; on the 10 March 1664 Before Sir Matthew Hale Kt. Taken by a Person then attending the Court. London: Printed for W. Shrewsbery at the Bible in Duck Lane 1682.

The following are extracts from a little book which I have recently seen, headed, "Merlinvs Anglicvs Jvnior, or the English

Merlin revived, or a Mathematicall prediction upon the affairs of the *English* Commonwealth, and of all or most Kingdoms of Christendom, this present year, 1644."

They do not seem to be *predictions*, but are narrated, it will be observed, as *facts*. . . . The Author of the work is one—"Lilly, student in astrologie."—E.

An innumerable company of Spiders seen marching up one of the Streets at Bury, in Suffolk, Sep. 6, 1660.

At St. Edmund's Bury, in Suffolk, Sept. 6, 1660, in the middle of the Broad Street, there were got together an innumerable company of Spiders of a redish colour, the spectators judged them to be so many as would have filled a Peck; these Spiders marched together and in a strange kind of order, from the place where they were first discovered, towards one Mr. Duncomb's house, a member of the late Parliament, and since Knighted; and as the people passed the street, or came near the spiders, to look upon so strange a sight, they would shun the people, and kept themselves together in a body till they came to the said Duncomb's house, before whose door there are two great Posts, there they staied, and many of them got under the door into the house, but the greatest part of them, climbing up the posts, spun a very great web presently from the one post to the other, and then wrapt themselves in it in two very great parcels that hung down near to the ground, which the servants of the house at last perceiving, got dry straw and laid it under them, and putting fire to it by a suddain flame consumed the greatest part of them, the number of those that remained were not at all considerable; all the use that the Gentleman made of this strange accident, so far as we can learn, is only this, that he believes they were sent to his house by some Witches.

"East Anglian," or "Notes and Queries," ed. by S. Tymms, vol. iii, p. 57.

1694.] Mother Mummings of Hartis in Suffolk was tried before the Lord Chief Justice Holt at Bury. Many things were deposed concerning her spoiling of work and hurting cattle and that several

persons upon their death-beds had complained that she killed them. She threatened her landlord that his nose should lie upward in the churchyard before the next Saturday and before that day he died. She was charged with having an imp like a pole-cat. A person swore that one night passing her cottage he saw her take two imps, one black and another white, out of her basket. She was acquitted.

Hollingsworth's "History of Stowmarket," p. 172.

An old woman used to frequent Stow and she was a witch. If as she was walking any person went after her and drove a nail into the print-mark which her foot left in the dust, she then could not move a step further until it was extracted. The same effects followed from driving a knife well into the ground through the footprint.

Ibid. p. 247.

The most famous man in these parts as a wizard was old Winter of Ipswich. My father was in early life apprentice to him and after that was servant to Major Whyte who lived in Stowupland at Sheepgate Hall. A farmer lost some blocks of wood from his yard and consulted Winter about the thief. By mutual arrangement Winter spent the night at the farmer's house, and set the latter to watch, telling him not to speak to anybody he saw. About twelve a labourer living near came into the wood-yard and hoisted a block on his shoulder. He left the yard and entered the meadow, out of which lay a style into his own garden. And when he got into the field he could neither find the style nor leave the field. And round and round the field he had to march with the heavy block on his shoulder, affrighted, yet not able to stop walking, until ready to die with exhaustion, the farmer and Winter watching him from the window, until from pure compassion Winter went up to him, spoke, dissolved the charm, and relieved him from his load.—*Sexton.*

Ibid.

A plan for discovering and punishing a Witch.—"When you have good reason to believe that you have been bewitched, get a frying-pan; pull a hair out of your head, and lay it in the pan; cut one of your fingers and let some of your blood fall on the hair. Then hold the pan over the fire until the blood begins to boil and bubble. You may then expect the witch to come and knock at your door three times, wanting to borrow something, and hoping to make you talk. But you must hold your peace. If you utter a word, you will still be more bewitched: if you refuse to speak, you will so work upon the witch's blood as to cause her death; and then you will be set free."

I obtained this information in a cottage not far from Beccles towards the end of last year.

W. "The East Anglian," edited by S. Tymms, vol. iv, p. 280, 1869.

The Evil Eye.—A nurse of my own—an aged Papist—used to be very angry at encomia on my children; and I think I have a recollection of her spitting, in cases of apprehended emergency.

Ed. Moor. "Oriental Fragments," p. 326.

I have myself been one of a gang of urchins who nailed a donkey shoe . . . under the threshold of a poor old woman who had the reputation of being suspected of sorcery. We fancied it would avert the exercise of her craft, by confining her all night within doors; as witches cannot cross iron.

Ibid. p. 455.

. . . We have scarcely a town in *Suffolk* of a thousand inhabitants without a fortune-teller; who is, less and less, however, also consulted in the case of stolen goods, and on other occasions.

Ibid. p. 519.

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CONTENTS.

List of Authorities.

Prefatory Note.

Part I. Superstitious Beliefs and Practices—

(*a*) Superstitions connected with inorganic natural objects 1

(*b*) Tree and Plant Superstitions . . . 25

(*c*) Animal Superstitions 34

(*d*) Goblindom 41

(*e*) Witchcraft 45

(*f*) Leechcraft 53

(*g*) Magic and Divination 58

(*h*) Superstitions generally 62

Part II. Traditional Customs—

(*a*) Festival Customs 70

(*b*) Ceremonial Customs 102

(*c*) Games 107

(*d*) Local Customs 109

Part III. Traditional Narratives—

(*a*) Drolls 127

(*b*) Place Legends and Traditions . . . 128

(*c*) Folk-Drama 130

Part IV. Folk-Sayings—

(*a*) Jingles, Nursery Rhymes, Riddles, &c. . 140

(*b*) Proverbs 141

(i.) Anthropological 141

(ii.) Physical 145

(iii.) Historical 147

(*c*) Nicknames, Place Rhymes, &c. . . . 148

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE classification adopted in this compilation is that recommended by Mr. G. L. Gomme in "The Handbook of Folk-Lore," published by the Folk-Lore Society in 1890, p. 6.

The Editor ventures to suggest that if the same classification be adopted in all forthcoming numbers of this series, the critical work of reference and comparison will be greatly facilitated.

It is believed that a large proportion of the *recorded* folk-lore of the two counties is comprised in the extracts here given. Many of them may prove to be of no scientific value, but the Editor thought it wise to be liberal in giving them the benefit of any possible doubt.

Thanks are due to the Members of the Local Committee who have assisted the Editor in the task of examining printed authorities and making extracts, and especially to those who have begun to collect the oral tradition of the Counties, a few samples of which are included in these pages.

Part F.

SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEFS AND PRACTICES.

(*a*) SUPERSTITIONS CONNECTED WITH INORGANIC NATURAL OBJECTS.

Charley, a spot very near, is called *the Giants' Graves.* HILLS.

"History and Antiquities of Charnwood Forest."
T. R. Potter, 1842, p. 105.

Bardon.—The recollection that it was one of the high places where the Bards (hence its name) hymned the praises of their Sun-God and their heroes, and where Druidical superstition received its votaries and offered its victims, is one of the many associations connected with Bardon.

"History and Antiquities of Charnwood Forest."
T. R. Potter, 1842, p. 161.

See Nichols, III., 126.

Superstition concerning the Dip of the Rocks.—One venerable old man, at work in the Gate-house quarry, observing me searching for the dip, asked me, with a smile expressive of his consciousness of superior wisdom in such matters, "Which way is Judæa?" I at once pointed my hand in a south-easterly direction. "You are right," replied my mentor; "find Judæa, and you will find the direction of these rocks. Find the dip, and you will point to

HILLS. Judæa. This is the case over the whole world, and has been so ever since the Saviour's resurrection." I found Professor Sedgwick's anticlinal line theory at once destroyed!!!

Of course I did not attempt to shake a belief that seemed not unmixed with natural piety.

Potter, p. 89.

Beacon Fire.—Mr. Langham, of "Needless Inn," informs me that he well remembers that thirty-four years ago there stood, on the highest point of Beacon, an erection of rude and ancient masonry, about six feet high, of a round form, and having in its centre a cavity about a yard deep and a yard in diameter, the sides of which were very thickly covered with burnt pitch. This, he says, had all the appearance of having been used for holding the beacon fires. He remembers, too, that at that period, the entrenchments above described were much more visible than they are now. He is the only person with whom I have conversed that seems ever to have noticed them, except Mr. William Lester, of Woodhouse; and they are not mentioned by any writer whatever, unless Gale's remark applied to them. I discovered, by digging, many heaps of nearly perished mortar, mingled with fragments of stone and dark red brick.

"History and Antiquities of Charnwood Forest."
T. R. Potter, 1842, p. 48.

Beacon Hill.—Not satisfied with my single opinion of these extraordinary remains, I requested Mr. Lester, a highly intelligent farmer and surveyor, who lives at the foot of Beacon, to examine them. He was perfectly astonished. Though long resident, almost upon the spot, and aware of the remains described as lying on the south-west side of the hill, it had never occurred to him that there were others. "Often," says he, "as I have crossed that wonderful hill, and always with the feeling that it was a *charmed* spot, I have either been so occupied with the distant prospects, or so circumscribed in my immediate view by

the inequalities of the surface, that I have never before once noticed the most remarkable fortifications to which you have directed me."

Potter, p. 49.

See also under "Festival Customs." [Wakes.]

BARROWS.

Among the hills of Charnwood Forest in Leicestershire are two, the one called Inglebarrow, the other Hiveshead. The former, as may be inferred from the name, was the site of the altar on which sacrifices were offered to the god or gods abiding on the higher Hiveshead. At Humberstone, in the same county, a village owing its name to an *amber* or sacred stone within its boundaries, the *amber*, at which religious rites were performed, was on an eminence in the vicinity of a higher ridge, which, according to the common belief, was the abode of gods.

Dudley's "Naology," p. 189, *note*.

Bagrave.—*See* Nichols, III., 289.

A ridge of considerable length occurs beside the Roman Foss Road near Ratcliffe-on-Wreke, in the county of Leicester. It is evidently a structure formed, at least in part, by man; and being, like the barrow about a mile distant, near Thurmaston, lately destroyed, situate near a highway anciently of great publicity, it must be regarded as one instance of the long barrow, the true though remote origin of the present form of our churches.

Dudley's "Naology," p. 273, *note*.

King Lud's Entrenchments or *Rents.*—*See* Nichols, II., 305; IV., 1045.

Dr. Stukeley says: "At Cossington, just before I came to the river Wreke, is a vast barrow, 350 feet long, 120 broad, 40 high, or near it. It is very handsomely worked upon the sides, and very steep. . . . They call it *Shipley Hill*, and say a great

BARROWS. captain, called Shipley, was buried there. I doubt not but this is of great antiquity and Celtic, and that the intent of it is rightly preserved by the country people; but as to the name of him I can say nothing. On the top are several oblong double trenches cut in the turf, where the lads and lasses of the adjacent villages meet upon Easter Monday yearly, to be merry with cakes and ale."* . . . The hill is lately proved to be the wonderful work of nature, not of art, and has been produced by some uncommon surflux of the river Wreke.

Nichols, III., 384.

Robin Hood's Barn.—There is a mound in a flat meadow near the river (at Hoby), part of Earl Ferrers' farm, which the inhabitants (for some unknown reason if there ever was any) call Robin Hood's Barn. It appears to be one of those mounds which the Romans threw up to mark their marches to the rear of their legions.

Nichols, III., 388.

CAVES. *Black Annis' Bower.*—Every inhabitant of Leicester has been made acquainted with a spot called Black Annis' Bower upon the Dane Hills, near this town, but every one has not been put in possession of the legend as it is embodied in the following lines. They are taken from the Burton MS. (quoted by Nichols), which says they were the production of an "ingenious young poet, whose early loss his friends had much reason to deplore, as a man of superior talents, and his country as a soldier of undaunted courage."

> "Where down the plain the winding pathway falls
> From Glenfield Vill to Lester's ancient walls,
> Nature or Art with imitative power,
> Far in the glenn has placed *Black Annis' Bower.*

* An old shepherd still living (1799) remembers these sports, but they have long fallen into disuse.

CAVES.

"An oak, the pride of all the mossy dell,
Spreads its broad arms above the stony cell;
And many a bush, with hostile thorns arrayed,
Forbids the secret cavern to invade;
Whilst delving vales each way meander round,
And violet banks with redolence abound.

"Here, if the uncouth song of former days
Soil not the page with Falsehood's artful lays,
Black Annis held her solitary reign,
The dread and wonder of the neighbouring plain.
The shepherd grieved to view his waning flock,
And traced his firstlings to the gloomy rock.
No vagrant children culled (the) flow'rets then,
For infant blood oft stained the gory den.

"Not Sparta's mount,* for infant tears renown'd,
Echo'd more frequently the piteous sound.
Oft the gaunt Maid the frantic Mother curs'd,
Whom Britain's wolf with savage nipple nurs'd;
Whom Lester's sons beheld, aghast the scene,
Nor dared to meet the *Monster of the Green.*

"'Tis said the soul of mortal man recoil'd,
To view Black Annis' eye, so fierce and wild;
Vast talons, foul with human flesh, there grew
In place of hands, and features livid blue
Glar'd in her visage; while the obscene waist
Warm skins of human victims close embraced.

"But Time, than Man more certain, tho' more slow,
At length 'gainst Annis drew his sable bow;†
The great decree the pious shepherds bless'd,
And general joy the general fear confess'd.

"Not without terror they the cave survey,
Where hung the monstrous trophies of her sway:
'Tis said, that in the rock large rooms were found,
Scoop'd with her claws beneath the flinty ground;
In these the swains her hated body threw,
But left the entrance still to future view,
That children's children might the tale rehearse,
And bards record it in their tuneful verse.

* Mount Taygetus, in a cavern near to which it was the custom to expose deformed and sickly children to perish.

† By poetical license for *scythe*.

CAVES.

"But in these listless days, the idle bard
Gives to the wind all themes of cold regard;
Forgive, then, if in rough, unpolished song,
An unskilled swain the dying tale prolong.

"And you, ye Fair, whom Nature's scenes delight,
If Annis' Bower your vagrant steps invite,
Ere the bright sun Aurora's car succeed,
Or dewy evening quench the thirsty mead,
Forbear with chilling censures to refuse
Some gen'rous tribute to the rustic muse.
A violet or common daisy throw,
Such gifts as Maro's lovely nymphs bestow;
Then shall your Bard * survive the critic's frown,
And in your smiles enjoy his best renown."

To pursue this subject a little further. Burton refers to a gravestone in Swithland Church as follows:—"On a flat gravestone inlaid with plates of brass, in the body of the chancel (since removed to the present vestry—Ed.), near the entrance into the chancel, is the picture of a woman, veiled: under which is this inscription:

'Hoc in conclave jacet Agnes Scott camerata
Antrix devota Dominae Ferrers Vocitata,
Quiquis eris, qui transieris, quero, funde precata;
Sum quis eris, fueramque quod es: pro me, precor, ora.'

"In the east window of the chancel is her picture in glass drawn to the life, in the same habit, with a ring on her finger. This *Agnes Scott*, as I guess, was an Anchoress; and the word *Antrix* in this epitaph coined from *Antrum*, a cave, wherein she lived; and certainly (as I have been credibly informed) there is a cave near Leicester, upon the west side of the town, at this day called Black Agnes's Bower."

"Leicester Chronicle," Feb. 26th, 1842.

[Repeated in the same newspaper October 24th, 1874. *See* Nichols, III., 1051, *note*. Ed.]

* Lieut. John Heyrick.

CAVES.

About a mile from Leicester, on the west of the town, are low eminences called the Dane Hills, properly the *dunes*, for there is no reason to suppose that they were ever occupied by the Danes. The country in that quarter had been in the state of a wild forest till within a few past centuries. On the side of one of the knolls of this formerly wild district was a round cave, of diameter of ten or twelve feet, and height about five, excavated from the sandstone strata then extant. This cave was known by the name of *Black Annis's Bower*, said in the country to have been a savage woman with great teeth and long nails, and that she devoured human victims. Such were the tales told formerly, but now almost lost in the darkness of ignorance. The cave, it seems, is now nearly filled up by soil carried into it by rains, but was, about seventy years ago, quite open.* The resemblance of this cave to that seen by Bishop Heber in Bengal is very close and exact. Were it laid open, it is believed that it would be found similar to it in every respect—similar also to the cave of the Black Ceres in Phigalia.

The name of *Annis*, to whom this cave is said to have belonged, is known to the Celtic mythologist by the name of *Anu* or *Nannu*, names signifying the mother goddess, according to the authority of Vallancey, an author well learned in the Celtic language of the Irish.† He states that she was the same as the British *Ked* or *Ket*, and the Grecian Ceres. That she was the same as the Black *Cali* of India, and the Black Ceres or Demeter of Greece, is certain. The ancient Britons, did, no doubt, eat the flesh of the human victims offered on their altars, as did the Mexicans of later ages. Consequently the tales of the cannibal practices of Black *Annis* of the Bower cannot be without reason doubted, and that the cannibal rites were often practised near this cavern, most probably, like the sacrifices at the altar of Trophonius, in the dead time of night, at a spot hid from ordinary view by the woods

* It may be proper to observe that in this recital the author speaks from personal experience. He saw it, and was actually in the cave about seventy years ago.

† Vallancey de Reb. Hibern. c. i., s. 5, p. 490.

CAVES. and thickets of the then Leicester forest, and attended with circumstances well calculated to horrify any man, but especially the rude and superstitious Britons then present.

Dudley's "Naology," pp. 249-250.

Little children, who went to run on the Dane Hills, were assured that she (Black Anna) lay in wait there, to snatch them away to her "bower"; and that many like themselves she had "scratched to death with her claws, sucked their blood, and hung up their skins to dry."

"Leicester Chronicle," 5th Sep., 1874.

Black Anna was said to be in the habit of crouching among the branches of the old pollard oak (the last remnant of the forest) which grew in the cleft of the rock over the mouth of her cave or "bower", ever ready to spring like a wild beast on any stray children passing below. The cave she was traditionally said to have dug out of the solid rock with her finger nails. On my last visit to the Bower Close, now several years ago, the trunk of the old tree was then standing, but I know not if it still remains. At that time, and long previously, the mouth of the cave was closed, but in my school days it was open, and, with two or three companions, I recollect on one occasion "snatching a fearful joy" by crawling on our hands and knees into the interior, which, as far my recollection serves me at this distance of time, was some seven or eight feet long by about four or five feet wide, and having a ledge of rock, for a seat, running along each side.

F.R.H.S. (William Kelly) in "Leicester Chronicle," 3rd October, 1874.

"I have looked through my deeds . . . . and find that the earliest deeds in my possession, dated 13th and 14th May, 1764, contain the following description:—All that close or parcel of land commonly called or known by the name of 'Black Anny's

Bower Close' . . . . In the conveyance to myself, the description is 'Black Anna's Bower Close.'" . . . . CAVES.

Letter from the Hon. Sir John Mellor to Editor of "Leicester Chronicle," 7th Nov. 1874.

A relic of this still remains in the minds of people in Leicester in the form of "Cat Anna." Some warehouse girls told me a short time ago that she was a witch who lived in the cellars under the castle, and that there was an underground passage from the cellars to the Dane Hills, along which she ran! *

From Miss Henrietta Ellis.

See also under "Festival Customs" [Easter] and "Place Legends" [Lear].

The Hoston-Stone.—Some years ago I communicated some remarks, which were inserted in the "History of Leicestershire," concerning the stone called by the inhabitants of Humberston "Hoston-Stone," or "Hoston;" meaning, perhaps, High-Stone. I have always regarded this stone, though now little noticed, as a very curious object; and, having made myself of late years better acquainted than when I wrote before with the subjects with which I imagine this stone to be connected, I offer the following remarks, as correcting, in some measure, my former communications. SACRED STONES.

This stone is one of those blocks of granite found very frequently in the neighbourhood, and supposed by the celebrated De Luc to be fragments cast up by some convulsion of the earth from the primary and deepest strata. The Hoston-Stone lies on the ridge of an eminence, which, though not the highest of the neighbouring hills, is yet very conspicuous for a vast distance from the West. Some old persons in the neighbourhood, still living, remember when it stood a very considerable height, perhaps eight or ten feet, in an artificial fosse or hollow. About fifty or sixty

* On December 4th, 1837, a play called "Black Anna's Bower, or the Maniac of the Dane Hills," was performed at the Leicester Theatre. The plot turned upon the celebrated murder of a landlady of the "Blue Boar," related in the Histories of Leicester, and Black Anna played a part similar to that of the Witches in Macbeth. Ed.

SACRED STONES.

years ago the upper parts of the stone were broken off, and the fosse levelled, that a plough might pass over it; but, according to the then frequent remarks of the villagers, the owner of the land who did this deed never prospered afterwards. He certainly was reduced from being the owner of five "yard-land," to use the then common phrase, or about one hundred and twenty acres, to absolute poverty, and died about six years ago in the parish workhouse. This superstitious opinion attached to the stone, together with the following circumstances, persuade me to think that the stone was what is usually called "Druidical." It possibly may have been a "logan," or rocking-stone; but of this there certainly is no evidence.

There are, or rather were, about fifty years ago, traditionary tales in the village that a nunnery once stood on Hoston; and that steps had been found communicating subterraneously with the monks of Leicester Abbey, about two miles distant. But no religious house of the kind is to be traced here. The tale must have owed its origin to circumstances connected with the religion of earlier times; probably anterior to the introduction of Christianity into Britain; and therefore during the prevalence of the idolatry of the Britons.

Some years ago it was believed that fairies inhabited, or at least frequented, this stone; and various stories were told concerning those pigmy beings. Such, according to the testimony of Borlase, in his "History of Cornwall," is the common opinion respecting the many Druidical stones in that county. This belief was so strongly attached to the Hoston-Stone, that some years ago a person visiting it alone fancied he heard it utter a deep groan; and he immediately ran away to some labourers, about two hundred yards distant, terrified with the apprehension of seeing one of the wonderful fairy inhabitants.

In the adjoining vale, at the distance of about one hundred yards from the stone, on the north-east, is a plot of ground known, before the inclosure of the lordship, by the name of "Hell-hole Furlong." No circumstance belonging at present to the spot seems likely to

have given rise to this strange name: it leaves room, therefore, for the conjecture that in this quarter the sacrifices, too often human, were wont to be performed; and that from this circumstance it obtained the Saxon name of "Hela," or "Death." SACRED STONES.

From these circumstances, and also from the situation of the stone in an eminence, such as were usually chosen for the celebration of the religious rites of the ancient British, there seems to be little room for doubt that Hoston was once sacred to the purposes of Druidical, or rather of the more ancient Bardic, worship. These spots are in some places still termed "Homberds," or "Humberds," probably from the Erse word (according to Vallancey) *uam*, or *owim*, signifying fear, or terror, and *bardh*, the name of a well-known order of priests. The word *humberd*, thus compounded, is but too justly applicable to the scenes of Bardic worship, which were terrible, both from the character of *Dis*, or Pluto, whom they especially worshipped, and from the rites by which he was propitiated.

These conjectures and opinions derive further support from the name of the village within whose liberties this stone is situate. Humberston is very plainly the *ton*, or town, of the *Humberd*, or sacred place of Bardic worship; for the village stands on the south side of the ridge, of which Hoston-height is part, and about half a mile from the stone, which is as near as habitations seem to have been allowed to approach those dreadfully sacred places. The name of Humberston belongs to a village on the coast of Lincolnshire, near Grimsby. Should there be any *Humberd* near it, the conclusion must be, not only that the Lincolnshire village, but the river Humber itself, derived their names from a place of Bardic worship.

Yours, &c., J. D.

"Gentleman's Library Magazine," "English Traditions," p. 123-5, quoting *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1813, part i., pp. 318, 319.

SACRED STONES.

In the lordship of Humberston, a village near Leicester, on lands belonging to the Pochin family, there is a large erratic block of the syenite rock from the Mountsorrel hills, which, though now covered with soil, was till within a few years past open to view, and was well known to and regarded with a certain degree of awe by many of the inhabitants. It was called the Holy Stone; was said to be attended by fairies; it was believed that any person practising any outrage toward it, or using any indignity, would never prosper. It is believed that this stone was the supporter of an *amber* stone, from which the village obtained the name of Humberston,* or Ambers-ton, the town of the *amber*.† The lands around are known by the name of Hoston, from the stone.

Village traditions idly affirm that there was once a nunnery at this place, and a subterranean passage communicating with Leicester Abbey. This tale probably originated at the Reformation, when every idle assertion tending to render monks odious was greedily swallowed. Not the slightest evidence exists of such structure. The tale, however, is not undeserving attention. It may have been founded on a tradition that a Celtic cave was once extant at the place, perhaps beneath the stone on which the *amber* stood. In the ages of Christianity which followed the suppression of the Celtic religion, it seems to have been designated by the name of Hell Hole. This name is still retained by the lands forming the slope of the eminence on which the Holy stone

* There are only two towns in England that bear the name of Humberston; this near Leicester, the other near Grimsby, in the county of Lincoln. Whether there be any *amber* stone near the latter village does not appear, but the singularity of the name leaves little room for doubt that such a stone must once have stood near the place. This Humberston is upon the shore of the estuary called the Humber, which in all probability derived its name from the *amber*, an object perhaps conspicuously placed, which mariners would not fail to reverence as they passed it, according to the known custom of ancient times.

† A low hill in the lordship, of a perfectly round form, crossed by the turnpike road leading to Uppingham, is called *Roborough*, a name evidently compounded of the word barrow and the Celtic *rholl*, confirming the opinion of the Celtic origin of the village.

SACRED STONES.

is situate, although the richness of the lands and their pleasant aspect seems to demand a less offensive name. These circumstances afford evidence which cannot be reasonably contravened, that the name of Hell Hole was given to a Celtic cave, which, from the tale of the nunnery, may be inferred to have been dedicated to a female divinity, possibly the Black *Annis* of the Leicester cave; and that the odious title was given in reference to the Celtic, possibly the cannibal, sacrifices there performed.

Dudley's "Naology," p. 256.

In June, 1843, I visited the spot, and a ploughman who had worked for many years upon the farm pointed out this Amberstone, or Hoston, to me. It is vulgarly called Hostin. I found it nearly covered with earth and standing corn. The ground around it is slightly conical, arising no doubt from the occasional efforts of the agriculturists to keep it covered. The gradual washing away by the rain of the mound of earth has doubtless given birth to the popular idea of the rising of the stone.

Allies's "Antiquities and Folk-lore of Worcestershire," 2nd ed., p. 371. *See* pp. 368-371.

The St. John's Stone.—A couple of generations ago there stood in the Abbey Fields, on the north side of the town, a somewhat shapeless stone pillar about seven feet high, called the St. John's Stone. Mr. Thomas Warner, whose farm lies round this stone, tells me that he recollects it in 1835, when its height had been reduced to about three feet, and by 1840 it had been completely destroyed. Fortunately Mr. Flowers' accurate pencil has preserved a representation of it as it appeared in 1817.* All that tradition has handed down to us about the St. John's Stone is contained in Mr. Hollings' paper on "Roman Leicester,"† read before this Society, and in Mr. Kelly's latest work, "Royal

* This sketch, dated 1815, was in the late Mr. W. Kelly's possession, and was reproduced in his "Royal Progresses," p. 17. Ed.

† Hollings' "Roman Leicester," pp. 15-17. Ed.

SACRED STONES.

Progresses and Visits to Leicester," * and is confined to the statements that it was the custom to visit it on St. John's Day—the 24th of June—and that children who played about it were careful to leave it before dark because after then the fairies came and danced round it.

The stone stood in the centre of an amphitheatre—shaped hollow—just where the hills rise from the level of the valley, with the horse-shoe of the amphitheatre cutting into the hill-side. Its floor, upon which the stone must have stood, is a mass of sand-stone, in which we search in vain for any trace of the hole or socket, and which, it might have been supposed, would be necessary to retain, in an upright position, a pillar seven feet high. . . . .

After giving certain geological details with regard to a neighbouring bed of sand, the writer concludes as follows :—

We have only to suppose that the St. John's Stone was originally one of the pillars in a similar bed of sand, that the sand was by some means removed and one of the pillars exposed, and we should have the St. John's Stone growing, as it were, from the ground, and not sunk, like an ordinary pillar, into any hole or socket. Mr. Warner's recollection confirms the foregoing supposition. He distinctly recollects that the stone was sand-stone. I cannot help thinking that its rough and unshapely mass, as it appears in Mr. Flowers' drawing, very fairly answers to what might have been expected from this method of its formation. I know no other way of accounting for the presence of such a block and floor of stone. The grey perishable stone of the Dane Hills would certainly not satisfy the required conditions.

If our suggested explanation is correct, it at once removes the St. John's Stone from the class of stones which have been brought from a distance and set up to mark some spot, such as a battle-field, or the grave of a king or hero. It belongs rather to the class of natural but unusual or striking objects which have always and everywhere excited the imagination of primitive

* P. 697. Ed.

SACRED STONES.

man, and have given rise to the feelings of wonder and awe and fear which make up so large a part of his religion. . . . .

J. D. Paul, F.G.S., "Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society Transactions," New Quarterly Series, vol. iii., pp. 262-3.

Little John's Stone.—*See* Nichols, III., 981 and 1054.

Markfield.—This lies on the direct line between Derventio, Little Chesters, and Ratby, Leicester. At the junction of the parishes of Markfield and Newtown Linford, as late as 1808, stood an inscribed stone called the Altar-stone, which has since disappeared undescribed.

Evans' "Leicestershire Words," p. 64.

At Markfield, which is also in the direct line from Derventio to Ratby, there was standing at the time the forest was enclosed a remarkable stone called "the Altar-Stone." An aged man, named Jarvis, still living at Markfield, states that he "well remembers this stone; that it was covered with *outlandish letters*, and was removed when cultivation began, because it was in the centre of a field."

Potter, p. 54.

The fossils called *Astroites* are found in this parish (Lubbenham); they are vulgarly called "Peter's Stones." Nichols, II., 700.

Serpentine Stone, amulet of, found at Atherston. Nichols, IV., 1038, *note*.

The Oaks Hanging Stone.—A spot which is about the centre of a triangle formed by that stone, Kite Hill, and the Tin Meadows, was, according to the information of an old forest-keeper of Lord Hastings', always called "the Grove" before the enclosure. It may, in early times, have been a grove to some temple, or to the Hanging Stone Cromlech.

Potter, p. 44.

SACRED STONES.

Even in these days the stranger cannot behold the pile without feelings approaching to awe. No one riding up to the lower side of it, on a spirited horse, can fail to observe the emotion of the animal; and an old forester states that Mr. Gisborne's Scotch cattle, on their first arrival, always gaze at it with wonder. "I take care," added he, "never to be near it after twilight has begun."

Ib., p. 43.

See Nichols, III., 134.
See also under "Local Customs." [Swainmote.]

Witch-Stone.—In the Town Museum at Leicester there is a rude, perforated stone, which bears the following label:—

Witch-Stone from Wymeswold.

"This has been preserved for many generations in our family, and till within the last few years great virtues were attributed to it. It prevented the entrance of fairies into the dairy, preserved the milk from taint, kept off diseases, and charmed off warts, etc.

"Presented by T. R. Potter, Esq." (in 1852).*

From Montagu Browne, F.Z.S., Curator.

Mr. T. R. Potter informed me in August, 1852, that in the neighbourhood of Wymeswold more than one perforated stone ring (probably Celtic) is preserved by persons as a charm against witchcraft.

Mr. W. Kelly.

LABYRINTHS.

One was some years ago cut out in the smooth turf on a hill in the parish of Liddington, near Uppingham, in the county of Rutland. The hill was called *Priestly Hill*, whence

* See Evans's "Ancient Stone Implements of Great Britain," p. 422. (Ed.)

it is inferred that the eminence, which bears the form of a barrow, was once at least regarded as a sacred eminence; and the act of *running the maze*, the phrase signifying the act of passing over all its windings, was once held to be sacred. LABYRINTHS.

Dudley's "Naology," p. 322, *note*.

Near the road leading from Medbourn to Holt, about a quarter of a mile from the latter, is a shepherd's race, called here "The Maze." Nichols, II., 728.

Holy Well Haw.—I gleaned the leading parts of the following Legend of Holy Well from an aged person at Whitwick, where the name of Comyn, as connected with the ancient castle of that place "a matter of five hundred years ago," is still mentioned. HOLY WELLS.

The popular idea seems to be, that the Comyns were great giants. One of them, said my informant, attempted to carry off one of the ladies of Groby Castle, who left that place for security, intending to take sanctuary at Grace Dieu. Going, however, by a circuitous route, to avoid Charley and Whitwick, she was benighted, and would have perished in the outwoods, but for one of the monks of the Holy Well. The anachronisms and notations of history occurring in the narrative need not be pointed out to the intelligent reader. There is, however, as observed below, some truth mixed up with what is evidently fabulous. The tradition may, in fact, have arisen from Douglas's carrying off Eleanor Ferrars.

Potter, p. 190

LEGEND OF THE HOLY WELL.

The oaks of the forest were autumn-tinged,
And the winds were at sport with their leaves,
When a maiden traversed the rugged rocks
That frown over Woodhouse Eaves.

The rain fell fast—she heeded it not—
Though no hut or home appears;
She scarcely knew if the falling drops
Were rain-drops or her tears.

HOLY WELLS.

Onward she hied through the outwoods dark—
(And the outwoods were darker then :)
She feared not the forest's deep'ning gloom—
She feared unholy men.

Lord Comyn's scouts were in close pursuit,
For Lord Comyn the maid had seen,
And had marked her mother's only child
For his paramour, I ween.

A whistle, a whoop, from the Buyk Hylls' side
Told Agnes her foes were nigh :
And, screened by the cleft of an aged oak
She heard quick steps pass by.

Dark and dread fell that autumn night :
The wind-gusts fitful blew :
The thunder rattled ; the lightning's glare
Showed Beacon's crags to view.

The thunder neared—the light'ning played
Around that sheltering oak ;
But Agnes, of men, not God afraid,
Shrank not at the light'ning's stroke !

The thunder passed—the silvery moon
Burst forth from her cave of cloud,
And showed in the glen "red Comyn's" men,
And she breathed a prayer aloud :—

"Maiden mother of God ! look down—
List to a maiden's prayer :
Keep undefiled my mother's sole child—
The spotless are thy care."

* * * *

The sun had not glinted on Beacon Hill
Ere the Hermit of Holy Well
Went forth to pray, as his wont each day,
At the Cross in Fayre-oke dell.

Ten steps had he gone from the green grassy mound
Still hemming the Holy Well Haw,
When, stretched on the grass—by the path he must pass—
A statue-like form he saw !

HOLY WELLS.

He crossed himself once, he crossed himself twice,
And he knelt by the corse in prayer;
"Jesu Maria! cold as ice—
Cold—cold—but still how fair!"

The Hermit upraised the stiffened form,
And he bore to the Holy Well;
Three Paters or more he muttered o'er,
And he filled his scallop shell.

He sprinkled the lymph on the maiden's face,
And he knelt and he prayed at her side—
Not a minute's space had he gazed on her face
Ere signs of life he spied.

* * * *

Spring had invested the Charnwood oaks
With their robe of glist'ning green,
When on palfreys borne one smiling morn
At the Holy Well Haw were seen

A youth and a lady, passing fair,
Who asked for the scallop shell:
A sparkling draft each freely quaffed,
And they blessed the Holy Well.

They blessed that Well, and they fervently blessed
The holy Hermit too;
To that and to him they filled to the brim
The scallop, and drank anew.

"Thanks, Father! Thanks!—To this Well and thee,"
Said the youth, "but to Heav'n most,
I owe the life of the fairest wife
That Charnwood's bounds can boast.

"The blushing bride thou seest at my side
(Three hours ago made mine)
Is she who from death was restored to breath
By Heav'n's own hand and thine.

"The Prior of Ulverscroft made us one,
And we hastened here to tell
How much we owe kind Heav'n and thee,
For the gift of the Holy Well.

HOLY WELLS.

"In proof of which—to the Holy Well Haw
I give, as a votive gift,
From year to year three fallow deer,
And the right of the Challenge drift.

"I give, besides, of land two hides,
To be marked from the Breedon Brand;
To be held while men draw from the Well in this Haw
A draught with the hollow hand."

The Hermit knelt, and the Hermit rose,
And breathed "Benedicite"—
"And tell me," he said, with a hand on each head
"What Heav'n-sent pair I see?"

"This is the lost De Ferrars' child
Who dwelt at the Steward's Hay;
And, father, my name—yet unknown to fame—
Is simply Edward Grey."

Potter, p. 191.
[*See* Nichols, III., 122. Ed.]

St. James's Well.—It may be well to mention that in close proximity to the Chapel of St. Sepulchre stood St. James's Chapel, which had a holy well in connection with it, close to the old pond at the corner of Infirmary Square. This well had a never-failing supply of fresh water, until the deep drainage of the town diverted it from its original outlet.

William Kelly. "Leicestershire Notes and Queries," vol. ii., p. 82.

See "Notes and Queries," "Choice Notes," p. 205. Ed.

Hinckley.—St. Mary's, or Our Lady's Well.

There is a well here known as St. Mary's Well, or more commonly as Our Lady's Well; it still supplies most excellent water to all the neighbourhood.

Hope. "Holy Wells," p. 87.

In Sketchley, a hamlet in Burbage parish, near Hinckley, there is a well, now enclosed, which once had the reputation of brightening rustic brains. A quick repartee or smart saying was sure

to be greeted, "Oh, you've been to Sketchley lately"; or a dullard would be recommended to "go to Sketchley." HOLY WELLS.

"Leicester Chronicle," 8th June, 1874.

Ratby.—At Ratby, four miles north-west of Leicester, is a place called the Holy Well; the waters are anti-scorbutic.

Other holy wells are St. Austin's in Leicester (the water from which well was formerly in great repute as a remedy for sore eyes), Holywell Haw, and those at Ryhall dedicated to St. Tibba and St. Eabba.

"Holy Wells; their Legends and Superstitions," by R. C. Hope, F.S.A., F.R.S A., pp. 86-87, 127-128.

"Leicestershire N. and Q.," iii., p. 72.

Nichols, I., 301, 434.

St Tibba's Well, Rutland.—Ryhall: St. Tibba's Well, and St. Eabba's, or Jacob's Well.—There was here a well and a shrine in honour of St. Tibba. "'Tis now above 700 years since St. Tibba, the celebrated saint of Ryhall, was taken out of her grave there and carried to Peterborough Church by Abbot Elgin. The inhabitants there have still an obscure memorial of her, but lost her name. They call her Queen, and say she used to walk up to Tibbal's Hill, and wash her in a spring there. This is all they know of her. The truth is, on Tibbal's Hill is the spring which gave name to the hill, Tibb's-Well-Hill. 'Tis upon the hill going from Tolethorp to Belinsford Bridge. On the brow of the hill near the spring is Halegreen, as it is still called, taking its name from the anniversary meetings held in former times, in memory of St. Tibba, whose day is December 16th. Hale is the name our Saxon ancestors gave to the solemnities they practised in the fields to the honour of the saints. St. Tibba's Well is now corrupted into Stibbal's-Hill-Well."

"Just above Ryhall is Stablesford Bridge, which, being an odd name upon the River Guash, this opinion is proposed about

HOLY WELLS.

it. When we read of St. Tibba, we find St. Eabba, her cousin, along with her, another devout, retired person, who commonly lived with her. Hence I conjecture that the spring just above this bridge, northward on the brow of the hill, as it were, opposite to St. Tibba's Well, was consecrated by our pious ancestors to St. Eabba. Then this ford over the river, before the bridge was built, would be called St. Eabba's-Well-Ford, corrupted into Stablesford. This same spring is now called by the shepherds Jacob's Well, and that probably is but a corruption of St. Eabba's Well.

Saints Tibba and Eabba were of royal Mercian blood, and owned Ryhall. They were at first wild hunting girls, at last Saints."

Stukeley's "Diaries and Letters," iii., 167-70 (Surtees Soc., vol. lxxx.), quoted in "Leicestershire N. and Q.," ii., 208 and 259, and "Hope's Holy Wells," pp. 127-128.

See also "Festival Customs." [St. Tibba's Day.]

Pin-well or *Pinnals*, in Merevale.

Holwell, Holewelle, Holy-Well, &c. Names of Leicestershire Wells. Evans, p. 84.

In excavating for sewerage purposes in Church Gate, Leicester, in 1853 or 1854, near the south-west corner of Burley's Lane, a very large quantity of *pins* were discovered in the site of what had evidently been an ancient spring or watercourse.

From Mr. W. Kelly.

Holwell Mouth, the source of a considerable brook in the Vale of Belvoir. . . . The *Fountain Head* is constantly kept in decent repair. . . . There is a large and commodious arbour adjoining the spring, with seats all round it within, and a stone table in the middle.

Nichols, II., p. *20.

HOLY WELLS.

The spring called *Haliwell* near Croxton Abbey.
Nichols, II., p. 151.

See also Nichols, ii., 269 (Burton Lazars); ii., 308 (Hol-well Spring in the Manor of Bescaby); ii., 15 (Holwell, Holy-well, near Ab Kettleby); i., 591 (Well by S. Martin's Church, Leicester); i., 558 (Well under the tower of S. Margaret's Church, Leicester); iv., 130 (Chapel Well, Claybrook); iv., 257 (St. John's Well, Loughborough); iv., 335 (Shawell, Sawelle, Shattewell, Shachewell, Shaddeswell, Stachewell, Schadwell, or Stathewell); iv., 705 (Holy Well, Hinckley); iv., 863 (Pin Well); iv., 897 (Golden Well, Sapcote); ii., 510 (Our Lady's Well, Bradley); ii., 708 (Papillon); iii., 615 (Holy Well, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch); iii., 840 (Monk's Well, near Garendon). Ed.

BUILDINGS.

Breedon.—A dove legend, Mr. Jones declares,* is attached to Breedon Church in Leicestershire, which stands alone on the top of a high hill, with the village at its foot. They began building it within the village; but the site was changed, because, it was said, every night the stones laid during the day were carried up to the hill-top by doves.

"Folk-Lore and Provincial Names of British Birds," by the Rev. C. Swainson (Folk-Lore Society), 1886, p. 170.

[See also "Notes and Queries," v., 436; "Choice Notes" (Folk-Lore), p. 1; and cf. Gomme "Folk-Lore Relics of Early Village Life." London, 1883, p. 43, where parallel instances are given.—Ed.]

* The allusion appears to be to "Credulities Past and Present," by W. Jones, F.S.A., London, 1880.

BUILDINGS. *Kibworth Church.*—Tradition affirms that the church was intended to be built, and the building actually commenced, about two miles from the village, and near to the Debdale "side-gate," in a field now called Churchyard Close; but that the stones laid in the daytime were removed by supernatural agency during the night to the spot where the present edifice stands. This state of things continued for some time, until the would-be builders at length despairing of ever being able to erect a structure on the site fixed upon, decided to commence building on the spot chosen by the spirits, where the work was accordingly commenced, and proceeded uninterruptedly, until the sanctuary was completed.

"Leicester Chronicle," 27th Feb., 1875.

Smithy, sb. *a smith's shop*: often used as a familiar word for dwelling-house or home.

"Ah'm still at th' o'd smithy."

Evans, p. 244.

SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGES. Mr. Carte (Carte's MS. British Museum) mentions a tradition respecting a vaulted passage from the Castle (at Groby) to Bradgate. There is another respecting a similar subterranean communication with Leicester, and the villagers of Newtown Linford still give credence to the tradition of another with Ulverscroft Priory. "In these," adds Mr. Bloxham, "I can find no foundation except in that love of the marvellous, so common in Roman Catholic times, and so peculiar to the lower classes of this kingdom."

"History and Antiquities of Charnwood Forest," T. R. Potter, 1842, p. 113.

See also under "Sacred Stones" [Hoston-Stone], and "Caves" [Black Annis' Bower],

See also Nichols, III., 274; IV., 632.

Need-fires.—I can remember in my youthful days one occasion when the farmers drove their cattle through the smoke made by need-fires in a time of cattle plague. FIRE.

Holmes, p. 50.

See also under "Festival Customs" [Easter Eve, Holy Fire, All Saints' Day], "Local "Customs," and "Funeral Customs."

(*b*) TREE AND PLANT SUPERSTITIONS.

Copt Oak, a trysting tree of the olden time, stands on the high grounds on the west (of Ulverscroft). On this spot (it may have been under this tree) Erick the Forester is said to have harangued his forces against the Norman invaders. It was long a place of assembly on matters connected with the forest, or perhaps a swainmote court. OAKS.

Potter, p. 150.

Copt Oak.—On an eminence not far distant from the high hills of Bardon, and nearly in the centre of Charnwood Forest, in the county of Leicester, grows an aged oak, called the Copt Oak, which, from several extraordinary circumstances, may be believed to have been an object held sacred by the British Druids, and to have really been a Celtic idol called a *Tau*. Such idols were formed, as above stated, by cutting away the branches of a gigantic oak, and affixing a beam, forming a cross with the bare trunk. The epithet copt, or copped, may be derived from the Celtic *cop*, a head, and evidently indicated that the tree had been *headed* and reduced to the state of a bare trunk. That it was gigantic when entire is evident from an actual measurement in its present state. The remains of the trunk, which is twenty feet high, the height proper for the *Tau*, show that the circumference at the ground was, or rather is (for by boring the earth an accurate measure-

OAKS.

ment has been made), twenty-four feet; at the height of ten feet the girth is twenty, giving a diameter of near seven feet, or more than two yards.

If the tree ever formed a Celtic *Tau*, it must be more than two thousand years old. The present state suggests the idea that this is very possible. This vast tree is now reduced to a mere shell, between two and three inches only in thickness, being about two-thirds of the original circumference, perforated by several openings, and alive only in about one-fourth of the shell, bearing small branches, but such as could not have grown when the tree was entire: then it must have had branches of a size not less than an oak of ordinary dimensions. This is evident from one of the openings in the upper part of the shell of the trunk, exactly such as a decayed branch would produce. These remains stand just within the bounding wall of the area or consecrated yard of the chapel newly built, and called the Copt Oak Chapel. There is no surrounding wall or fence, nor are there any appearances of such an inclosure. It is very probable that when first consecrated it was surrounded by an open glade in a grove, which constituted a Celtic temple; such grove has, however, been felled, yet the Copt Oak has been spared, but it stands in the vicinity of a wood, once part of the supposed grove, and not one hundred yards distant.

The ancient and long-continued celebrity of the Copt Oak accords with the opinion of its former sacredness. It was, before the inclosure, as writes the animated and accurate Potter, the historian of the forest of Charnwood, one of the three places at which *Swainmotes* were held, always in the open air, for the regulation of rights and claims on the forest; and persons have been known even in late times to have attended such motes. The active-minded historian above-named observes, "At this spot, it may be under this tree, Edric the forester is said to have harangued his forces against the Norman invasion; and here too, in the Parliamentary troubles of 1642, the Earl of Stamford assembled the trained bands of the district." These facts mark

the Copt Oak extraordinary, and show, that notwithstanding the lapse of two thousand years, the trunk was at that distant period a sacred structure, a Celtic idol; and that it is illustrative of antiquarian records. OAKS.

Dudley's "Naology," pp. 136-138.

The three courts of the forest of Charnwood met in the open air; that of the lordship of Whitwick, near Sharpley Rocks, where the place may still be traced. It is called the Swainmote Rock, and below it is a spot bearing the name of Lady Aspin's Pool, a legend of which is printed in Potter's "History and Antiquities of Charnwood Forest" (p. 156).* The court of the lordship of Groby met at Copt Oak, which stands on high ground, and derives its name from the fact of once having been surrounded with a coped wall (*Ibid.*, 150.) † And the court of the lordship of Sheepshed met on Iveshead, one of the most important of the forest hills. It is isolated from the general range, and from one view presents a bold outline, with a double summit like a saddle-back. Swain's Hill, the spot where the swainmote court met, lies at the foot of Iveshead, and a little distance from it stands the "Hangman's Stone," which furnishes the subject of a ballad legend. (*Ibid.*, p. 177.)

G. L. Gomme, "Primitive Folk-Moots," 1880, p. 137.

Two Copt Oaks figure in the local nomenclature.

Evans, p. 129.

[*See also* Nichols, III., 1094. Ed.]

The age of Copt or Kopft (German: Kopfen, to pollard, behead) Oak, near Ulverscroft, is unknown.

Kirby, "Leicestershire Flora," p. 130.

Holyoke, or *Holy Oaks.* Nichols, II., 607.

* *See also* Nichols, III., 134. Ed.

† ["*Cop:* to strike on the head, to decapitate; to pollard." Evans's "Leicestershire Glossary," p. 129. Ed.]

OAKS. *May 29th, Royal Oak Day.*—The children of Leicestershire make this their May Day, when they go about from house to house with sticks stuck about with flowers and streamers among any available greenery of the season. They recite this rhyme:—

"A stig and a stag,
And a very fine flag,
And a Maypole."

Northall, "Folk Rhymes," p. 244, quoting Evans, p. 255. Ed.

When they come round begging for a bonfire on November 5th, the formula restores the word to its more usually accepted pronunciation:—

"A stick and a stake
For King James's sake,
And a bonfire, O!"

Evans, *loc. cit.*

See also under "Festival Customs" [Maypoles, 29th May].

Tree Decay.—Driving round Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire, in the spring of 1893, I was told by my driver, hired from Loughborough, that the old oaks were said to have *lost their tops* when Lady Jane Grey, who resided at Bradgates* Hall in that neighbourhood, was beheaded! A curious argument from analogy.

G. H. Skipworth in "Folk-Lore," vol. v., p. 169.

GARTREE BUSH. In the lordship of Shankton, not quite three-quarters of a mile north of the town, is *Gartree Bush*, famous for having formerly the Hundred Court kept upon the spot.

Nichols II., 781.

[*See* "Leicestershire N. and Q." iii., p. 165. Ed.]

Stanywells.—At the north-west corner of a wood called Stanywells are the remains of a tree, which within these few years by

* Bradgate. Ed.

some accident has been destroyed, round which a regular mound and trench are discernible; where, it is thought, the manor courts for this liberty (Ulverscroft) used formerly to be holden. STANY-WELLS.

Nichols, III., 1094.

See also Potter, 150.

By a cruel superstition shrew mice were formerly entombed alive in these trees, to afford a charm against sickness in cattle. Another custom scarcely less revolting was to pass injured children through the young stem of an ash split for that purpose. ASH TREES.

Kirby, p. 94.

See also under "Leechcraft."

Mapplewell.—The earliest name of this hamlet, Mapulwell (May-pole-well), inclines me to think that on this spot the Druids were accustomed to celebrate the Bel-Tein,* and, subsequently, the ancient foresters to offer honours to Flora. The author of "The Way to Things by Words, and by Words to Things," has some observations on these rural sacrifices that render such a supposition not an unnatural one. He says: "The Column of the May (whence our Maypole) was the great standard of justice in the Ey-Commons, or Fields of May. Here it was that the people, if they saw cause, deposed or punished their governors, their barons, or their kings. The judges' bough or wand (at this time discontinued, or faintly represented by a nosegay) and the staff or rod of authority, the mace, as well as the term 'mayor,' were all derived from this. The youths and maidens joined on these occasions in singing songs, of which the chorus was, 'We have brought the summer home.'"† MAYPOLES.

Potter, p. 93.

Knoesington.—In the town street stands a tapered column

* This festival may still be traced in the mountains of Cumberland and on the Cheviot Hills. Mr. Pennant, in his "Tour in Scotland," gives a particular description of it.

† Ency. Londin. Article "May."

MAYPOLES. called a Maypole, consisting of several cylindrical pieces of oak joined one upon another with dogs and cramps of Iron.

Nichols, II., 657.

See also under "Festival Customs" [Mayday].

FLORAL RENTS. *Pertaining to the Manor of Groby.*—A rent of assize of the Forest of Charnwood of new grubbed-up ground, of £7 6*s.* 4*d.*; a rent of hens of the said forest, 9*s.*; five pounds of pepper, nine pounds of cummin seed, five pairs of gloves, one ounce of silk, one dozen of knots of Kalcedon, six dozen of iron arrows, one clove gillyflower, worth yearly, 7*s.* 7*d.*

Potter, p. 107.

Floral Rents in Leicestershire and Rutland.—Nichols* tells us that, in 1608, Adrian Farnham, Esq., held freely certain lands and tenements in Woodhouse called Rusha Fields, and other lands there, paying yearly on Midsummer Day one red rose garland and a broad arrow-head with two rosebuds and suit of court at Beaumanor. At the commencement of the present century "the garland, spear, and rosebuds" were regularly sent, and were always placed, according to usage, on the curious chair just described.† The garland of flowers now always to be seen thereon is the representative of this ancient chief rent. It is sent in the autumn of each year to Beaumanor, from Mr. Farnham, the owner of Rusha Fields, in the parish of Woodhouse, to the owner of Beaumanor, as, I presume, the lord of the manor of Woodhouse. Under what tenure the fields are held I cannot say, for although the floral chief rent is regularly sent, the owner of Rusha Fields has never, in living recollection, attended the court of the lord of the manor. This garland—which it is now said must contain three roses—is always hung upon the before-mentioned large chair in the hall at Beaumanor, and there it remains until replaced by the fresh garland of the succeeding year. A floral chief

* "Hist. Leicest.," vol. iii., p. 146.

† *Ibid.*, p. 147.

rent is by no means an uncommon acknowledgment. The manor of Stretton, Rutland, was held by the Seagraves of the Crown by the service of one clove gilliflower; and a similar rent was reserved in a grant made in this year 1274 by John de Burgh, of the manor of Elmore, Gloucestershire, to Andrew de Gyse. A rose, however, was the more common service. Walter de Cambron granted lands, &c., in Leighton to Newminster Abbey for the rent of one rose on the feast of St. James; Lionel, Earl of Ulster, granted the Bailiffry of Cork to Geoffrey Stukeley by tenure of a rose to be paid on St. John the Baptist Day.* Numberless other instances might be quoted, but it will suffice to quote one more, and that an example close at hand. By a deed of lease, dated in 1636, and preserved in the muniment-room of the Corporation of Leicester, we learn that a piece of ground was sold in fee farm to James Seele and Elizabeth his wife, who were to have the same "To be holden of our said soveraigne lord the King his heirs and successors as of his honour of Leicester in the right of his Highnes' Dutchy of Lancaster by fealtye only in ffree and comon soccage, and not in capite: Yielding and paying therefor yearlye unto the Maior of the Burrough of Leicester for the time being one damask rose at or upon the feast day of Saint John the Baptist, and also Yielding and Paying all chief rents yearlye yssueing or goinge forth of the same." The payment of this floral rent is noticed occasionally in the Chamberlains' Accounts; for instance, under date of 1673-4, I find: FLORAL RENTS.

"In Loseby Lane:

"Item of him (John Underwood) more for a piece of ground paying yearly att Midsummer a damask rose . . . . . a damask rose."

And in 1677-8 the heirs of Widow Harlow paid the same. The rent is still receivable, and is paid to the Corporation by the owner of the "Crown and Thistle" Inn in Loseby Lane, a receipt

* "Notes and Queries," 5th S., ix., 497, and x., 115 and 157.

FLORAL RENTS.

being annually given to the present esteemed proprietor, Mrs. Julia Lee, for the damask rose.*

It may be added that sometimes the easy service of a rose was clogged with curious conditions; in one instance, in a grant made in the year 1352, it was required that a white rose be rendered before sunrise at the west end of a particular toft on St. John Baptist's Day.†

Thomas North, F.S.A., "Leicestershire N. and Q.," i., pp. 219, 220. Potter, p. 85.

[Cf. Grimm, "Teutonic Mythology" (Stalybrass), i., p. 58, and elsewhere. Ed.]

Floral Rent.—"John Wemerham, of Haverburgh, gives, grants, and confirms to John Pyfford, of the same, a curtilage situated between the tenement lately Robert Michell's on the south, and a messuage of the said John Pyfford's on the north, and abutting on [ ] of Dag Lane in Haverburgh, to have and to hold, &c., at the yearly rent of one flower, payable on the Feast of the Nativity of Saint [ ], for all secular services.—3 Edward IV. die Veneris proxima post (festum) Pasche, *i.e.*, Friday, April 15th, 1463."

Stocks' "Market Harborough Parish Records," p. 177.

HEMP SEED.

Scattering Hemp Seed.—If a young girl went round the churchyard on Midsummer Eve, at midnight, scattering hemp seed, as the clock struck twelve, and repeating these words—

"Hemp seed, hemp seed, here I sow,
Let my true love come after me and mow,"

if she were to be married she would hear her future husband reaping behind her.

A lady, seventy-two, states that her grandmother had told her

* It is not now paid (1894). Ed.

† "Notes and Queries," 5th S., x., 16.

that she (the grandmother) had scattered hemp seed in the churchyard when she was a girl on Midsummer Eve and that she could feel her lover's scythe so close to her heels that she was afraid her feet would be cut off. HEMP SEED.

From Miss S. A. Squires. (See Northall, p. 180. Ed.)

Buttercups.—Children hold buttercups under each other's chins to see if they love butter. PLANTS.

Kirby, "Leicestershire Flora," p. 4.

Milk-wort has the reputation of curing snake-bites.

Kirby, p. 16.

Wild Teasel (Dipsacus Sylvestris), also called "Venus's bath," the water held in the hollows of the leaves being esteemed a cosmetic, also good for diseases of the eyes.

Kirby, p. 78.

Vipers' Bugloss (Echium vulgare).—The seed resembles a serpent's head: the plant is reputed not only an antidote to the bite, but it is said that, carried in the hand, it will keep vipers at a distance.

Kirby, p. 112.

Ferns.—The burning of ferne doth bring down raine. (Quoted in a letter from Belvoir, 1636.)

Nichols, II., 418.

See also under "Leechcraft," "Superstitions," and "Traditional Customs."

(c) ANIMAL SUPERSTITIONS.

BEES.

Bees.—"Telling the Bees" in Rutland.—An instance of carrying out the well-known superstition concerning bees occurred recently at a hamlet named Geeston, in the parish of Ketton, Rutland. After the death of an old bee-keeper his widow knocked at several bee-hives and said, "He's gone! He's gone!" The bees hummed in reply, by which it is understood that they will remain.

N. Edis, "Leicestershire N. and Q.," i., p. 137.

A death in the family should always be officially notified to the bees, who will resent the slight cast upon them, as members of the household, by the non-performance of the ceremony, by forsaking the hive or dying. I have endeavoured in vain to ascertain the formula, if any, appropriate to the occasion. The melancholy intelligence, however, is certainly sometimes, and I believe always, conveyed in a whisper.

Evans, p. 102.

A piece of crape must always be put on hives when there is a death in the family, or the bees will not thrive.

Also any great piece of news concerning the family must be told them.

From Mrs. J. D. Paul.

To *tang* bees is to make "rough music" with a bell, warming-pan, shovel, or some such instrument when a hive is swarming, for the double purpose, it is said, of asserting a claim to the ownership of the swarm and of collecting the bees together.

Evans, p. 268.

See also under "Proverbs."

BIRDS.

Wren and Robin.—Jenny and Jenny Wren: the wren Motacilla troglodytes.—It is thought sacrilegious to kill a robin or a wren, and even to take their eggs is a profanity certain to bring ill-luck, because—

> "The robin and the Jenny Wren
> Are God Almighty's cock and hen."

Evans, p. 178.

It is considered very unlucky if a robin enters a house. He must be prevented from crossing the threshold.

From a Leicestershire domestic servant.

Magpie.—On seeing a magpie it is customary to make the sign of the cross on the ground with the foot.

From a native of Langton.

Crows.—It is unlucky for one crow to fly across your path.

From a native of Woodhouse Eaves.

(Cf. Ælian, "De Nat. Animalium," iii., 9. Ed.)

The rhyme is—

> "One for sorrow, two for mirth,
> Three for a wedding, four for a birth."

If a *cock* comes near to the window or door and crows, a visitor will presently arrive at the house.

From a native of Woodville, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

The Green Wood-Pecker—Picus viridis (L)—is called the Rain-bird.

Evans, p. 222.

[Cf. Aubrey, "Remaines of Gentilisme," Folk-Lore Society, 1880, p. 258. Ed.]

BIRDS. *Merry-thought of a Fowl.*—Is called the "Wishing Bone."

Evans, p. 291.

It is pulled for luck.

[Cf. Aubrey, op. cit., p. 92. Ed.]

The Breast-bone of a Fowl.—Two single people place the thumbs of their right hands on either side of the flat part that projects from the arch of the bone, and break the bone, one then takes the two pieces and partially conceals them in her hand, the other draws; whichever has the shorter bone will be the first to marry.

From a native of Woodhouse.

A belief in *the Seven Whistlers*, and the ill-luck attendant on their being heard, is universal, but what the Seven Whistlers may be I never could learn, though I have made pertinacious inquiry. More than once I have been told that the "develin," the common swift, is one of them, but I could elicit no further information. I have, however, a thousand times in a summer heard the noise which is said to be made by the Seven Whistlers. It is simply the well-known "scream," as White of Selborne calls it, of the swift, which is loudest and most frequent in thundery weather, and is often heard when the birds themselves are out of sight. The belief in the Seven Whistlers seems to be as common on the continent as in England, and is apparently universal in the Spanish peninsula, but the accepted explanation of the peculiar whistle there heard is that it proceeds from a flight of wild ducks.

Evans, p. 235.

The Leicestershire colliers also believe that the cry of the Seven Whistlers (Golden Plovers) warn them of some calamity, and, on hearing it, refuse to descend into the pit till next day.

Swainson's "Folk-lore of British Birds," p. 181.

BIRDS.

It is almost universally believed by the colliers that when any person will shortly be killed at the pits strange mysterious sounds are heard in the air at night, sometimes like the distant singing of a flock of birds, and at other times resembling the smothered wailings of children chanting a funeral dirge. These they take to be warnings of the coming calamity, and frequently when certain unexplainable sounds have been heard at night some of the men could not be persuaded to go to work on the following day. Their method of accounting for this strange story is that seven colliers were once intoxicated on a Sunday, and towards night they proposed to whistle for a wager to pay for some more drink, when, fearful to relate, they were all carried up into the clouds by a whirlwind from which they have never been able to descend, but, at the return of darkness, their fearful employment is to fly from place to place, when fatal accidents are impending, to warn, in premonitory strains of dismal melody, their survivors to avoid their own terrific and never-dying destiny as "The Seven Whistlers."

It seems more than probable that the "Seven Whistlers" had a more ancient origin than in the days of our puritanical forefathers, when the view concerning the Sabbath suggested in the account first became general. It is more likely that the superstition arose in ancient heathen times among the Teutonic tribes settled in ancient Germany, from whom the inhabitants of Worcestershire, descended from a thoroughly Saxon ancestry, may have received the story.

"Leicester Chronicle," Feb. 12th, 1853.

On Friday, the 16th inst., a collier was making holiday in this town, and was asked by a tradesman in the market-place why he was not at his usual work. The reply he made was that none of the men had gone to work that day because they had heard the "Seven Whistlers," which he said were birds sent by Providence to warn them of an impending danger, and that when they heard that signal not a man would go down he pit until

BIRDS.

the following day. Upon the tradesman suggesting that the collier's account might all be traced to superstition, the poor collier was offended to find his story called in question, and assured the tradesman that the warning was always to be depended upon, for on the two occasions previous to last Friday, when the Seven Whistlers were heard, some colliers foolishly descended the pit, and two lives were lost on each occasion.

"Leicester Chronicle," 24th March, 1855.

See "Allies' Antiquities and Folk-lore of Worcestershire" (2nd edition), p. 459, where it is stated that the legend has been noticed in the "Athenæum" (for Sept. 19th and Nov. 14th, 1846, pp. 995, 1162, 1163) in connection with a curious account in Grimm's "German Mythology," descriptive of the "Swan Maidens," who are represented as being heard flying through the air at night. *See also* Appendix to the same work (p. 5), where the legend is shown current in Hertfordshire. *See also* Henderson's "Folk-lore of Northern Counties," p. 131. The superstition is referred to by Spenser in the "Faerie Queen," by Scott in the "Lady of the Lake" ["The Signal Whistlers"], and more than once by Wordsworth ["The Seven Birds that never part," &c.].

See also *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1856, pt. i., pp. 38-40. "Gentleman's Magazine Library," *Popular Superstitions*, p. 135. Also see Leland's "English Gipsies and their language," 2nd ed., 1874, p. 218, where the gipsy story of the "Seven Whistlers" is given. The author refers to a similar superstition in Lord Lytton's "Harold." Ed.

EGGS. *Eggs Unlucky.*—There are many farmers' wives, even in the present day, who would never dream of allowing eggs to be brought into the house, or taken out of it, after dark, this being deemed extremely unlucky. "Cuthbert Bede" mentions the case of a famer's wife in Rutland who received a *setting* of ducks' eggs from a neighbour at nine o'clock at night. "I cannot imagine how she could have been so foolish," said the good woman, much distressed; and her visitor, upon inquiry, was told that ducks' eggs brought into a house after sunset would never be hatched.

C. G. Leland, "Gypsy Sorcery and Fortune Telling." Quoted in "Leicestershire Notes and Queries," vol. ii., p. 2.

BATS. *Hat Bat.*—The bloody bat, *Vespertilio noctula;* the largest English specimen.

Evans, p. 168

Village children sing when they see a bat—

"Hat-bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a piece of bacon."

From Mrs. Bernard Ellis. (See Northall, 324. Ed.)

CATS. Cats suck the breath of children and so kill them.

From Mrs. J. D. Paul.

LAMBS. If the first lamb you see in the spring faces you, you will have good luck for the remainder of the year.

From a native of Woodhouse.

If you turn your money in your pocket when you see the first lamb of the season, you will have money in your purse for the rest of the year.

From the same.

PIGS. It is unlucky to kill a pig in the wane of the moon; if it is done, the pork will shrink in boiling.

From Mrs. J. D. Paul.

See also under "Leechcraft." [Charm against Drunkenness.]

DEVIL'S COACH-HORSE. *Zoerius oleus Ocypus oleus* (L)—This unprepossessing insect is considered an harbinger of ill-luck.

Evans, p. 137.

SHEEP. *Sheep.*—I have heard of a *bone* taken from a *sheep's skull* being kept in the pocket to keep away disease, but I do not know the name of the bone nor of the disease.

From Miss S. A. Squires.

HORSES. *White Horse.*—To meet a white horse without spitting at it (spitting averts all evil consequences) is considered very unlucky in the Midland counties.

Black, "Folk Medicine," p. 117.

ADDERS. *Adder-skin.*—"It'll bring you good luck to hang an ether-skin o'er the chimbly" Heard in Leicestershire.

"Notes and Queries," vii., p. 152. "Choice Notes" (Folk-Lore), p. 243.

For Vipers and Serpents *see* under "Tree and Plant Superstitions."

DOG. The howling of a dog at night under the window of a sick-room is looked upon as a warning of death's being near.

From Mrs. J. D. Paul.

For Spiders, Mice, Snails, Cows, *see* under "Superstitions."

For Cocks, Cats, Hares, Bulls, Sheep, *see* under "Festival Customs."

For Cats *see also* under "Caves" and "Witchcraft."

For Snails *see also* under "Games."

For Doves *see* under "Buildings."

(*d*) GOBLINDOM.

Buried people are believed to walk as ghosts, or "come again" as the phrase is. GHOSTS.

"Maaster! Maaster! Theer's Mister Thorold i' the church-yaad!"

"Why, my boy Mr. Thorold's been dead and buried this fortnight or more."

"Ah knoo a 'as, but a cooms agen very bad! An' a's theer anow!"

At Scalford, 1853.

Evans, p. 127.

Ghost at Kilncote.—If an account of the *very best ghost* which ever made its appearance in England be worthy of *reappearing* in your magazine, I will raise it. It appeared for several years, but very seldom, only in the church-porch at Kilncote, in Leicestershire, and was discovered by a lady now living, and *then* the rector's wife.

N.B.—It was not a ghost that would appear *ad libitum*; sometimes it did not appear for four years. The lady determined to approach it; and the nearer she advanced the more confident she was that the substance or shade of a human figure was before her.

"Gentleman's Magazine Library," "Popular Superstitions," p. 197.

(From the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1790, part ii., p. 521.)

The Mansion House at Cotes.—Tradition talks of its haunted cellars.

Nichols III. 368.

A rare tract by Philip Stubbes, author of the "Anatomy of Abuses," informs us how in June, 1581, "the devil very strangely appeared to a woman named Joane Bowser, dwelling at Castle

GHOSTS. Donington," the incidents of which event are set forth in a long poem.

Kelly's "Notices," p. 114, note.

[The poem is given at length in the "Leicester Chronicle" for March 6th, 1875. Ed.]

The Bloody Tomb at Hinckley.—Children and strangers used to be taken in April to see the "bloody tears" on the inscription (on this tomb, that of Richard Smith, died April 12th, 1727); and certainly it appeared as if every letter had "gouts of blood, which were not there before," and which in course of time disappeared. People were told how this young man had been killed by a recruiting sergeant in Duck-puddle for some light jest; and yearly this stone cried for vengeance. (This appearance caused by washing down of friable bits of red sandstone in the wall.)

"Leicester Chronicle," June 20th, 1874.

Apparition.—"Also this same yere (13th Ed. IV.) ther was a voyce, cryenge in the heyre, betwyx Laicetur (Leicester), and Bambury, Upper Dunmothe, and in dyverse other places, herde a long tyme cryinge 'Bowes! Bowes!' which was herde of xl. menne; and some menne saw that he that cryed soo was *a hedles manne;* and many other dyverse tokenes have been schewede in Englande this yere, for amendynge of mennys lyvynge."

"Warkworth's Chronicle," p. 24.

Quoted by Kelly, "Royal Progresses," p. 231.

Haunted Houses.—House near East Gates haunted by the ghost of Mrs. Smalley who died 1727. The ghost was finally laid by the Vicar of St. Martin's.

See "Throsby's History," p. 183, and "Leicester Chronicle," 28th November, 1874.

Two houses in St. Martin's Churchyard about 1800. In one of these the bells used to ring without visible or traceable cause.

House in Friar Lane about 1820. (Invisible persons walked about with heavy shoes—origin never detected.) GHOSTS.

House in Sanvy Gate about 1860. (No details.)

"Leicester Chronicle," 28th November and 5th December, 1874.

[*See* other instances in the same newspaper for 26th December, 1874, 2nd January, 1875 (two houses at Kibworth), 9th January, 1874 (Earl Shilton), 23rd January, 1875), Snareston Old Hall pulled down about 1835 because nobody would live in it, on account of its being haunted.]

Goblindom at Hinckley.—The moats, or "motts," originally the old fish stews, belonging to the Priory by the "Old Hall," now part of the Vicarage grounds, have gradually disappeared, though they may still be partly traced. In a conversation with our much-respected and venerable ex-sexton, old Tom Paul (eighty-six years old), he remembered the old "motts" well. . . . I also obtained from him a very interesting piece of folk-lore, and which, as a lad, I had often heard talked of, but never could understand before. It was enacted at "the Old Hall" before mentioned. He said he had often heard his mother (who lived to a great age) relate how a child had been flogged to death there, and she remembered hearing its cries, having resided near to or adjoining the churchyard at the time, and this poor child's spirit haunted the place afterwards; and, in order to "lay the spirit," I understood a certain number of ministers had to be got together in the room where the affair took place, a short religious ceremony was gone through, and they proceeded to "lay the spirit," by exorcising and enticing it into a bottle, securely corked, which was afterwards thrown into the "motts," and I perfectly well remember hearing lads say that at night there could be heard buzzing or humming on the surface.

There was also another very similar story relating to Lash Hill and the pit there, on the foot-road to Burbage. A well-known character who attended the fairs, statutes, and dances, when

GHOSTS. returning to Burbage at night invariably "fiddled himself" past this spot to appease and charm the spirits there.

From a paper on "Old Hinckley," by Mr. Thomas Harrold: "Transactions of the Leicestershire Archæological Society," vi., p. 334.

The Scholar's Bridge Ghost.—About midway between Sapcote and Stoney Stanton, over a rivulet, is a stone arch called *Scholar's Bridge* about which supernatural appearances are said to have been seen; and, though such appearances are generally exploded, the Scholar's Bridge Ghost has been for ages and still continues a nightly terror to many of the inhabitants of both these villages.

Nichols IV., 899, *see also* 970.

See also Nichols II., 301 (at Redmile Field), III., 800, 801 (Water turned into Blood at Garendon, A.D. 1645), III., 1018 (at Shepeshead), III., 1083, 1084 (Healing through miraculous voice at Cropston, A.D. 1706), III., 1133 (Ghost of Sir George Villiers, Leicestershire, appears to Mr. Parker), IV., 549 (before Bosworth Field Battle, A.D. 1485), IV., 798 (at Markfield, A.D. 1659).

FAIRIES. Mr. Harris said the children were always careful to leave the St. John's Stone before dark, as they thought the fairies came to dance on the stone.

See "Sacred Stones."

Mill-hill (Stoney-Stanton) was formerly famous for fairy rings and fairy dances . . . . about which some old people in the neighbourhood tell many wonderful traditionary tales to this day.

Nichols IV., 970.

See "Witch-stone."

(e) WITCHCRAFT.

Witchcraft in Leicestershire.—In the accounts for the year 1596 (for the Town of Leicester) is the following entry, illustrating with horrible significance the superstitious feeling of the age on the subject of witchcraft, and the judicial murders frequently perpetrated on the accused:—"Itm. pd. for the charge of meate and drinke of old Mother Cooke, being kept in the Hall V dayes at the suite of Mr. Edward Saunders, upon suspicion of witchyre, who was afterwards removed to the Countye gaiole, and was for the same arrayned, condemned, and hanged, ijs. vjd."* Twenty years afterwards (18th July, 1616,) nine unfortunate women were tried at our assizes before Justice Winch and Serjeant Crew, convicted and executed for this supposed crime; † and some very curious particulars relative to their trial are given in a letter from Alderman Robert Heyrick to his brother Sir William, jeweller to James I. The letter, slightly altered and modernised in the orthography by the late Mr. James Thompson, is given in his "History of Leicester," vol. i., p. 344. WITCHES. 1596. 1616.

About the same date six others were imprisoned for the same offence, one of whom died in gaol, and five were set at liberty. They were examined before the mayor and justices, and a Dr. Lambe. The King came to Leicester on the 16th August in this year, and having personally examined the boy who counterfeited to have been bewitched, detected the imposture, and the judges were "discountenanced," and fell into disgrace; as we learn by Chamberlain's letters to Sir Dudley Carleton. This, no doubt, led to the liberation of the five women (mentioned above) on the 15th October. So little evidence was required for con-

* See Nichols' "Leicestershire," I., 406. Ed.

† *Ibid.*, I., 425. Ed.

WITCHES. demning a witch, that we find by "Scott's Discovery" it was held, "that if she have the witch's mark upon her body it is presumption sufficient for the judge to proceed and give sentence of *death*
1650. upon her!" In 1650, as we learn from a manuscript among the Hall papers, this test was tried in this town upon a female named Chettle, who was fortunate enough to escape conviction. She was examined by four of the townswomen, who stated "that they had diligently searched the said Ann Chettle from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and found her to be clear of any suspicion." Two years later, however, a warrant was again issued for her apprehension to answer another charge, but the result is not recorded. Several other documents relating to witchcraft are
1620. to be found among the Borough MSS. In 1620 a singular charge of sorcery, murder, perjury, and other crimes, was brought by one Christopher Monck, his "familiar," against Gilbert Smith, rector of Swithland, and enforced by petitions to the King and the
1635. recorder; and in July, 1635, a poor woman named Agnes Tedsall was tried at the assizes on a charge of having caused the death of Richard Lindsey by witchcraft, but was acquitted. Even so
1717. recently as the summer assizes of 1717, Jane Clarke, of Great Wigston, and her son and daughter, were put upon their trial at Leicester for the crime of witchcraft.

"Leicestershire Notes and Queries," i., pp. 245-7.
Kelly's "Royal Progresses," p. 367.

1760. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1760, vol. xxx., p. 346, we read: "Two persons concerned in ducking for witches all the poor old women in Glen and Burton Overy were sentenced to stand in the pillory at Leicester.

See another instance which happened at Earl Shilton in Leicestershire, in 1776, in the *Scots' Magazine* for that year, vol. xxxviii., p. 390.
Brand's "Popular Antiquities," iii., p. 35.

(*See also* post extract from *Journal.*)

The Witches of Belvoir.—On the 11th of March, 16$\frac{1}{1}\frac{8}{9}$ two women, named Margaret and Philippa Flower, were burnt at Lincoln for the alleged crime of witchcraft. With their mother, Joan Flower, they had been confidential servants of the Earl and Countess of Rutland at Belvoir Castle. Dissatisfaction with their employers seems to have gradually seduced these three women into the practice of hidden arts in order to obtain revenge. According to their own confession, they had entered into communion with familiar spirits, by which they were assisted in their wicked designs. Joan Flower, the mother, had hers in the bodily form of a cat, which she called *Rutterkin*. They used to get the hair of a member of the family and burn it; they would steal one of his gloves and plunge it in boiling water, or rub it on the back of Rutterkin, in order to effect bodily harm to its owner. They would also use frightful imprecations of wrath and malice towards the objects of their hatred. In these ways they were believed to have accomplished the death of Lord Rosse, the Earl of Rutland's son, besides inflicting frightful sicknesses upon other members of the family. WITCHES OF BELVOIR. 1618.

It was long before the earl and countess, who were an amiable couple, suspected any harm in these servants, although we are told that for some years there was a manifest change in the countenance of the mother, a diabolic expression being assumed. At length, at Christmas, 1618, the noble pair became convinced that they were the victims of a hellish plot, and the three women were apprehended, taken to Lincoln gaol, and examined. The mother loudly protested innocence, and, calling for bread and butter, wished it might choke her if she were guilty of the offences laid to her charge. Immediately, taking a piece into her mouth, she fell down dead, probably, as we may allowably conjecture, overpowered by consciousness of the contrariety between these protestations and the guilty design which she had entertained in her mind.

Margaret Flower, on being examined, acknowledged that she had stolen the glove of the young heir of the family, and given

WITCHES OF BELVOIR.

it to her mother, who stroked Rutterkin with it, dipped it in hot water, and pricked it; whereupon Lord Rosse fell ill and suffered extremely. In order to prevent Lord and Lady Rutland from having any more children, they had taken some feathers from their bed, and a pair of gloves, which they boiled in water mingled with a little blood. In all these particulars, Philippa corroborated her sister. Both women admitted that they had familiar spirits, which came and sucked them at various parts of their bodies; and they also described visions of devils in various forms which they had had from time to time.

Associated with the Flowers in their horrible practices were three other women, of the like grade in life:—Anne Baker, of Bottesford; Joan Willimot, of Goodby; and Ellen Greene, of Stathorne, all in the county of Leicester, whose confessions were much to the same purpose. Each had her own familiar spirits to assist in working out her malignant designs against her neighbours. That of Joan Willimot was called *Pretty*. It had been blown into her mouth by her master, William Berry, in the form of a fairy, and immediately after came forth again and stood on the floor in the shape of a woman, to whom she forthwith promised that her soul should be enlisted in the infernal service. On one occasion, at Joan Flower's house, she saw two spirits, one like an owl, the other like a rat, one of which sucked her under the ear. This woman, however, protested that, for her part, she only employed her spirit in inquiring after the health of persons whom she had undertaken to cure. Greene confessed to having had a meeting with Willimot in the woods, when the latter called two spirits into their company, one like a kitten, the other like a mole, which, on her being left alone, mounted on her shoulders and sucked her under the ears. She had then sent them to bewitch a man and woman who had reviled her, and who accordingly died within a fortnight. Anne Baker seems to have been more of a visionary than any of the rest. She once saw a hand, and heard a voice from the air; she had been visited with a flash of fire; all of them ordinary occurrences in the annals of

hallucination. She also had a spirit, but as she alleged, a beneficent one, in the form of a white dog. WITCHES OF BELVOIR.

* * * * *

The examinations of these wretched women were taken by magistrates of rank and credit, and, when the judges came to Lincoln, the two surviving Flowers were duly tried and, on their own confessions, condemned to death by the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Sir Henry Hobart.

From "The Book of Days," edited by R. Chambers, 1864, vol. i., page 356.

(This account is taken from a pamphlet reprinted in full in Nichols' "Leicestershire," vol. ii., Appendix No. ix., page 69.

See also Nichols, III., 517, quoting Howells' Letters to Sir E. Spencer, 1647.

See also Thomas Wright, "Narratives of Sorcery and Magic," 2nd edition, 1851, vol. ii., pp. 119—125. Ed.)

Two hundred years ago the belief in witchcraft was prevalent throughout the county (Leicestershire). Some horrible transactions took place at Husband's Bosworth, and before that time seven poor creatures were burnt in Woman's Lane, Leicester, from which circumstance it has retained this name till lately.* WITCHES.

Nichols has given a minute account of an affair of this sort at Belvoir Castle. Jane Flower and her daughter were laundresses to the Earl of Rutland, and were dismissed for some misconduct. Soon after, the eldest son, Henry Lord Rosse, fell sick, and it was

* In a letter from Alderman Robt. Heyrick to his brother Sir Wm. Heyrick, 18th July, 1616, he says, "We have been occupied five days at the assize in trying witches, nine of which will be executed for bewitching the son, thirteen years old, of Mr. Smythe, of Husband Bosworth. He was shown to the judges and had a fit at the time. Sir Henry Hastings could not hold him. The court ordered the several witches to exercise their spirit upon the boy, when he would neigh like a horse, or mew like a cat, according to the spirit that was within him."—Nichols' "History of Leicestershire," vol. ii., pp. 471, 471*.

WITCHES. supposed that in revenge these women had bewitched him; especially as the countenance of the mother "had become estranged, and her eyes fiery and hollow, so that no doubt was entertained that she was a witch." After his death, the second son and Lady Catherine were attacked with fits, and it was believed that they also were tormented by Flower and her daughter. They were apprehended about Christmas, 1617, and committed to Lincoln gaol by Sir George Manners, Sir Henry Hastings, and Samuel Flemming, doctor in divinity, upon the depositions of some silly women; tried at the March assizes, before Sir Henry Hobart and Sir Edward Brumley, judges, for the destruction of Henry Lord Rosse with their damnable practices; and they were both hanged at Lincoln.

19TH CENTURY. It is not thirty years since the mother of the master of St. George's School, Leicester, a respectable old woman, was dragged through a pond at Wellingboro' on the supposition that she was a witch. Ignorance of a lesser kind still prevails in the illiterate corners of the county. When the ague was common, Headley, a baker near St. Nicholas Church, made a small revenue by selling charms for that complaint; and a workman of ours, Thomas Rask, who lived in the Northgate Street, was constantly applied to for the discovery of things stolen or lost, and found conjuring more profitable than stocking making.

W. Gardiner, "Music and Friends," 1838, vol. i., pp. 406—8.

1776. "A correspondent has favoured us with the following paragraph, and which we are assured is a fact:—A woman of the parish of Earl-Shilton, in the county of Leicester, has been subject for some years to a disorder resembling that which is said to proceed from the bite of the tarantula, and so astonishing is the ignorance of many, that they imagine that she has been bewitched by an old woman in the neighbouring village of Aston. On Thursday the 20th of June last, the afflicted, her husband, and son, went to the old woman, and, with dreadful imprecations, threatened to destroy her instantly unless she would submit to have blood

drawn from some part of her body, and unless she would give the woman a blessing, and remove her disorder; the son, who is a soldier, drew his sword, and pointing to her breast, swore he would plunge it into her heart if she did not immediately comply; when the old woman had gone through this ceremony they went off; but the person not being cured, they collected a great number of people, and on Monday last returned to Aston, pretending to have a warrant to justify their proceedings; then, with uncommon brutality, they took the poor old creature from her house, stripped her quite naked, and, after tying her hands and legs together, threw her into a horse-pond. She was then taken out, and in this shameful condition exhibited for the sport of an inhuman mob. As she did not sink in the water, they concluded that she was really a witch, and several returned on the following day, determined to discipline her in this cruel manner until they should put an end to her wretched existence; the posse was not deemed sufficiently strong, so that she escaped for that time; . . . the consideration of the old woman being more than 80 years of age, of her being a pauper and friendless . . . render it the duty of magistrates . . . to exert themselves to bring to condign punishment these atrocious offenders." WITCHES.

Leicester and Nottingham Journal, July 6th, 1776.

[*See also* Nichols, IV., 778. Ed.]

From the diary of Humphrey Michel, 1707-11:

"June 11, 1709, being St. Barnabas' Festival and Whitsun Eve, one Thomas Holmes, of Horninghold, a labourer, was dowsed three times for a witch, and did not sink, but swam, though his hands and feet and head were all tyed fast together; and all this was done in the Dungeon Pit in Blaston, before 500 people (they say), and by commutation of punishment for stealing Mr. Atkin's malt." 1709.

"June 17, being Whitsun week, one Elizabeth Ridgway and Jane Barlow, of Horninghold, were both by consent dowsed for

WITCHES. witches, and did not sink, but swam, though their hands and feet were tyed together—before some thousands of people at the Dungeon Pit in Blaston lordship."

"June 18. The said Jane Barlow, 40 years old, would be dowsed again to clear herself, but in the great close pond, because she said that was not enchanted as Dungeon Pit (she said) was; and yet, in the sight of many hundreds of people and myself, she did not sink there but swam again, though she was ty'd as before; and one Mary Palmer, her sister, a cripple from her cradle, almost 42 years old, was dowsed there for a witch several times, and, though bound hands and feet, did not swim, but sank immediately, like a stone, before us all."

"Aug. 15, 1709. One ffrances Sharp, the wife of Thomas Sharp, was buryed, and was in all probability bewitched to death by one Widow Ridgway; for the other confessed that the said Ridgway appeared to her in very terrible shapes, and before she dyed she neither ate nor drank of eleven days, but said she could have done both very heartily but that the little thing in her bosom told her she must do neither; and while the white witch of Kibworth, one Clow, had ordered a charm to be sewed, and kept it in her shift about her bosom, she did eat and drink, but when she scratched it away, she never ate nor drank more. Witnesses, her own sister, her sister's daughter, &c."

"Oct. 2, 1709. A wench of the widow Barlow, a supposed witch, went out of the church when I had named and read my text, Deut., chap. 18, where is the word 'witch.'"

"Transactions of the Architectural and Archæol. Societies," vol. i., pp. 377, 378.

Wymeswold.—It is commonly believed in this town, that about 80 or 100 years ago, there were several witches, of whom the old inhabitants relate strange stories.

Nichols, III., 504.

See "Witch-stone."

(*f*) LEECHCRAFT.

(1) To rub them three times with the rind of *stolen bacon*. The rind was then to be nailed up on some outside wall, and, as it dried up, the wart would dry up likewise. WART CHARMS.

From Mrs. J. D. Paul.

(2) I remember in Leicestershire seeing the following charm employed for the removal of a number of warts on my brother, a child about five years old. In the month of April or May he was taken to an *ash-tree* by a lady, who carried also a paper of fresh pins; one of these was first stuck through the bark, and then pressed through the wart, until it produced pain; it was then taken out and stuck into the tree. Each wart was thus treated, a separate pin being used for each. The warts certainly disappeared in about six weeks. I saw the same tree a year or two ago, when it was very thickly studded over with old pins, each the index of a cured wart.

T. J., "Notes and Queries," vii., 81; "Choice Notes," ("Folk-Lore"), p. 252.

[*See* "Folk-Lore Record," vol. i., pp. 158 and 224; Northall's "English Folk Rhymes," p. 136. Ed.]

(3) Get a *black snail*, rub it on the wart, then stick it on a thorn until it dies.

From a native of West Leicestershire.

(4) Take the pod of a *broad-bean*, rub it on the wart, then either bury it or throw it over the shoulder without looking back.

From a native of Woodville, near Ashby-le-la-Zouch.

WART CHARMS. (5) Cut an *apple* in halves, rub the wart with the cut parts, bury the apple in a secret place; as it decays, so will the wart.

From a native of Woodhouse.

(6) It is believed by the peasantry that a sanatory power is imparted to the *wedding ring*, so that any growth like a wart on the skin may be removed by rubbing a wedding ring upon them.

I have known this cure applied several times, in the case of a stye in the eye.

From Mrs. J. D. Paul.

See also under "Witch-stone."

CHURCH-YARD MOULD. *Churchyard Mould a cure for Rheumatism.*—"This day a very odd experiment was tried upon a young man about twenty-five years of age, who was much afflicted with the rheumatism. He was ordered to be buried in the earth for two hours, naked, his face only uncovered; which operation was accordingly performed, and he lay the time. The man says he feels himself much better; it is said he is to be buried again to-morrow for three hours."

From the *Leicester and Nottingham Journal*, May 13th, 1775.

VARIOUS. *Docks and Nettles.*—When a lad is stung by a nettle, he generally searches for a dock (*rumex obtusifolius*), with the leaves of which he whips the part affected, repeating the words

"In, dock! out, nettle!"

a word with every blow.

Evans, p. 139.

(*See* Northall, p. 131. Ed.)

Spiders.—"Being in the country in the vacation time not many years since at Lindly, in Leicestershire, my father's house, I first

observed this amulet, of a spider in a nutshell lapped up in silk, &c., so applied for an ague by my mother." CHARMS.

Burton, "Anatomy of Melancholy," part ii., section 5, sub-section 6.

Burton adds a note, "Mistress Dorothy Burton, she died 1629."

(*See* Evans, p. 183.

Black, "Folk-Medicine," Folk-Lore Society, 1883, p. 59. Ed.)

Swallowing Shot.—A recognised remedy for the "raisin' o' the loights" (*i.e.* heart-burn).

Evans, p. 186.

Fried Mice are an infallible cure for whooping cough.

(So in N.E. Lincolnshire: Black, "Folk-Medicine," p. 159. Ed.)

Fried mice eaten for quinsy.

From a Leicestershire servant.

Charm for Whooping-Cough.—To seat the patient on a donkey with its (*sic*) face towards its tail, and give him a *roast mouse* to eat. It is hardly necessary to say that he must not know what he is eating. The same practice has prevailed in Leicestershire. . . . ."

Henderson, "Folk-Lore of Northern Counties," p. 144.

Silverweed (*Potentilla anserina*).—Used in Leicestershire for removing marks of small-pox.

"Folk-Lore Record," i., p. 185, quoting Hardwicke's "Science Gossip," ii., p. 163.

Pegging Calves.—The custom of "pegging" calves or yearlings "for the black leg," which in my remembrance was so common as to be almost universal, is now rapidly dying out. It was performed either in the ear or the dewlap. In the former case, a

CHARMS. hole was either punched or burnt with a hot iron through the ear, generally on the first Friday after the birth of the calf. In the latter, a hole was burnt through both skins of the dewlap when the animal was a year or sometimes two years old. In both cases a twist of horsehair about five inches long was inserted through the hole and secured with a wooden peg at each end. This twist was moved backwards and forwards once a week like a seton, and occasional dressings were applied. The disease itself, called in Sussex a "pook," is a congestion of the blood-vessels of the leg, which entirely discolours the flesh, and is incurable. An animal attacked by it is called a "black-leg," a term metaphorically applied to the victim of mortal disease.

Evans, p. 210.

Charm against Drunkenness.—"An almanac for 1678, calculated by John Goldsmith, in which were some curious manuscripts notes, receipts, &c., among which the following rather singular one:—

"'Take the lungs of an hog; roast it; whosoever eateth thereof fasting shall not be drunk that day, how liberally soever hee takes his drinks.'"

"Transactions of Leicestershire Architectural and Archæological Societies," vol. iii., p. 13.

Charming for frost, whooping-cough, fits, &c.—The operator, generally an old woman, draws a circle round the sufferer's face nine times with her fore-finger, pausing each time at the centre of the forehead and the chin, her lips moving silently during the performance. (My friends remember their younger sister being charmed for whooping-cough. The house was made scrupulously clean and tidy, the children were dressed in their best, with clean white pinafores, they sat on stools and were not allowed to utter a word while the old woman charmed the baby that the mother held on her knee.)

(It would be very interesting to discover the words of the charm, but the charm was supposed to be of non-effect, if the words were known—not to be a charm in fact; probably they were transmitted from mother to daughter as a treasure to be secretly guarded, and may now be irrecoverably lost, but I shall still prosecute inquiries, hoping to gain some light on the subject.) CHARMS.

From Miss S. A. Squires.

In the early part of the reign of Charles the First, before he began to quarrel with his subjects about religion, he used to make tours through the country. In coming to a large town he would announce that persons afflicted with the king's evil, upon being properly recommended, might approach him and receive a cure by the Royal touch.* TOUCHING FOR THE KING'S EVIL.

Our Leicester historian, Throsby, who was clerk of St. Martin's, informs us that till of late years there hung up in the vestry a Royal manifesto, stating that all persons, on procuring a certificate from the churchwarden or minister, might repair to London and receive the benefit of the Royal touch.†

This proclamation emanated from a court held at Whitehall, when not less than twenty of the privy councillors were present. It further ordered that the times of healing should be from the feast of Allhallows till a week before Christmas, and after Christmas till the 15th day of March; and, when his Majesty

* When King Charles was at Belvoir, his chamberlain, Lord Pembroke, wrote to the High Sheriff of Staffordshire the King's commands, that no fern should be burnt at the time he was about to visit them, as he understood it brought down rain; not doubting his people would consider his Majesty's comfort, they would forbear all burning of fern till he had passed through that county, and would be ready to observe his Majesty's commands.

† Charles the Second, in five years, touched more than twenty-three thousand persons; the bishops assisted with a sort of heathenish service for the occasion. This superstitious ceremony was performed in public, and we are told that, as soon as prayers were ended, the Duke of Buckingham brought a towel, and the Earl of Pembroke a basin and ewer, and after they had made obeisance to his Majesty, kneeled down till he had washed. [The form of service and other particulars may be found in Beckett's "Touching for the Cure of the King's Evil," London, 1722. Ed.]

KING'S EVIL.

shall think fit to go any progress, he will be pleased to appoint such other times for healing as shall be convenient. The bishops were charged to see that this act for performing this great charity should be hung up in all churches.

From "Music and Friends," by William Gardiner, 1838, vol. i., p. 409.

See also under "Witchcraft."

(*g*) MAGIC AND DIVINATION.

THE KEY IN THE BIBLE.

Take the house door-key, and place the ward in the Bible over "The Song of Solomon," ch. viii. ver. vii. Close the book, leaving the ring of the key out at the top; tie the garter of the right leg tightly round the Bible, then place the third finger of each hand under the ring of the key, and hold the Bible suspended while repeating these words: "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it. If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned."

If the Bible turn round, the one who holds it will marry; if it continues stationary, she will remain single.

After this formula has been gone through, if the Bible and key are placed under the pillow, the sleeper will dream of his or her future partner.

After placing the key in the Bible if you wish to ascertain the initial letter of the future husband's name, repeat, "If my true love's name begins with A, turn Bible, turn key," and so on through all the letters of the alphabet until the Bible and key turn.

From a native of Woodhouse.

(*See* Northall, p. 124. Ed.)

DREAMS.

Before retiring to rest, place the shoes in the form of a T, the

toe of one touching the instep of the other, and if you repeat these words you will dream of your true love— DREAMS.

"I set my shoes in the form of a T,
Hoping to dream who my true love is to be;
The shape of his body the colour of his hair,
The Sunday clothes that he does wear."

Another version—

"I set my shoes in the form of a T,
Hoping this night my true love to see,
Not in costly apparel or lordly array,
But in the clothes he wears every day."

Another version—

"T, T, T, as I set thee,
Hoping my true love to see,
Whether I sleep or whether I wake,
I hope my true love to see."

[See Northall, p. 120. Ed.]

Cut the *finger-nails* and place them under the pillow, will dream of the future husband.

To dream of a wedding is a sign of a death.

To dream of a death, a sign of a wedding.

From two ladies, aged seventy-two and seventy-four respectively, natives of Woodhouse.

Dragon's Blood.—Buy a pennyworth of dragon's blood from a chemist, sprinkle the powder in the fire any night when the clock is striking twelve, and your future husband or wife will appear. DRAGON'S BLOOD.

(When Mrs. ——— was a girl she tried this charm one night while the clock was striking twelve, and upon turning from the fire she saw the figure of a man, resembling the one who afterwards became her husband, become embodied out of the air, then gradually fade away. She was so terrified that she never attempted

DRAGON'S BLOOD.

the charm again. Mrs. ——— is firmly convinced that she saw this apparition.)

[*See* Northall, p. 157. Ed.]

Dragon's Blood and Quicksilver.—If a young girl has lost the affection of her lover, she can regain it by throwing dragon's blood and quicksilver into the fire as the clock strikes twelve at midnight and at the same time wishing for his return to her.

From Miss S. A. Squires.

LOVE CHARMS.

Love Charms.—There is still a stout belief in the power of a person who makes use of a love charm to draw that person to her side. A lady (aged 70) told me that when she was young a young man, whose affection she did not reciprocate, came to her father's house one evening and asked her if she had been "trying a charm." She indignantly repudiated the idea, but he would not accept her word. "You must have done so," he insisted, "for not all the powers of hell could have kept me from you to-night."

From Miss S. A. Squires.

THE CROSS.

If a fire does not burn well, and you want to draw it up, you should set the poker across the hearth, with the fore part leaning across the top bar of the grate, and you will have a good fire if you wait long enough; but you must not be unreasonable, and refuse to give time for the charm to work. For a charm it is, the poker and top bar combined forming a cross, and so defeating the malice of the gnomes, who are jealous of our possession of their subterranean treasure; or else of the witches and demons who preside over smoky chimneys.

From Mrs. J. D. Paul.

See also under "Festival Customs" (Miscellaneous) and "Animal Superstitions" (Birds).

MID-SUMMER EVE CHARMS.

Midsummer Eve.—At midnight if a young girl went into the garden and plucked a sage-leaf each time the clock struck until the twelfth note had sounded, the apparition of her future husband would appear. If the girl is not destined to be married a coffin

will appear. My informant said that when she was in service in the country the cook and housemaid, her fellow servants, tried this charm. The housemaid saw a coffin; she has not been married. The cook saw her lover. This same lover came to see his betrothed as early as five o'clock the next morning, declaring that he had not been able to rest during the night, and that he was compelled to seek his affianced as soon as it was light. MID-SUMMER EVE CHARMS.

Miss S. A. Squires.

Midsummer Eve.—If a young girl wished to see her future husband, she would lay the table for twelve guests on Midsummer Eve, and invite ten of her friends, each of whom would take a place at the table, the girl who desired to see her future husband occupying the seat next to the vacant chair. They would sit in silence with their eyes fixed upon their plates. If one of them spoke the spell was broken. The doors of the house were wide open. When the clock struck twelve an apparition appeared—the future husband—who took possession of the place reserved for him at the board by the side of his prospective wife. Sometimes instead of the husband a funeral procession passed through the room, and the corpse would take a seat next to the girl, who would die before the end of the year.

From Woodhouse Eaves. Miss S. A. Squires.

(One old lady told me that she tried this "charm" when she was a young girl. She and others sat silent for hours. When the clock struck twelve they heard footsteps approaching, whereupon they became so terrified that they all sprang up and rushed to their respective bedrooms.—S. A S.)

Wedding Ring.—A large mince-pie, in which a wedding-ring and a button have been placed, the upper crust marked in squares with a knife before cooking. When served at table, whoever has the piece containing the wedding-ring will be married first of the company, the one to whom the button falls will be an old maid—if a gentleman, a bachelor. WEDDING RINGS.

From a native of Woodhouse.

The Wise Woman of Leicester.—*See* Henderson, p. 244.

See also under "Animal Superstitions" [Birds], "Superstitions Generally."

(*h*) SUPERSTITIONS GENERALLY.

SUPERSTITIONS.

If you break two things you will break a third.

Many persons on the first appearance of the new moon will turn the money in their pockets for luck.

If it rain on S. Swithin's day it will rain for forty days.

To see the "old moon in the arms of the new one" is reckoned a sign of fine weather.

Jacob's Ladder.—The streaks of light often seen when the sun shines through broken clouds are believed to be pipes reaching into the sea, and the water is supposed to be drawn up through them into the clouds, ready to be discharged in the shape of rain. This phenomenen is sometimes called "Jacob's Ladder," also "the sun drawing water," and is considered a sure sign of rain.

Evans, p. 177.

Infant's Caul is worn as a safeguard against drowning. (Sailors often give a high price for one.)

It is lucky to put on any article of dress, particularly stockings, inside out; but if you wish the omen to hold good, you must continue to wear the reversed portion of your attire in that condition till the regular time comes for pulling it off—that is either bedtime or cleaning yourself. If you set it right you will

"change the luck." It will be of no use to put on anything with the wrong side out on purpose. SUPERSTITIONS.

The clothes of the dead will never wear long.

If you would have good luck, you must wear something new on Easter Sunday.

From Mrs. J. D. Paul.

It is very unlucky to fold up your clothes carefully at night. The reason assigned is that by so doing you fold up the day's sins with them.

From a Leicestershire domestic servant.

There is a doggrel* concerning cutting *the nails*, but the only part of this I have heard here is a variant of the last line, "Cut them on Sunday, and you'll have the devil with you all the week."

I well remember being scolded by a servant for cutting my nails on Sunday, because it was "buttering the devil's pie-dish."

From Mrs. J. D. Paul.

[See Northall, 172. Ed.]

Mothers-Stone or Mothering-Stone, i.e., conglomerate; "pudding-stone;" "breeding-stone" (*Herts*). The belief that stones grow in size by degrees is almost universal, and the small pebbles found in conglomerates are generally recognised as *ova*, which under favourable auspices will ultimately be developed into boulders.

Evans, p. 196.

[I have found it all but impossible to eradicate this belief from one Leicester boy's mind. Ed.]

Cows.—A mite towards an history of the force of imagination in brutes: A Mr. William Chamberlain, an intelligent farmer and

* See Chambers' "Book of Days," vol. ii., pp. 321-2.

SUPERSTITIONS.

grazier at Ayleston, in Leicestershire, had six cows that cast calf, occasioned, he thinks, by the miscarriage of *one* in the same pasture, by a kind of contagious sympathy, which common experience, he says, has established as a fact.—W. B.

Gentleman's Magazine, 1784, i., 258.

("Gentleman's Magazine Library," "Popular Superstitions," ed. G. L. Gomme. Elliot Stock, 1884, p. 196.)

Dandelions.—The head of the dandelion covered with seeds is called a clock. The time of day is supposed to be ascertainable by gathering one of these and blowing at it, the number of puffs required to clear off all the seeds corresponding with the hour.

Evans, p. 124.

If you drop a knife, a male visitor will come to the house.
If you drop a spoon, a female visitor will come.

From a Leicestershire domestic servant.

Superstitions generally.—A number of those general superstitions which are to be found all over England are common in Leicestershire. Help to salt, help to sorrow. Spill the salt—a sign of bad luck; you must throw a pinch over left shoulder. Two teaspoons in a cup at the same time—a sign of a wedding. A tablespoon on the floor—a sign of a quarrel. Crossing of knives at table—very unlucky. You mustn't see the new moon for the first time through a window. Turn your money over when you see a new moon. Hair should be cut on first seeing a new moon, to make it grow. Unlucky to leave a white cloth on a table over night, &c., &c.

Death Signs.—Ticking of the death-spider. The continuous howling of a dog. When a clock in a house, at noon or midnight, strikes *thirteen*. If thirteen sit down to dinner, one will die before the end of the year. When apple-trees bloom out of season there will be a death in the family. A winding-sheet in the candle. A

swarm of mice in the house. A coffin-shaped hole in the loaf. To hear the cock crow at night. To dream of riding in a cart and to be greased with bacon.

Signs of a Wedding.—To fall upstairs. If a live coal fall out of the fire near to your feet. If four people meet and cross hands, to shake hands.

New Moons.—"You may see as many new moons at once through a silk handkerchief as there are years before you will marry."

"Notes and Queries," "Choice Notes" (Folk-Lore), p. 244.

The person who sees the new moon for the first time through glass will break some crockery.

The first time you see the *new moon*, bow three times and wish, the wish will be fulfilled.

Bad Luck.—To break a looking-glass will bring seven years' bad luck. Nothing will succeed that is begun on a Friday. To open an umbrella in the house. To put an umbrella on the table. To put the bellows on the table. To be married in black (a lady). To let a baby look in a mirror before it is twelve months old. To walk under a ladder. To see the new moon through glass. To turn the bed over on Sundays will bring bad luck all the week. To turn the salt over. To pass another person on the stairs. To return to a house after having just left it. To boast about anything will cause the luck to turn relating to that particular object; to prevent that, knock under the table. To keep evergreen decorations longer than six weeks after Christmas.

Good Luck.—To find a horse-shoe.

A spark in the candle indicates that the one to whom it points is about to receive a letter. Knock the candlestick, repeating the days of the week from the present day, and at the mention of

SUPERSTITIONS.

whichever one it falls—say Monday, Tuesday—upon that day will the letter be received.

Wish when you eat the *first mince-pie*. As many mince-pies as one eats (each at a different house) so many happy months will he have in a year.

If one person begins to pour out the tea, and another takes charge of the tea-pot to finish, there will be a birth in the family within twelve months.

If a black object, like a thickened spider-web, hangs on the bar, it indicates that a stranger will call at the house.

From Miss S. A. Squires.

(*See* Northall, p. 124. Ed.)

If a maid gets her clothes very wet when she is washing, she will have a drunken husband.

When a maiden's apron string comes untied, her lover is thinking about her.

"If the garter tightens the love heightens,
If the garter slackens, the love backens."

Folding carpets after shaking them; if the last fold is perfectly even with the others, the folder will be married within the year.

If a piece of bread and butter falls from the hand to the floor with the buttered surface downwards, the one who drops it will have no new dress that year.

A piece of stalk, a sweetheart, floating on the top of the tea, take it out, place it on the top of the closed fingers of the left hand, then, with the closed fingers of the right—the little finger end—beat the stalk, repeating at each stroke: 1st, this year; 2nd, next year; 3rd, sometime; 4th, never; at whichever word the stalk adheres to the right hand that will foretell the period of marriage.

SUPERSTITIONS.

A Stranger on the Bar.—Kneel on the hearth, clap the hands close to the little black flag, if the day be Monday, repeat Monday (clap), Tuesday, and so on, through the days of the week; if the "stranger" drop from the bar at the mention of, say Wednesday, then a visitor will appear at the house on that day. (The draught caused by the sudden meeting of the hands will sometimes dislodge the "stranger" from the bar.)

From a native of Woodhouse.

If one who is shelling peas discovers a pod containing nine *perfect* peas, and places it on the lintel of the outer door, the first man who crosses the threshold will become her husband; or she can put the pod containing the peas in the place mentioned, and repeat the name of another person who is in the house (Mary for instance), the first man who enters will become Mary's husband.

(In two instances known to my informant this came true, of course, and caused much after comment and joking.)

The rind of an apple taken off without a fracture, and swung three times round the head of the person who is trying the charm and thrown over the left shoulder, will form the initial letter of the name of her future husband.

The loss of an ornament in the form of a horse-shoe, worn as a charm, reverses the good luck previously enjoyed by the owner.

A horse-shoe nailed on a door renders the evil power of a witch that may enter of non-effect.

A tablespoonful of lead melted and poured into a glass of water, will form a representation of the future home (after marriage) of the one who tries the charm.

Gifts (white spots) on the finger nails. A gift on the thumb is sure to come, a gift on the finger is sure to linger. Thumb a

SUPERSTITIONS.

gift; first finger, a friend; second, a fool; third, a bearing; fourth, a letter to come or a journey to go.

[See Northall, p. 171. Ed.]

A Fortune Trifle.—Put in the trifle, a wedding-ring, a silver thimble, and a threepenny piece. The one who gets the wedding-ring will be married within the year, the one who has the threepenny piece will be a bachelor, and the one to whose lot the thimble falls will be an old maid.

If a young girl writes the names of four gentlemen, each of whom has paid her marked attentions, on a laurel leaf, and places it in water in her bedroom at night, the name which is most legible in the morning is the name of the one she will marry.

From Mrs. Roberts.

A spike of grass gathered in a meadow, with small clusters on either side and one at the top. Anyone wishing to ascertain when he, or she, will marry, will touch a tuft on alternate sides until the terminal tuft is reached, saying: this year, next year, sometime, never (repeat). Position of the future husband: rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief. Trade: tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor. To be married in: silk, satin, muslin, delaine. To drive to church in: coach, carrriage, wheelbarrow, cart.

(This is a frequent pastime with country children when playing in the fields.)

Fruit stones collected on the plate after eating jam or stewed fruit, to 1st stone, this year; 2nd, next year; 3rd, sometime: 4th, never. Period of marriage.

From Miss S. A. Squires.

Thedingworth.—It is believed that, if the church clock strikes

during sermon, someone in the village will die within the week. An instance occurred recently, and the death duly followed. SUPERSTITIONS.

From Mr. G. R. Kirwan.

Superstition against a King entering Leicester.—In Rishanger's "Chronicle of the Barons' Wars,"* the superstition is thus mentioned:—

"Now, the King, having taken Northampton, marched towards Leicester, where he was entertained, which town no King before him had presumed to enter, or even to behold—certain persons superstitiously preventing it."

The existence of this curious belief, which, as we have abundantly seen, was far from being founded on fact, is also recorded by other ancient writers, among whom may be mentioned Matthew of Westminster and Thomas Wykes.

After a fruitless search for any particulars which might elucidate its origin, or explain the terrible consequences expected to ensue from a disregard of the superstition, and after an unsuccessful enquiry on the subject in "Notes and Queries," the only conclusion at which we can arrive is that it probably owes its origin to Geoffrey of Monmouth's narrative of the legendary woes of King Leir, the founder of Leicester—his work having been very popular in the Middle Ages; for we find that a similar belief existed with respect to the city of Oxford, and which owed its origin to a monkish legend. . . . . There is a third city with which a similar superstition was connected—that of Lincoln.

Kelly, "Royal Progresses," p. 112.

* Edited by Dr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips for the Camden Society. The passage in the original is as follows:—"Rex autem, capta Northampton, Leycestr. tendens in ea hospitatus est, quam nullis regni præter eum etiam videre, prohibentibus quibusdam superstitiose præsumpsit" (p. 26).

Part II.

TRADITIONAL CUSTOMS.

(*a*) FESTIVAL CUSTOMS.

NEW YEAR. *New Year Gifts.*—A custom of offering New Year's gifts to the Lord of Beaumanor was long observed among the tenantry; it is now, I believe, laid aside.

Potter, p. 87.

1607-8. "Item the said Last daye of December, p^{d} for vj gallons one quart of Sacke, & a Rundlet for it, sent to S^{r} Augustyne Nicolls, knight (of Foston), S^{r}giant at Lawe our Recorder for a New Yeeres giefte . . . . . xxvj^{s}. viij^{d}.

Extracted from the Chamberlain's Accounts for the Borough of Leicester by Mr. W. Kelly.

First Foot.—If the first visitor who enters the house on New Year's Day is a *dark man*, there will be good luck in the house for the year.

Mrs. Billson, native of country near Bagworth, assures me that she has a vivid recollection of her mother and her grandmother not permitting anyone to cross their threshold on New Year's morning until a *dark man* had first entered the house. They regarded it as particularly unlucky for a woman to be the first visitor. We reckoned this back as far as 130 years.

From Miss S. A. Squires.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

Shittles.—Lozenge-shaped buns, with currants and carraways, given to children and old people on Valentine's Day.—I (Rev. C. Wordsworth, Glaston Rectory, near Uppingham) saw one last year (1879), but this was said to have become uncommon as a gift, though still commonly sold. The bakers' name is "Valentine-buns," and they are still carried round for sale, as hot-cross-buns are on Good Friday elsewhere.

Evans, p. 298.

The same custom is still observed at Market Overton, Rutland, where the buns are called "Plum Shuttles" (pronounced Shittles), being of an oval shape, like a weaver's shuttle.

"Leicestershire Notes and Queries," iii., 159.

A Valentine at Beaumanor.— On my second visit, three hundred children with happy faces were on their way to Beaumanor.

On inquiring the object of this assemblage of healthy-looking rustics, I learnt that they "were going to Beaumanor for a valentine;" where, I understood, each child received a penny, and a halfpenny on their returning, from Miss Watkinson. . . . This custom has long since been observed here.

In 1743 there were only thirty recipients.

Potter, page 87.

[*See also* Nichols, III., 115. Ed.]

SHROVETIDE.

Pancake Bell is rung in the parishes of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Aylestone, Barrow-on-Soar, Belgrave, Belton, Billesdon, Bottesford, Broughton Astley, Burton Overy, Church Langton, Claybrook, Cosby, Coston, Dalby Magna, Diseworth, Evington, Fleckney, Frowlesworth, Glen Magna, Hallaton, Hinckley, Hose, Houghton-on-the-Hill, Hungerton, Kegworth, Kibworth, Knipton, St. Margaret's Leicester, St. Mary's Leicester, St. Mark's Leicester, All Saints' Loughborough, Lutterworth, Market Bosworth (now discontinued), Markfield, Muston, Nailston, Oadby, Peckleton, Rearsby (now discontinued), Rothley, Sapcote, Seale (Over) Sharnford, Sheepshed, Sibson, Sileby, South Kilworth, Syston,

SHROVE-TIDE.

Thedingworth, Thurnby (now discontinued), Woodhouse, Wymondham.

From North's "Church Bells of Leicestershire," pp. 134-309.

Pancake Bell is rung in the parishes of Ashwell, Ayston, Belton, Braunstone (discontinued), Caldecot, Empingham (discontinued), Glaston, Langham, Lyddington, Manton (discontinued), Market Overton, Morcot (discontinued), Oakham, Ryhall, Seaton (discontinued), Teigh, Thistleton, Wardley, Whissendine.

From North's "Church Bells of Rutland," pp. 118-166.

At Belgrave, the Pancake-Bell is rung by the oldest apprentice in the parish.

North's "Church Bells of Leicestershire," pp. 118, 144.

At Belton, Shrove Tuesday is kept as a general holiday.

Ib., p. 145.

At Hinckley, Shrove Tuesday was kept to some extent, until recently, as a holiday. After the Pancake-Bell had been rung, then anyone was allowed, on payment of one penny, to go into the belfry and ring the bells. (Discontinued.)

Ib., pp. 119, 186.

[*See* Nichols IV., 682, note. Ed.]

Shrove Tuesday is celebrated in Hinckley by a general game of shuttlecock and battledore, which is a very novel and amusing sight to a stranger.

Leicester Chronicle, Feb. 12, 1842.

In Newark was held an annual fair on Shrove Tuesday, and there was then formerly practised in its fullest extent the barbarous custom of throwing at cocks, when some were tied to a stake, and others left at liberty in consequence of their being trained, to shift for themselves from the well-aimed blows of boys

and men, who, with bludgeons, by giving a certain sum of money (generally two pence) had six throws. SHROVE-TIDE.

From Mr. William Kelly, F.S.A., F.R.H.S.

The abolition of throwing at cocks on Shrove Tuesday was begun, and nearly effected, in Mr. Oldham's mayoralty (1783-4).

Nichols, I., 450.

On Shrove Tuesday the children in Leicester begin or used to begin to play at shuttlecock and battledore in the streets and open places.

Ed.

On Shrove Tuesday a bell rings at noon, which is meant as a signal for the people to begin frying their pancakes; nor must I omit to observe that by many of the parishioners due respect is paid to Mothering Sunday.

Macaulay's "Claybrook," p. 121.
Brand's "Antiquities," i., 112.
Dyer's "British Popular Customs" (Bohn), p. 80.

We have had, until within the last twenty years or so, a "pancake bell" rung at noon on Shrove Tuesday. This has been discontinued only within my own incumbency.

Rev. C. H. Newmarch, in "Leicestershire Notes and Queries," i., 275.

Shrove Tuesday has long been considered a holiday by the young people; in several parishes in this diocese they were allowed on that day to jangle the bells . . . in other places the women-folk were allowed to do the same.

North's "Church Bells of Rutland," pp. 103-104.

Barring Out.—An old custom of obtaining the half holiday by "barring the master out of school" survived at Frisby-on-the-

SHROVE-TIDE

Wreke until within the last forty years. The method of procedure was to entice the master by a preconcerted manœuvre outside the door of the school-house, and then turn the key upon him. The youngsters within would then commence to shout vigorously :—

"Pardon, master, pardon,
Pardon in a pin,
If you don't give a holiday,
We won't let you in."

or :—

"Pardon, master, pardon,
Pardon in a spout,
If you don't give a holiday,
We'll all keep you out."

No Leicestershire schoolmaster is now "pardoned out of school" when the Pancake Bell rings at Shrovetide, but in many places children are allowed a little special license at that season, and may be seen playing in fields (possibly the old common land of the village) usually deemed sacred from such intrusion.

"Bygone Leicestershire," p. 119.

See also under "Local Customs." [Whipping Toms.]

MOTHERING SUNDAY.

Mothering Sunday.—Mid-lent or Lætare Jerusalem Sunday, when all parishioners were formerly expected to make their Lenten offerings at their Mother Church. It is now a family festival, when the scattered members of the village household expect leave to go home for the day to eat veal and furmety with their mothers in the flesh.

Evans, p. 196.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Payment of Eggs to Vicar.—Croughton *v.* Blake.—This was an action to determine whether the vicar of Melton had a right to tithe in kind from the township of Eye Kettleby, a part of the parish. . . . . Mr. Hawley was called to prove that it was customary to pay eggs to the vicar on Good Friday, two for a

hen and three for a cock, but these, he said, were never called tithes.

Leicestershire Chronicle and Mercury, August 5th, 1843.

The Vicar of Garthorpe hath also tithe pigs, geese, ducks, chickens, apples, pears, &c., and eggs, as usual in other places, on Good Friday, two eggs for a hen, and three for a cock.

Nichols, II., 191.

So at Claybrook. Nichols, IV., 112. Ed.

EASTER EVE.

Easter Eve.—The Holy Fire.—On Easter Even, too, the hallowed fire was lighted:—

1544. Pd. for charcole on East. even . . ijd.

1545-6. Item for a stryke of charcole on Easter even . . ijd.

And again in 1558:—

Pd. for a stryke of charcole for the hallowed fyer . . vd.*

The hallowed or holy fire was kindled in the church porch on the morning of Holy Saturday (Easter Eve), and was obtained from the sun by means of a crystal or burning-glass, if the morning was bright; if not, a flint and steel were used. This fire was blessed by the priest, and from it the Paschal Candle, the lamps in the church, and the candles on the altar, were lighted—the latter at mass on Holy Saturday, which was anciently performed immediately after midnight, that is, early on Saturday morning—and which was in honour of our Lord's Resurrection. This service, however, was in process of time allowed to take place by anticipation on Saturday morning. The people, too, took home with them (according to Dr. Rock) a light from the sanctuary, and the hearth that had been allowed to become cold and brandless then became warm and bright once more, and the

* [The following extracts from the Churchwardens' accounts of St. Mary's, Leicester, have been made by Mr. William Kelly.

1494. Paid for coles for the holy fire. 1½d.

1495. Rec. on Pace-day for the waste of torches. 4s.

1502. Paid for coles for the holy fire. 1d. Ed.]

evening candle shone brightly again with a flame from the new-hallowed fire.

> "A Chronicle of the Church of St. Martin, in Leicester," by Thomas North. (London: Bell and Daldy, 1866), p. 59.

EASTER. *Hunting the Hare at Leicester.*—"It had long been customary on Easter Monday for the mayor and his brethren, in their scarlet gowns, attended by their proper officers, in form, to go to a certain close, called Black-Annis'-Bower Close,* parcel of, or bordering upon, Leicester Forest, to see the diversion of hunting, or rather the trailing of a cat before a pack of hounds: a custom, perhaps originating out of a claim to the royalty of the forest. Hither, on a fair day, resorted the young and old, and those of all denominations. In the greatest harmony the Spring was welcomed. The morning was spent in various amusements and athletic exercises, till a dead cat, about noon, was prepared by aniseed water, for commencing the mock-hunting of the hare. In about half-an-hour, after the cat had been trailed at the tail of a horse over the grounds in zig-zag directions, the hounds were directed to the spot where the cat had been trailed from. Here the hounds gave tongue in glorious concert. The people from the various eminences, who had placed themselves to behold the sight, with shouts of rapture gave applause; the horsemen, dashing after the hounds through foul passages and over fences, were emulous for taking the lead of their fellows. It was a scene, upon the whole of joy, the governing and the governed in the habits of freedom enjoying together an innocent and recreating amusement, serving to unite them in bonds of mutual friendship, rather than to embitter their days with discord and disunion. As the cat had been trailed to the mayor's door, through some of the principal streets, consequently the dogs and horsemen followed.

* On Black Annis' Bower. See "Caves." Ed.

After the hunt was over, the mayor gave a handsome treat to his friends; in this manner the day ended." * EASTER.

(This description is by an eye-witness of this old municipal custom, which began to fall into disuse about the year 1767, although traces of it lingered within recent years in an annual holiday or fair held on the Danes' Hills and the Fosse Road on Easter Monday.

The first mention of the Easter hunting on the Danes' Hills in the Town Records occurs in the year 1668, but it was then an ancient custom, and it is so described; there are records of a similar hunt having taken place elsewhere more than a century earlier. Thus, in the Chamberlain's account for the year 1574 there is an item of 12*d.* "given to the hare-finders at Whetston Court," † and from this and other notices it appears that the hunting was originally, as might be expected, that of a real hare.

See "The Easter Hare" in "Folk-Lore," vol. iii., p. 441. Ed.)

Easter Monday.—"The Dane-hill fair was crowded with visitors, principally young people of the working classes, and the fields beyond the spot where the fair is held were also thronged with merry-makers."

Leicester Chronicle, April 2, 1842.

This was called Black Monday.

1563. P^{d} to the ringers on Black Monday . . xij^{d}.

Churchwarden's accounts of St. Martin's, Leicester.

From Mr. W. Kelly.

Hallaton "Hare Pie Scramble and Bottle Kicking."‡—In his notes

* Throsby's "History of Leicester." Kelly's "Notices of Leicester, 1865," p. 168. See North's "Chronicle of St. Martin's, 1866," p. 158. Nichols, i., 449, note. Ed.

† Kelly's "Notices of Leicester," pp. 173, 206, 278. Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," Act i., Scene i.

‡ Hallaton-Hallowed or Holy Town. Nichols, ii., 593; iii., 535. Ed.

EASTER. last week our correspondent "Inkling" briefly alluded to a singular Easter custom in a Leicestershire village. We are now enabled to give particulars from the pen of an eye witness. Our correspondent says:—"Before giving an account of the curious custom at Hallaton, a few words may be of interest respecting this small old-world town, which is situate on the eastern border of the shire, and possesses an antique cross and market square. Although its market has long been defunct, Hallaton still retains its two large ancient fairs, one held on Holy Thursday, and one on the third Thursday after. These were formerly of much greater importance, and the ale sold on fair days was a noted article in the district; for the convenience of the numerous people who attended, it was sold by any householder who chose to do so. Each seller simply puts up a bough in front of his house, and the houses so marked were called 'bough houses'—hence the saying, 'Good wine needs no bush.' The Sunday before the fair was called 'broaching Sunday,' or the Sunday for tasting the taps of the several 'bough houses.' That the place and surroundings are of great antiquity may be noted by the most casual observer, as about half-a-mile west is an encampment called 'The Castle Hill,' a lofty conical mound, of nearly 120 feet in height, with a circular entrenchment of about 200 yards; branching out from which, to the W., is a square plot of ground, encompassed with banks and ditches; and to the N.E. is a small square entrenchment connected with the outer fosse. To the S.W. of this is another encampment of about two acres. These earthworks are probably of British origin, with additions by later races of Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, and are distinct from the celebrated 'Hare Pie Bank,' another historic earthwork. Doubtless the three manors the parish is in, and named respectively, 'Peveril,' 'Bardolph,' and 'Hackluyt,' are after names of their ancient owners. The church, recently restored by the munificence of the Peake family, is one of the finest and most interesting in the county, and forms a beautiful feature in the landscape. During the restoration, a fine crypt (until then unknown) was discovered

under the east end of the north aisle, containing a large quantity of skulls similar to but smaller than the one at Rothwell. Standing upright beneath the chancel window are some fine sculptured stone coffin-lids in good preservation, with crosses carved upon them—evidently once belonging to ecclesiastics of the pre-Reformation period. The north porch contains a singularly large rough carved stone, doubtless older than the church itself, apparently of 'St. George and the Dragon,' built into the wall, which is of great interest to antiquarians. In the interior of the church are numerous memorials of old families, many of whose names are now no more known in the district. The origin of the custom associated with 'Hare Pie Bank' is lost in the mists of antiquity, and may be a relic of mediæval times, similar to the old 'Whipping Toms' in Leicester, put down in 1847. At all events, at a remote period, a piece of land was bequeathed to the rector conditionally that he and his successors provided annually 'Two hare pies, a quantity of ale, and two dozen penny loaves, to be scrambled for on each succeeding Easter Monday at the rising ground, called Hare Pie Bank,' about a quarter of a mile south of the village. This land, before the enclosure, was called 'Hare-cropleys,' and at the time of dividing the fields, in 1771, another piece of land was allotted to the rector in place of the 'Leys.' Of course, hares being 'out of season' at this time of the year, pies of mutton, veal, and bacon are substituted. (This year the loaves were dispensed with, an equivalent being given to the aged poor.) A benevolent rector of the last century made an effort to have the funds applied to a better use, but the village wags were equal to the occasion, and raised the cry and chalked on his walls and doors, as well as on the church, 'No pie, no parson, and a job for the glazier'; and again, in 1878, when the railway was in course of construction, parish meetings were held, to consider the desirability of taking the money and appropriating it to sports of other kinds, and more in character with the tastes of the age; many of the inhabitants, however, wishing to retain the old custom, the proposal fell through. As may well be imagined,

EASTER.

EASTER. Easter Monday is the great carnival of the year, and eagerly looked forward to by the youths and natives of the place, as well as by the surrounding villagers. This year the two benefit societies, as usual, held their anniversary, one at the 'Royal Oak' and the other at the 'Fox Inn,' and to enliven the proceedings each engaged a band of musicians to accompany the members in processional order to the parish church, for the 'club sermon,' after which each society proceeded to their respective inns, where a substantial dinner was provided. About three p.m. a selected deputation called at the rectory for the provided 'pies and beer,' which upon being taken to the 'Fox Inn,' a procession was organised in the following order:—

"Two men abreast, carrying two sacks with the pies cut up.

"Three men abreast, carrying aloft a bottle each; two of these bottles, filled with beer, are ordinary field wood bottles, but without the usual mouth, and are iron-hooped all over, with just a hole left for drinking from; the third is a 'dummy.'

"Occasionally, when it can be procured, as was the case in 1885, a hare, in sitting posture, mounted on top of a pole.

"Band of music.

"Procession, which, as may well be imagined, increases greatly in number as it approaches the 'Hare Pie Bank,' where, on arrival, the pies cut up are pitched out of the sack and scrambled for.

"Until this year a man followed the band with a basket containing the penny loaves, which were broken up and thrown about indiscriminately as he went along. On Monday, when the procession neared the bank, the band struck up 'See the conquering hero comes,' and, on reaching the bank, the hare-pies were scrambled for by the spectators, who amused themselves by throwing the contents at each other. Then commenced in earnest the business of the day—the well-known 'Hallaton bottle-kicking.' One of the large bottles containing ale—both of which are of wood strongly iron-hooped—was thrown into the circular hollow on the mound, when the 'Medbourne men,' or other villagers who cared to join,

tried to wrest the bottle from the Hallatonians' grasp. Talk of a football scrimmage! It was nothing to this. First one side then the other prevailed, the object of the Hallatonians being to kick or get the bottle, by hook or by crook, to their boundary line over the brook adjoining the village. As each side was rough and determined some fierce struggles ensued, especially when the surging mass of villagers reached a post-and-rail fence, which, giving way, precipitated the lot heels over head into the highway. Here followed the roughest part of the contest, as 'the strangers' nearly succeeded in getting the bottle over the adjoining fence, which, if accomplished, would have enabled them to work the much-prized object to the Medbourne boundary. However, they were unsuccessful, as the prize was again got on the bank, and after a scene of good-humoured disorder that baffles description was, after half-an-hour's tussle, got on to the ground sloping to the brook, and after being conveyed over two or three fences and ditches, was, amid the loud applause of the natives, safely got over the water—which was not the case with some of the combatants, who landed *in* the water. The victors of course claimed the contents. Next came 'the dummy,' which if anything was contested for with even keener zest, for the Hallaton people boast that this has never yet got beyond their grasp, and they are not a little proud of their possession, which they do not at present seem at all likely to lose. The third bottle was then taken in triumph to the Market-cross, and its contents drunk with 'due honours.' The bottles for the occasion are carefully kept from year to year, and those now in use have done duty for more than thirty years. The present 'bottle holder' is Mr. Omar Neale, who takes a great interest in seeing the old custom perpetuated (which many might think more honoured in the breach than in the observance), and brightens up with animation when recounting the various incidents of note that have occurred during his stewardship."

EASTER

Mr. Thomas Spencer, *Leicester Journal*, April 22, 1892.

EASTER.

[*See* Nichols, II., 600; and see "The Easter Hare" in "Folk-Lore," vol. iii., p. 441. Ed.] *See also* under "Caves."

Easter Shilling.—"At the Easter Court at Leicester" (of the Honour of Winton, originally part of the Honour of Leicester) "according to ancient custom a shilling is brought into the court-room in a sack-bag across a cowl-staff borne on two men's shoulders, when a scuffle ensues, and the man who can first get possession of the bag has the shilling."

Nichols, I., 624.

HOLY THURSDAY.

Hallaton Holy Thursday Fair.—Next day, being what is termed the holy day fair, was enlivened by a procession of Odd Fellows, who, after hearing a sermon at the Church, paraded the village preceded by an excellent band of music.

Leicester Chronicle, May 14, 1842.

Holy Thursday Fair at Loughborough.—As to Holy Thursday fair, commonly so called, it is no fair by grant or proclamation, but only a customary resort of young people to Loughborough on that particular day, for their pleasure and amusement.

Nichols, III., 890.

WHITSUN-TIDE.

Sports.—At Burrow Hill, the races, held in much later times on the level ground within the earthworks at the top, drew together annually a large concourse of people. Leland thus describes these sports: "To these Borowe hills every year on Monday after White Sunday, com people of the country thereabouts, and shoote, runne, wrestle, dance, and use other feats of like exercise."

"By-gone Leicestershire," p. 123.

[*See* Nichols, III., 531. Ed.]

Whit Monday Procession.—Oblation of Gloves.—"A solemn procession took place annually, on Whit Monday, from the Church of

WHITSUN-TIDE.

St. Mary within the Castle to St. Margaret's without the walls of the town. . . . . where oblations were made at the high altar. These consisted, in part, of two pairs of gloves, one pair said to be for God, and the other for St. Thomas of India."

"Notices Illustrative of the Drama and other Popular Amusements chiefly in the 16th and 17th Centuries, incidentally illustrating Shakespeare and his Contemporaries; extracted from the Chamberlains' Accounts and other Manuscripts of the Borough of Leicester." With an Introduction and Notes by William Kelly. (London: John Russell Smith, Soho Square, 1865), pp. 7, 8. [*See also* Nichols, I., 305, 562 *n*, 569. Ed.]

Lord of Misrule at Melton.—There is among the Melton manuscripts, "A Reckoning and Accompt" of Robert Odam, junior, who, as Lord of Misrule of Melton, at Whitsuntide, 1563 charges his accompt with:—

Itm. a pottell of wyne to Kettleby to Mr. Patts - - - - - -	viijd.
Itm. for spyce for the cakes - - -	xxid.
Itm. to the iiij footemen - - -	viijs.
Itm. to the ij buttlers - - -	xxd.

The Lord of Misrule, with his company, visited Mr. Pate, to gather his "Devocyn for the repaving and mending the highewayes."

"Transactions of the Leicestershire Architectural and Archaeological Societies," vol. iv., page 264.

See also under "Folk Drama."

Whitsuntide Procession at Hinckley.—A fair used to be held on Whitsun Monday at Hinckley, when the millers from various parts of the country walked in procession, dressed in ribbons, with what they called the "king of the millers" at their head. A writer (in 1785*) quoted in Thistleton Dyer's "British

* This is an error for 1787. Ed.

WHITSUN-TIDE.

Popular Customs," describing one of those fairs, says: "To the old ceremony of riding millers, many improvements were made upon a more extensive and significant plan: several personages were introduced that bore allusions to the manufacture, and were connected with the place. Old Hugo Baron de Greutemaisuel, who made his first appearance in 1786 (*sic.*), armed in light and easy pasteboard armour, was this second time armed cap-a-pie in heavy sinker plate, with pike and shield, on the latter the arms of the town. The representative Baron of Hinckley had the satisfaction of being accompanied by his lady, the Baroness Adeliza, habited in the true antique style, with steeple-hat, ruff-points, mantle, &c., all in suitable colours; each riding on nimble white steeds properly caparisoned; they were preceded by the town banner, and two red streamers embroidered with their respective names. Several bands of music gave cheerful spirit to the pageant, but more particularly the militia band from Leicester. The framework knitters, wool-combers, butchers, carpenters, &c., had each their plays, and rode in companies, bearing devices or allusions to their several trades. Two characters, well represented and supported, were Bishop Blaise and his chaplain, who figured at the head of the wool-combers. In their train appeared a pretty innocent pair, a gentle shepherd and shepherdess; the latter carrying a lamb, the emblem of her little self more than of the trade." "Some other little folks, well dressed," proceeds the old narrative, "were mounted on ponies, holding instruments, the marks of their father's business, and ornamented with ribbons of all colours waving in the air." T. B. T.

"Leicestershire Notes and Queries," vol. i., p. 33. (This account is quoted verbally from Dyer's "British Popular Customs" (Bohn), p. 285.)

See also Nichols' "History of Hinckley," 1813, p. 678; Nichols' "Leicestershire," IV., 674, 676-678. Ed.

Robin Hood's Play.—*See* under "Folk-Drama."

Wymondham.—There is a Singing Feast held here on every Monday in Whitsun-week. WHITSUN TIDE.

Nichols, II., 406.

The Ratby Meadow.—In the parish of Ratby there is a meadow adjoining the road from Market Bosworth to Leicester. Before the fields were enclosed this meadow belonged to several occupiers of land in the parish of Ratby. The custom was to mow their several allotments on a certain day called "the meadow-morning," as was also the custom in several other parts of the county, particularly at Nailston, Desford, Stanton-under-Bardon, &c. When the labour of the day was over, the remaining part was spent with music and dancing on a small eminence in one part of the meadow. It happened in the latter part of the reign of Edward III., or beginning of the reign of Richard II., that John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster and Earl of Leicester, fourth son of Edward III., passed by the meadow on his way to Leicester, where he kept his Court, attended by only one servant, on the day of the meadow-morning. Observing mirth and festivity, he alighted from his horse, and asked the cause of diversion. They told him they had been mowing the meadow which was called *Ramsdale*, according to their annual custom. Having joined with them in their diversions, he was so well pleased with their innocent pastimes that when he took his leave he told them if they would meet him at Leicester, at such a time and place as he appointed, he would give to each of them a ewe to their ram, also a wether whose grassy fleece should annually, when sold, make them a splendid repast. There was a consultation immediately held; some said it was a joke, others that they were determined to know the truth of the matter. Accordingly, about fifteen persons set out for Leicester, and went to the appointed place, where they found the Duke, who informed them that if they would keep the following "articles" he would give to each of them a piece or parcel of land situated in a meadow, in the parish of Enderby, in the said county of Leicester, adjoining the River Soar, and near

WHITSUN-TIDE.

unto an ancient burying-ground called St. John's Churchyard, containing by measure half-an-acre, which was to be called "The Ewes," for each man's private use; also another small piece for every person to be called "The Boots," about five yards wide and fifty or sixty yards long; and he would likewise give them a piece or parcel of land for their general use, to be called "The Wether," containing about two acres, adjoining the River Soar (which is said in a rainy season "to wash the wether's breech"): the grass crop to be sold annually on Whit Monday at Enderby to the best bidder. The proceeds (of late years amounting to £4 or upwards) to defray the expense of the annual feast on Whit Monday.

Articles:

That there shall be two persons chosen annually by a majority, to be called caterers, who shall on every Whit Monday go to Leicester, to what inn they shall think proper, when a calf's head shall be provided for their breakfast; and when the bones are picked clean, they are to be put into a dish and served up with the dinner. Likewise, the innkeeper is to provide two large rich pies for the caterers to take home, that their families may partake of some of their festivities. Likewise, there shall be provided for every person a short silk lace, tagged at both ends with silver, being equipped with which they shall all proceed to Enderby, and sell the grass of the Wether to the best bidder; from thence shall go to the meadow and all dismount, and each person shall take a small piece of grass from the before mentioned Wether and tie it round with their tagged lace, and wear it in their hats, and ride in procession to the High Cross in Leicester, and there throw them among the populace; from thence proceed to their inn, and go in procession to St. Mary's Church, when a sermon shall be preached for the benefit of an hospital founded by Henry, Earl of Lancaster. When service is over, a deed shall be read over by the clergyman concerning the above gift, and the church shall be stuck with flowers. When the ceremony is over, they are to return to to their inn to dinner, and close the day with mirth and festivity.

Throsby's "History of Leicester," 1790, vol. ii., p. 84.

WHITSUN-TIDE.

W. H. Y., in "Leicestershire Notes and Queries," after quoting the above account says, "The ceremonies, though still maintained, have varied in detail in the course of years, but the following account, given to the writer by one of this year's merry-makers, will show that the spirit of the thing still survives:—

"The caterer orders lunch at an inn at Enderby at 11 a.m., consisting of flat, stilton, and cream cheese, butter, various cakes, cucumber, raddish, onions, watercress, etc., with plenty of home-brewed ales, which makes a hearty meal; the table is nicely decorated with flowers. He then proceeds to sell the grass on the Wether, usually at about one p.m. He then, with the riders, eighteen in number, proceeds to an inn at Leicester, where dinner has been previously ordered, together with a lunch for ten inmates of Trinity Hospital, which latter must consist of calf's head, bacon, etc., and one quart of ale each. When the riders arrive at the inn, the custom is to drink from a quart of ale before alighting, the oldest of the hospitallers having thrown the bones of the calf's head under the horse of the first to arrive. The riders are then shown to the dining-room, which is tastefully decorated—this year it was at the Golden Lion, High Cross St.—and an ample meal is served, consisting of several courses. Dinner concluded, two bottles of brandy are brought, and all standing drink 'To the immortal memory of John o' Gaunt.' The table is then spread with dessert, and the bill having been called for, to see how far the money will hold out, the evening is spent in conviviality."

"Leicestershire Notes and Queries," i., pp. 224-6.

In accordance with the Charter of John o'Gaunt, the annual sale of the "keep" on that portion of the Ratby Meadows known as "The Wether" (about two acres) took place at the Nag's Head, at Enderby, on Whit Monday, Mr. J. Fossell, of Leicester, acting as "caterer." As usual a capital lunch was

WHITSUN-TIDE.

served, there being about 30 persons present. The ancient custom of passing a penny round the table during the bidding was followed, and for some time "business" was fairly brisk. Eventually "The Wether" was bought by Mr. Robt. Palmer for £7 18s., a price considerably higher than has been realised for a number of years. A somewhat animated discussion, which lasted about two hours, ensued as to the right of spending on that day the proceeds of the sale, save the usual expenses, in providing a dinner for 18 persons, a proceeding which all present contended, with the exception of the "caterer," ought to be carried out. Mr. Fossell maintained that in the absence of certain "owners" of shares in the Ratby Meadows he had no legal right to expend the balance of upwards of £6 in providing a dinner that day, and under the circumstances he urged them to postpone the dinner to some future occasion. Those present however, contended that to hold the dinner on any other day would be going against the charter. Throsby's "History of Leicestershire" was produced, and the reading of the portion relating to the charter in question appeared to give an impetus to the discussion, in the course of which it was stated that "The Wether" had not been properly sold for the last two years, and the "caterer" was questioned as to the income and expenditure in connection with the land for the two years named. Mr. Fossell replied that there were no accounts to be found in the book, but Mr. Cox, who held several shares in the Ratby Meadows, had informed him that the proceeds from the land during the last two years had been expended in improvements. ("Shame, shame," and voices, "What, for one day's work on the land?") A parishioner: What improvements have been made? Mr. Fossell: There are none mentioned in the book. (Laughter.) After a good deal more discussion, the purchaser of "The Wether" emphatically declared that he would not pay the money until he knew whether it would be spent on that day or not. The "caterer," however, continued to calmly refuse to accede to the

WHITSUN-TIDE.

wishes of the gathering, but eventually the money was paid on the understanding that Mr. Fossell, after deducting the usual expenses from the total proceeds, should hand over the balance to the "caterer" for next year (Mr. W. Herbert), who was present, and thus free himself of all responsibility connected with the expending of the remainder of the money, this proposition of Mr. Fossell's being greeted with enthusiastic cheers. The proposition was carried out, Mr. Fossell was duly thanked, and in the evening a party partook of a capital dinner at the Blue Boar Hotel, Leicester. As far as we know, however, there was no riding through the brook, which used to be done in olden times prior to partaking of the dinner.

Leicester Daily Post, May 16, 1894.

[*See* Nichols, IV., 880-882. Ed.]

BEATING THE BOUNDS.

The time-honoured custom of perambulating the parish of St. Mary took place on Thursday, and, favoured by fine weather, the holiday proved in every way a successful and enjoyable one. The "beating of the bounds," as it is called, is an institution that has been observed in connection with St. Mary's from time immemorial. Indeed, it is well recognised as a parish holiday, and in modern times at any rate has consisted for the most part in feasting and merry-making, though it is quite conceivable that in more ancient and less civilised days the re-marking of a parish boundary would result in bitter strife and inter-parochial jealousy. It is only fair to say, perhaps, that there is no particular ground for such an assumption, except that in order to carry out the function properly even in these degenerate days it requires a regiment of small boys armed with penny canes. The custom, singularly enough, is not kept up annually, but every three years, and there can be no doubt that on the part of the youngsters it is eagerly looked forward to. The arrangements on this occasion were ably carried out by a small committee, consisting of Mr.

BEATING THE BOUNDS.

William Earp (assistant overseer), Mr. George Hall, and Mr. Joseph Berridge, under the direction of the overseers, Messrs. J. B. Taylor, E. Pickard, W. Gimson, jun., and John Spencer. Another gentleman who took an active interest in the ceremony was Mr. W. Sheen, now in his 87th year, and who has attended every perambulation of the parish for the last sixty years or more. The start was made from St. Mary's Schools, Castle Street, where something like 250 boys assembled, these consisting of the scholars from St. Mary's and Trinity Church Schools, and a number selected from the three Board schools in the parish. The boys, who wore red badges, were marshalled into procession by Mr. Earp, that genial and indefatigable official acting as guide and general cicerone throughout the perambulation. Accompanied by the vicar (Rev. H. W. Orford) and other gentlemen associated with the parish, the procession moved off at a quarter to nine, the line of route for the first mile or so being by way of Bath Lane, Applegate Street, Harvey Lane, Redcross Street, Friar Lane, Millstone Lane, Oxford Street, the Newarkes, and Wellington Street, into New Walk. The most exciting incident so far was an attack with a crutch on the part of an exasperated lady parishioner in retaliation for the alleged breaking of a window. The boundary line passes through a house between New Walk and Wellington Street, and in spite of such sentiment as one hears about the Englishman's home being his castle, the "beaters" invaded the precincts of the domicile in question in apparently the most summary fashion, though it was remarked that both doors were wide open, as if the visitors were expected. Some difficulty was experienced in finding the boundary stone near the top of New Walk, but after a painstaking search it was unearthed amid exultant cheers, and the war-paint having been brought into requisition, the beaters again moved on.

The triennial perambulation dinner took place in the evening at the Golden Lion Hotel, Highcross Street, the vicar, Rev. H. W. Orford, presiding.

Leicester Daily Post, May 4, 1894.

BEATING THE BOUNDS.

In former years upon the arrival of the procession at Redhill, close near the Narborough Road, a homily was read by the vicar in a part of the field surrounded by a bank of earth, after which a hole was dug and any newly-appointed parish officer was seized, turned topsy-turvy, and his head placed in the hole, whilst his "latter end" was saluted with the shovel. He was expected to pay 5s. for being thus made free. I recollect one of the curates being thus dealt with. An adjournment then took place to a marquee, where lunch was provided for all comers, and buns and ale were distributed to the children. Various sports, such as racing, bobbing for apples in buckets of water, &c., then took place, after which the perambulation was resumed. The expenses were formerly paid out of the church rates.

From Mr. W. Kelly.

See also post, p. 93.

MAY DAY.

About Croft Hill are some little eminences called *Shepherds' Tables.* It was the custom, in former times, for shepherds to have a day of festivity at certain seasons of the year at these kind of summits, which were cast up for the purpose. Neatherds, at this day, have not wholly laid aside the old custom of carousing on Old May-Day, in turning the cows to the common pasture.

Nichols' "History of Leicestershire," IV., part ii., "Sparkenhoe Hundred," pp. 583, 584.

The First of May has been an occasion for gladness and rejoicing since earliest times. Maplewell (May-pole-well), near Woodhouse, is said to be the spot where the forest celebrations of this festival took place. In the "Tablette Book" of Lady Mary Keyes (a sister of Lady Jane Grey), a quaint description is given of May-Day at Bradgate in the 16th century: "Then, when the merrie May Pole and alle the painted Morris-dancers, withe Tabor and Pipe, beganne their spritelie anticks on our butiful grene laune,

MAY DAY. afore that we idel leetel Bodyes had left owre warme Bedds, woulde goode Mistress Bridget, the Tire-woman whom our Lady Mother alwaies commanded to do owre Biddings, com and telle us of the merrie men a-dancing on the Grene." On May morning the milkmaids would repair to the fields with pails bedecked with flowers. In some villages, arches of evergreen were erected, in others a large Maypole was carried round (occasionally on Whit Monday), and ancient doggrel shouted in chorus:—

"Riggany, raggany,
Ten pin flaggany;
Eighteen pole."

The first two lines of this apparently meaningless jingle were said very rapidly, the third with the syllables long drawn out.

"Bygone Leicestershire," p. 122.

May-Day at Ashby-de-la-Zouch.—Bands of girls, some hailing from the adjacent villages, perambulated the town on Tuesday, bearing miniature maypoles tastefully decorated with flowers.

Leicester Daily Post, Wednesday, May 2nd, 1894.

May-poles.—In the month of May, 1603, a collision occurred between the populace and the authorities of Leicester, on account of the setting up of a maypole in the South-gate.

For an account of this and other disturbances of the same kind, *see* Kelly's "Notices," pp. 100-111.

Maypoles, &c.—A regulation made by the Corporation (of Leicester) on the 20th of November, 5th Edward VI., entitled "An Acte for Cuttynge of Bowes," provided that "if there be any man, woman, or child taken or known to have broken or cut down in the summer time or any other time, any oak-boughs, hawthorn-boughs, or any other boughs, *to set at their doors or windows*, out of any close garden or orchard about this town of Leicester, or within the liberties of the same, to forfeit for every

time taken or proved with such default xij^{d}· and their bodies to prison, there to remain during Mr. Mayor's will and pleasure." MAY.

Kelly's "Notices," p. 72, quoting "Town Book of Acts," p. 36.

See also under "Tree and Plant Superstitions." [Maypoles.]

29th May.—"Oak-apple Day" is still generally observed throughout the county by the wearing of oak-apples and oak-leaves. Those who have none are liable to be stung with nettles by those who have them. [Ed.]

On the 29th of May (at Hinckley) the ringers (in addition to ringing merry peals) used to place large boughs of oak over the doors of the houses occupied by the principal inhabitants, and always fixed a large bough on the battlements of the church. This custom is now discontinued.

North's "Church Bells of Leicestershire," p. 187.

Beating the Bounds.—There is an annual perambulation (at Shepeshed) on Ascension Day.

Nichols, III., 1018.

"Processioning" time at Ashby Wolds, the 29th of May.

"Transactions of the Leicestershire Architectural and Archaeological Societies," vol. i., p. 33.

See also ante, p. 89.

Morris-Dancers.—"On Plow Monday I have taken notice of an annual display of Morris-dancers at Claybrook, who come from the neighbouring villages of Sapcote and Sharnford." PLOUGH MONDAY.

"The History and Antiquities of Claybrook, in the County of Leicester," by the Rev. A. Macaulay, M.A. (London: printed for the Author by J. Nichols: MDCCXCI.), page 128.

Brand's "Antiquities," i., 509.

Dyer's "British Popular Customs" (Bohn), p. 40.

Plough Monday.—On Plough Monday it was the custom for

PLOUGH MONDAY.

some of the villagers to dress in grotesque masquerade, and perform morris-dances before all the houses where they were likely to get money or drink. Sometimes they were accompanied by a gang of lads with raddled faces, half-hidden under paper masks, who dragged a plough, but this was unusual. Some of the performers, generally four, had on white women's dresses and tall hats. One of these was called Maid Marian. Of the other performers one was the fool, who always carried the money-box, and generally a bladder with peas in it on a string at the end of a stick, with which he laid lustily about him. Another was Beelzebub, in a dress made up of narrow strips of flannel, cloth, &c., with the ends hanging loose—yellow, red, black, and white being the predominant colours The rest were simply grotesques. The dance they performed was merely a travesty of a quadrille, with *ad. lib.* stamping and shuffling of feet. On one occasion, when I was very little, the fool came up and asked me to "remember the fool;" adding, in case I might not have recognised him through his disguise, "I'm Curly." "Yes," I said, "I see you are; and I shall remember you, Curly, as long as I live." "Tell 'im the *bullocks* is thirsty an' wants some beer," said one of the performers; "a' doon't knoo what yo mane." From that Plough-Monday I date my knowledge of what "remembrance" means in the mouth of a son of the soil.

Evans, p. 215.

[*See* Nichols, IV., 896 (Sapcote), and Mary Kirby's "Leaflets from my Life," London, 1887, for Plough Monday at Thurcaston in 1839. Ed.]

MID-SUMMER.

See under "Tree and Plant Superstitions" [Hempseed], and under "Magic and Divination."

See "Wakes."

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

The children here (Godeby) have regularly a bonfire on All Saints' Day.

Nichols, II., 196.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

Hallaton.—Barring-out.—Thirty years ago there was a curious custom allowed here (at Hallaton) on St. Andrew's Day. The children locked the master out of the belfry, and jangled the bells. This custom was discontinued upon the death of the then aged master.

North's "Church Bells of Leicestershire," p. 183.

ST. CLEMENT'S DAY.

Gooding.—"Going a-gooding" is going round from house to house collecting money, fruit, vegetables, &c., as on St. Clement's Day. At Market Bosworth the song sung on St. Clement's Day by the boys who go gooding runs thus:—

"St. Clement's, St. Clement's, St. Clement's is here;
Apples and pears are very good cheer;
One for St. Peter, and one for St. Paul,
And three for Him who made us all.
Up with the kettle and down with the pan!
Give us some apples and we will be gone!" Evans, p. 162.

Going a-gowding.—Has this any connection with a custom which lingered till within recent years in some of the villages of giving doles on the morning after the Feast Sunday? At Frisby-on-the-Wreke a group of poor people used to go from house to house receiving a dole of milk from each. Frisby Church is dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, and the place was a great stronghold of Romanism. Had the dole anything to do with the vigil in the church the night before, and was this a way of paying the beadsmen?

From Miss H. Ellis.

[*See* Northall, 222 and 228. Ed.]

ST. TIBBA'S DAY.

This day was formerly celebrated in Rutlandshire by fowlers and falconers, who regarded the saint as their peculiar patroness. Camden mentions the town of Ryhall as particularly addicted to this superstitious observance, and the passage, which is strongly expressed, was ordered to be expunged from his "Britannia" by the "Index Expurgationis," printed at Madrid in 1612 by Louis Sanchez.

"Med. Ævi. Kalend." i., p. 82. Quoted in Dyer's "British Popular Customs" (Bohn), p. 438.

Rihall, ubi cum majores nostros ita fascinasset superstitio, ut deorum multitudine Deum verum propemodum sustulisset, Tibba minorum gentium diva, quasi Diana ab aucupibus utique rei accipitrariæ præses colebatur.

Camden, "Britannia," 8vo. Lond. edit. 1590, p. 419.

[*See also* Blore's "History of Rutland," p. 59. Ed.]

See also under "Holy Wells."

CHRISTMAS. *Wassailing.*—"Old John Payne and his wife, natives of this parish, are well known from having perambulated the hundred of Guthlaxton many years, during the season of Christmas, with a fine gew-gaw which they call a *wassail*, and which they exhibit from house to house with the accompaniment of a duet. I apprehend that the practice of wassailing will die with this aged pair."

Macaulay's "Claybrook," p. 131.

Quoted in Brand's "Popular Antiquities of Great Britain" (Bohn), 1890, i., p. 6.

INNOCENT'S DAY. *Playing in Church.*—When living in the parish of Exton, Rutland, some 15 years ago, I was told by an old lady that in her girlhood, in the very early years of this century, it was the custom for children to be allowed to play in the church on "Innocents' Day": At that time the grandfather of the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol was vicar of Exton. It would be, I suppose, a survival of a Miracle Play or the Boy Bishop.

"Leicestershire Notes and Queries," i., 293.

MICHAELMAS DAY. *See* under "Local Customs." [High Cross Fair.]

WAKES. "At this time" (Circa 1788) "every village had its wake, and the lower orders were comparatively in a state of ease and plenty. Then every place was proud of its maypole and spacious green, kept for sports and pastimes. . . . The maypole with its pastimes, and the games of singlestick and wrestling

have now disappeared. These were the sports of the ruder part of the peasantry." WAKES.

Gardiner's "Music and Friends," i., pp. 43, 44.

Wake.—The wake was originally a religious festival, and in the country it still retains its religious character to a greater extent than is done in most towns. . . . . This is almost the only custom that has not fallen into disuse. . . . . Musicians and morris-dancers used to go round the country villages at certain seasons. Claybrooke and some other neighbouring villages were noted for those customs, which are now nearly all gone. The last to go seems to be the observance of "Plough Monday" but even this is very much on the wane and cannot survive much longer.

Rev. C. Holme, "History of Guthlaxton Deaneries and adjacent parishes," Rugby, 1891, p. 38.

Wake at the Oaks Chapel.—The inhabitants of the forest, to commemorate the foundation of the first Forest Church, and struck, perhaps, by the coincidence of its being consecrated on what is now called "Waterloo-Day," attempted for some years to keep up a wake on the anniversary; the custom, however, soon fell into disuse.

"History and Antiquities of Charnwood Forest."
T. R. Potter, 1842, p. 39.

Wake at Nanpantan.—The Annual Wake, now kept on Nanpantan, but formerly kept on Beacon, the origin of which is lost in obscurity, may be a remnant of one of these (Druidical) festivals.

"History and Antiquities of Charnwood Forest,"
T. R. Potter, 1842, p. 45 (note).

Wakes.—"There is a wake the Sunday next, after St. Peter, to whom the church is dedicated. . . . . The people of this neighbourhood are much attached to the celebration of wakes; and on the annual return of those festivals, the cousins assemble

WAKES. from all quarters, fill the church on Sunday, and celebrate Monday with feasting, with musick, and with dancing."

Macaulay's "Claybrook," 1791, pp. 93, 128.
Quoted in Brand's "Popular Antiquities" (Bohn), vol. ii., p. 12.
Nichols, IV., 131.

The annual wake or feast held at Shepeshed is on the Sunday next after old Midsummer Day.

Nichols, III., 1018.

The wake (at Whitwick) is on the Sunday after Midsummer Day.

Nichols, III., 1120.

Feast—a "wake," an annual gathering or small fair held in villages, hamlets, &c. It is generally supposed that the *feast* commemorates the day of the saint to whom the parish church is dedicated; and this is sometimes the case, though not in the majority of instances. Nearly all the *feasts* take place in the summer and autumn, and are generally so arranged that the *feast* of one village does not clash with the *feast* of any other in the neighbourhood.

Evans' "Leicestershire Words and Phrases," ed. 1881, p. 147.

See also under "Local Customs." [Haystrewing.]

REEVE MEADOW-MOWING. *The Reeve Meadow and Meadow-mowing at Desford.*—In the manor of Desford there are eighteen Reeve-houses, the owners of which have the "Reeve Meadow" annually in succession, and should any one person own more than one such house, he has the field in his turn for each. Possession of the field is taken by the one succeeding to it on the first of January each year (who at once puts lock and key thereon). The Reeve for the year has the produce thereof, either for his own use or for sale, and in addition to finding the dinner for the Court Baron the following year, and paying £2 to the steward thereat, has to provide a certain sum (about fifty shillings) for prizes at the "Meadow-

mowing," as it is called, which takes place the week after the hay is carried, and consists of wrestling, running, and other games. Should a Reeve-house be wholly pulled down, it loses its rights, so that when at any time one requires rebuilding, it is usual to leave a chimney or some portion of the building standing. REEVE MEADOW-MOWING.

The Meadow-mowing was, according to Throsby and Nichols, a custom in the olden time in several parts of the country, and was the occasion of much merriment, festivity, and games.—*Vide* "Notes and Queries," vol. i., p. 224, for details of the custom in vogue at Ratby.

"Leicestershire Notes and Queries," ii., p. 111.

The Riding of the George.—Our local historian, Throsby,* has doubtless not exaggerated in describing the "riding of the George" as the "grandest solemnity of the town," for it appears to have been celebrated by the whole of the inhabitants, from the highest to the lowest, as one of the greatest festivity and rejoicing, and naturally to have attracted numerous spectators from the surrounding villages. RIDING OF THE GEORGE.

The day for the "riding" having been fixed (for it did not always take place on St. George's Day), the master of the Guild caused proclamation to be made at the High Cross, and elsewhere, of the time appointed, and, in all probability, special invitations were sent to the county magnates, for we find that not unfrequently the Earl of Huntingdon and others of the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood attended, and were presented with wine, &c., by the mayor and corporation, who also officially joined the master and brethren of the Guild in the procession. Nor was this a mere matter of choice, but one alike of immemorial usage and compulsion; for an express order, or "Act" of Common Hall, made in 1467, and subsequently confirmed, enjoined all the inhabitants, on being warned or summoned, "to attend upon the mayor to ride against (*i.e.* to meet) the King, or for riding of the George, or any other

* "History of Leicester," p. 242.

RIDING OF THE GEORGE.

thing that shall be to the pleasure of the mayor and worship for the town."

. . . . . We find, a quarter of a century later, that the riding of the George had, for some years, ceased to be celebrated. To enforce the performance of this ceremony for the future, it was ordered by the mayor and his brethren, at a Common Hall, held in November, 1523,* in the third mayoralty of Richard Reynolds, that whoever should thereafter be master of Saint George's Guild "should cause the George to be ridden, according to *the old ancient custom*, that is to say, between St. George's Day and Whit Sunday, unless there be reasonable cause" . . . . .

These particulars comprise the substance of all the information we are able to derive from the Borough Records respecting this ancient custom, with the exception of one suggestive entry in the Chamberlain's Account for 1536; and it will be seen they do not afford us the slightest insight into the nature of the ceremonies observed on the occasion, or whether any character, in addition to St. George, was represented in the pageant.

That the saint, however, was not the only figure in the procession of the Guild is clearly evinced by this single entry, which records that, in this instance, the chamberlains of the town, and not the brethren of the Guild, "paid for *dressing of the dragon*, 4s.;" and it is probable that the other characters in the legend were also represented, as, fortunately, the records of another ancient city, which possessed a similar fraternity, enable us to decide with tolerable certainty on this point.

[Here follows an account of the "Riding of the George," at Norwich, extracted from Muskett's "Notices and Illustrations of the Costume, Processions, Pageantry, &c., formerly displayed by the Corporation of Norwich." See also *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxvii. (1843), p. 144.]

Kelly's "Notices of Leicester," pp. 45-49.

At Leicester, the "riding of the George" was one of the

* Not 1504, as stated in Mr. James Thompson's "History of Leicester."

principal solemnities of the town. The inhabitants were bound to attend the mayor, or to "ride against the King," as it is expressed, or for "riding the George," or for any other thing to the pleasure of the mayor, and worship of the town. St. George's horse, harnessed, used to stand at the end of St. George's Chapel, in St. Martin's Church, Leicester. RIDING OF THE GEORGE.

Fosbroke's "Dictionary of Antiquities."

Quoted in Dyer's "British Popular Customs" (Bohn), p. 198, also in "Leicestershire Notes and Queries," i., 112.

Nichols, I., 376, 390, 391, 392, and 591.

Cf also "Folk-Lore," vol. ii., 326-328. Ed.

Bull-Baiting.—The town books of Leicester contain numerous references to this subject. It is stated in the Records that at a meeting held at the Common Hall on the Thursday before the Feast of Saints Simon and Jude,* the following order was made: "That no butcher kill a bull to sell within the Town before it is baited." If the regulation were disregarded, the offender was liable to the forfeiture of the dead animal. BULL BAITING.

Andrews' "Bygone England" (London, 1892), p. 170.

Elmesthorpe. From Richard Fowkes' "Extremesis," 1811:— MISCELLANEOUS.

Jan. 7. Plow Monday.—

"The old custom of Plough Monday still prevails
Like a great many more old popular tales.
Plough bullocks dressed in ribbons, a gaudy show,
In a long procession, shouting as they go."

Feb. 6.—I was this morning observing the old superstitious making of crosses upon the malt after it was mashed in the mash-tub. It is common almost everywhere amongst the women when they brew, to make crosses to keep the witch out of the mash-tub and that the ale may be fine.

* In 1467. [*See* Kelly, "Notices of Leicester," pp. 159 and 185. Nichols, I., 375. Ed.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

March 14.—*Easter Sunday.*—"The sun dances on Easter Sunday in the morning."

May 11.—It hath been a custom time out of mind for children to scatter flowers before people's doors in towns on May-Day.

May 26.—Farmers and common people extremely ignorant and illiterate, even vulgar in the highest degree, and very great believers in old popular tales of ghosts, fairies, witches, and people and cattle being under an evil tongue; nailing horse-shoe with nine holes on stable door, and keeping one always in the fire; and a hundred more superstitious pranks.

June 21.—*Longest Day.*—Shearing our sheep. Such dainties at village sheep-shearing, till gaping boys and men have seen the bottom of the brown jug and copious horn—and a garland of flowers on the ram's neck to grace this rural day.

"Transactions of the Leicestershire Architectural and Archaeological Societies," vol. iv., pp. 296 and 297.

Church Ales.—See Nichols, I., 305.

Waits.—See Nichols, I., 397, 401, 402, 467.

(*b*) CEREMONIAL CUSTOMS.

BIRTH CUSTOMS.

It is unlucky to weigh children. If you do, they will probably die, and at any rate will not thrive.

When children first leave their mother's room, they must go *upstairs* before they go downstairs, otherwise they will never rise in the world.

From Mr. J. D. Paul.

Chambers' "Book of Days," vol. ii., p. 39.

[Cf. Black, "Folk Medicine," p. 180. Ed.]

BIRTH CUSTOMS.

A custom exists in the town of Leicester of rather a singular nature. The first time a new-born child pays a visit it is presented with an egg, a pound of salt, and a bundle of matches.

"Notes and Queries," vol. vii. (1853), p. 128.

WEDDING CUSTOMS.

Riding for the Bride-Cake, and other Wedding Customs.—A custom formerly prevailed in this parish and neighbourhood of "riding for the bride-cake," which took place when the bride was brought home to her new habitation. A pole was erected in the front of the house, three or four yards high, with the cake stuck upon the top of it; on the instant that the bride set out from her old habitation, a company of young men started off on horseback; and he who was fortunate enough to reach the pole first, and knock the cake down with his stick, had the honour of receiving it from the hands of a damsel on the point of a wooden sword; and with this trophy he returned in triumph to meet the bride and her attendants, who, upon their arrival in the village, were met by a party whose office it was to adorn their horses' heads with garlands, and to present the bride with a posey.

The last ceremony of this sort that took place in the parish of Claybrook was between sixty and seventy years ago, and was witnessed by a person now living in the parish.

Sometimes the bride-cake was tried for by persons on foot, and then it was called "throwing the quintal," which was performed with heavy bars of iron, thus affording a trial of muscular strength as well as of gallantry. This custom has been long discontinued, as well as the other.

The only custom now remaining at weddings that tends to recall a classical image to the mind is that of sending to a disappointed lover a garland of willow variously ornamented, accompanied sometimes with a pair of gloves, a white handkerchief, and a smelling-bottle.

Brand's "Antiquities," i., p. 124; ii., p. 155.
Macaulay's "Claybrook," pp. 130, 131.

WEDDING CUSTOMS.

[Reprinted, without acknowledgment or reference, by "W. Sydney," in "Leicestershire N. and Q.," iii., p. 42.

See Nichols, IV., 131. Ed.]

Cushion-Dance.—Brand ("Popular Antiquities," ii., p. 162) quotes an account of this dance from Playford's "Dancing-Master," which correctly describes it, the only exception being that real names are used instead of "John" and "Joan Sanderson."

Evans, p. 134.

Glenfield.—An inhabitant of Glenfield (Mr. J. S. Ellis) remembers the custom of throwing chaff before the door of a wife-beater. Within the last forty years he has seen the garden of a house almost filled with chaff — the house now occupied by T. F. Johnson, Esq., Jr.

[For a similar custom in Gloucestershire, cf. "Notes and Queries," First Series, i., pp. 245, 294, and County Folk-Lore Printed Extracts, No. I., Folk-Lore Society, p. 16. Ed.]

See also under "Local Customs" [Marcheta and Leyrwit] [Borough English] and "Superstitions Generally."

FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

The body of Lord Lanesborough is buried half of it within and half outside the churchyard at Swithland.

It is the custom to lock the front door and open the window wide after a death in the house.

From Mr. J. D. Paul.

Salt placed on Dead Bodies.—It was a custom in Leicester and its shire, yet continued, to place a dish or plate of salt on a corpse to prevent its swelling and purging, as the term is.

"Gentleman's Magazine Library," "Superstitious Beliefs and Customs," p. 198.

Mr. Bickerstaff described an object found in St. Mary's churchyard at Leicester, which he imagined to be a plate once charged

FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

with salt. Another correspondent suggested that it may have been a *patten* entombed in the coffin of some priest or incumbent of that church. *Ib.*, p. 198.

Chiming Bells at Funerals.—This custom . . . . lingered in several parishes in Leicestershire until recently. At Frisby, it was used until the year 1842; at Oadby, in the case of one family,* until 1844; and at Sapcote, Mrs. Spencer, who died in the year 1847, expressed a wish that the bells should be chimed at her funeral, and her wish was granted. At Saxelby, it is still the rule for the bells to be chimed on the arrival of the funeral procession at the church gates, and to continue to be chimed until all are within the church.

North, "Church Bells of Leicestershire," p. 109.

Mr. Crane, who died about 1738, was the first person in Melton Mowbray for whom the bell tolled after death; till then the custom was for it to pass before, agreeably to the primitive institution.

Nichols, II., 250.

Funeral-Feasts.—Nichols relates a custom as followed at Barwell, at the funeral of Miss Anne Power, who died 29 September 1785. She was, he says, a wealthy maiden lady, and at her funeral, "agreeably to the custom of the country on the interment of spinsters, the corpse was welcomed to the church with a merry peal; and an elegant entertainment was distributed to a numerous circle of friends and neighbouring dependents."

Nichols's "Leicestershire," IV., 480, note.

Doles at Funerals.—"Ita tamen quod corpus meum ultra triduum super terram minime præservetur; quoad pastum relinquo arbitrio executorum meorum nolo tamen quod modum excedant."

"Stock's Market Harborough Records," p. 51 (quoting will of Geoffrey le Scrope, who died in 1382).

* The oldest family supposed to live in this village, the Ludlams, who claimed the distinction of having the deceased members of the family "chimed to church," and asserted that it had been the custom to do so from time immemorial.—*Ibid.*, p. 257.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS.

Waltham-on-the-Wolds.—There used to be a number of *funeral garlands* hanging up about the church, in commemoration of the deaths of unmarried women.

"Transactions of the Leicestershire Architectural and Archaeological Society," p. 422.

Exhibited at Kegworth, August 26, 1868, a loaf of bread 400 years old. This loaf was sent by Mrs. Soar, of Elvaston, to one of whose ancestors it was given as a *funeral dole* on the death of one of the Harrington family.

"Transactions of the Leicestershire Architectural and Archaeological Society," p. 348.

Godeby.—In this parish, when any person dies, the baker goes about with bread, and gives to every house as many penny-loaves as there are persons in the family, also a piece of plum cake.

Nichols, II., 196.

[For *Doles at Stathern.* *See* Nichols, II., 357. Ed.]

Funeral Cakes.—In 1664-5 Mr. Palmer, the town clerk of Leicester, died; and at his funeral the corporation expended £1 10*s.* for cakes.—Chamberlain's Accounts for that year.

"Transactions of the Leicestershire Architectural and Archaeological Societies," vol. i., p. 119.

Nichols, in his "History of Lancashire" (misprint for *Leicestershire*), ii., part i., p. 382, speaking of Waltham in Framland Hundred says: "In this church, under every arch, a garland is suspended: one of which is customarily placed there whenever any young unmarried woman dies."

Quoted in Brand's "Popular Antiquities" (Bohn), ii., p. 302.

At Melton Mowbray all of the same street are invited to a funeral, because, according to the Saxon institution, they were all of the same bonfire.

Nichols, IV., 131.

See also under "Superstitions Generally."

(*c*) GAMES.

Making Cheeses, is an amusement for children, practised by girls. The process consists in spinning round rapidly and then crouching down so as to distend the petticoats somewhat in the shape of a cheese. The performers occasionally sing a song, of which the refrain is, "Turn, cheeses, turn!" but I do not remember to have heard the example cited by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips.

Percy Society, vol. iv., p. 122.
Evans, p. 119.

Cob-nut.—Strings are passed through nuts, by which to use them in playing. Each player, in turn, holds his cob-nut up by the string to be "cobbed" at by the other, and the player who first breaks his adversary's nut is the winner of the game.

Evans, p. 126.
[*See* Mrs. Gomme, "British Games," I., 71-72. Ed.]

Fighting Cocks.—A cock is a snail-shell used in the game of fighting-cocks, which is played by pressing the points or noses of two snail-shells together till one of them breaks.

Evans, p. 126.
[*See* "Cogger." Mrs. Gomme, "British Games," 1., 77. Ed.]

Duck.— A boys' game, played with rounded stones or boulders.

Evans, p. 142.

Wiggle-waggle.—A party sit round a table under the presidency of a "Buck." Each person has his fingers clenched, and the thumb extended. "Buck" from time to time calls out as suits his fancy: "Buck says, thumbs up!" or, "Buck says, thumbs down!" or, "Wiggle-waggle." If he says, "thumbs up!" he places both hands on the table with the thumbs sticking straight

GAMES.

up. If "thumbs down!" he rests his thumbs on the table with his hands up. If "wiggle-waggle!" he places his hands as in "thumbs up," but wags his thumbs nimbly. Everybody at the table has to follow the word of command on the instant, and any who fail to do so are liable to a forfeit.

Evans, p. 290.

Old Games.—In the "ordinance" or bye-laws made by the Corporation of Leicester in the year 1467, it was forbidden that anyone should play for silver at any of the following games, under pain of imprisonment: that is to say, at dice, "carding," hazarding, tennis, bowles, "pykkyng" with arrows, quoiting with horse-shoes, penny-prick, football, or chequer-in-the-mire. And this regulation was confirmed at a Common Hall in the 3rd Henry VII., when all persons were forbidden to play for money at dyce, cards, bowles, half-bowle, hasardynge, tennys, pryckyng with arrows, coytyng with stones, or coytyng with horse-shoese, penny-pryk, foteball, classhe-coyles, checker-in-the-mire, or shove-grote.

Kelly's "Notices," p. 181.

Cushion Dance.—See "Wedding Customs."

Shuttlecock and Battledore.—See "Shrovetide."

Whipping Toms, Shindy, Football, see "Local Customs" [Whipping Toms].

Thread-the-Needle.—See "Whipping Toms."

Drawing Dun.—See "Proverbs."

[*For Bingo* (with Leicestershire tune), *Cat-gallows, Drop-handkerchief* (with Leicestershire song), *Hide and Wink*, and *Jolly Miller* (with Leicestershire song).

See Mrs. Gomme, "British Games," i., pp. 29, 33, 63, 110, 213, 290, 291. Ed.]

(*d*) LOCAL CUSTOMS.

SWAIN-MOTE.

The Swainmote.—The Swainmote (as Nichols prefers spelling the word, from its supposed derivation—a meeting of the swains) was assembled three times a year, and Spelman described it to be "Curia forestæ de rebus et delictis in forestâ accidentibus." The owners of the lordships of Whitwick, Groby, and Shepeshead only held these courts; but whether the other lords of the forest were subordinate to these, or held other courts, taking cognizance of similar matters, does not appear. Like all courts of high antiquity, the Swainmote was held in the open air—that of Whitwick near Sharpley Rocks, where the place may still be traced; that of Groby at Copt Oak; and that of Shepeshead on Ives Head.

"History and Antiquities of Charnwood Forest,"
T. R. Potter, 1842, p. 3.

Swains' Hill.—Swains' Hill—a name which suggests the probability of the spot having been a Swainmote Court—lies at the foot of Ives Head; and at a little distance from the latter stands the Hangman's Stone, which furnishes the subject of a legend.

Ib., p. 177.

Swainmote Rock.—In this parish (Whitwick), and about two miles north-east of the village, is the Swainmote Rock, on which, in early times, the courts of the forest were held.

Ib., p. 156.

See under "Hills," "Sacred Stones," "Oaks," "Gartree Bush," "Stanywells."

THE FOREST.

The Foresters.—The foresters were sworn officers, and their duty was to watch over vert and venison, and to make presentments of all trespasses.

THE FOREST.

A forester was also taken for the wood ward: and every forester, when called at a justice-seat, had to kneel and present his horn, while the wood ward knelt and presented his axe.

Ib., p. 3.

Maker's Manor.—The small commoners and cottagers of the various townships around enjoyed the privileges which the free forest afforded. They had their fern-harvests, at which the fern was gathered and burnt to make ash-bells; they had their little pickings of gorse, brushwood, firewood, turf, and peat; they had the minor "waifs and strays" of the warren; more than all, they had "fleet foot on the Correi." Some had a few stunted cows and forest sheep—a horse, it may be, or a few asses, which carried coals or besoms to the surrounding towns. Regarding the forest as their inalienable right, they greatly resented the encroachments that seemed to be extending wider and wider, from the increased vigilance with which the warreners found it necessary to guard the land in the neighbourhood of the warrens. A spirit of dissatisfaction at these inroads into what they called their "Maker's manor" (I have the expression from a very old forester) first began to develop itself among the cottagers of Shepeshead and Whitwick.

"History and Antiquities of Charnwood Forest," T. R. Potter, 1842, p. 23.

FREBORD.

In some, if not in all the manors in this vicinity in which this right exists, the quantity of ground claimed as *frebord* is thirty feet in width from the set of the hedges.

Leicestriensis in "Notes and Queries," vol. v. (1852), p. 595.

HAY STREWING.

Strewing Churches with Hay.—At Glenfield, according to Edwards ("Old English Customs and Charities"), the parish clerk, in accordance with an old custom, strews the church with new hay on the first Sunday after the 5th of July in each year.* This is probably

* Quoted in Dyer's "British Popular Customs" (Bohn), p. 338, from Edwards' "Old English Customs and Charities," p. 219. Ed.

HAY STREWING.

a survival of the ancient English practice of strewing the floors of not only churches, but dwelling-houses also, with hay, straw, or rushes. When the first Norman monarch occupied the throne of this realm, he gave to one of his subjects a grant of land in return for supplying him with "straw for his bedchamber," and in summer straw and rushes twice a year, besides other tributary payments. Hentzner, in his "Itinerary," says of Queen Elizabeth's presence chamber: "The floor, after the English fashion, was strewed with hay. . . . . The same curious custom is also observed at the church in the adjoining village of Braunston, which is ecclesiastically connected with Glenfield."—S.

"Leicestershire Notes and Queries," vol. i., p. 119.

On July 6th this year (1890), the Sunday after St. Peter's Day, being the feast, the church at Braunston was as usual strewn with hay, as has been the wont from time immemorial. The origin of this, as of many other singular customs, is lost in the mists of antiquity. On the Thursday before the wake, or feast, the "Holme" meadow (one of eight situated near St. Mary's Mills, seven of which are on the east side of the River Soar) is mown, and the parish clerk of Braunston fetches therefrom on the Saturday a small load of hay, which he must spread with his hands (without using a fork) on the floor of the church. The portion of the meadow from which the hay is taken is marked out with a stake, and called "the clerk's acre," the whole of the crop thereon being claimed by that functionary, but the tenant usually has it by paying him the sum of thirty shillings. Another acre is claimed by the rector of Aylestone, who receives from the tenant the sum of two guineas as a modus, instead of the produce thereof.

Some years ago, while the church was undergoing extensive repairs and roofless, the then rector of Aylestone deputed some one to pay a visit at the time appointed, thinking the parish clerk would omit the annual custom, but *he* was not to be caught napping. In all probability, in default of continuance of the same, there would be tithe or some other payment claimed on the whole.

HAY STREWING.

From the situation of these fields, beyond the River Soar, a natural boundary, apparently an outline of the parish, it is possible that at some distant date they may have belonged to or had some connection with the adjoining parish of Aylestone.

In the early part of the century it was the custom to take the hay required from the "clerk's acre," to Braunston "the way the crow flies," that is, across the River Soar, through cornfields, hedges, and ditches, and this was annually made the occasion for a rough and boisterous holiday.

Singular to relate, although Throsby mentions briefly this custom in his excursions, Nichols, in his voluminous "County History," makes no mention thereof.

R. B

[The Editors are obliged for these particulars from one who was formerly a tenant for many years.]

"Leicestershire Notes and Queries," vol. i., p. 265.

[*See* "Charity Reports," xxxii., pt. x., p. 158; and Burton's "Rush-bearing," 1891, p. 22. Ed.]

Hay Strewing at Ashby Folville.—The floor of this church used formerly to be strewn with hay or rushes from the first Sunday in August until Christmas, which custom continued until the early part of the present century, when the piece of land (about one rood) whence the hay was procured was let to the tenant who occupied the rest of the field at a small rent. It was a triangular piece of land marked out by three large stones, in a field called "The Bartlemews," situate between Ashby Pastures and Thorpe Thrussels. It is traditionally reported that two ladies, being benighted, and having lost their way, heard the bells of the place ring, and thus found their way to the village; and, on the spot where they heard the bells, they dropped a handkerchief, where the next day it was found. The produce of the land was in consequence appropriated yearly for the church in commemoration of their escape from danger. The oldest record I have seen of it (about 1745) states that the parishioners of Ashby Folville

have the right of the grass growing on this land to strew their church with in winter. The land has recently been sold to the owner of the other part of the field; and part of the money expended in repairing the church windows, Barsby. T. Randall. HAY STREWING.

"Leicestershire Notes and Queries," vol. ii., p. 254.

Wymondham.—The Wake is now kept the Sunday following the feast of S. Peter, when the church is always strewed with rushes, and the parish clerk is paid 1s. 6d. out of a farm, for what is called "Church-grass."

Nichols, II., 406.

Medbourne.—An annual custom prevailed at Medbourn, discontinued but about eight or ten years, of strewing new hay along the aisles of the church on the last Sunday in June or first in July.

Nichols, III., 539.

The "Whipping Toms."—Another ancient custom, now abolished, was the sport known as *Whipping Toms*, which was held in that part of the precincts of Leicester Castle called the *Newarke*, originally the *New Work*, an area of considerable extent.. WHIPPING TOMS.

I have myself on several occasions, when a boy, witnessed this singular spectacle from the garden of one of the houses in the Newarke. The sports usually began about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning of Shrove Tuesday, the principal game being that of "Shinney" or "Hockey."* All other proceedings were, however, superseded by the Whipping Toms, who commenced operations at one o'clock. After that hour any persons passing through the Newarke were liable to be whipped, unless they paid a fee to any or all of the Whipping Toms by whom they might be met or pursued, who, however, were not by custom allowed to whip above the knee, and any one kneeling down was safe from attack so long as he remained in that posture.

* Described by Mr. Halliwell, in his "Archaic Dictionary," under the name of "Bandy."

WHIPPING TOMS.

Many of the lower class, and occasionally some "fast" young fellows of the middle class (who came "to see the fun"), would take what was called "two pennyworth of whipping," or, in other words, would take part in a kind of *fencing match*—the Whipping Tom endeavouring to whip their legs with his long cart-whip, and the others endeavouring to ward off the blows with their long sticks with all the skill of which they were master. Occasionally a well-directed blow would take effect, the stroke often cutting through the stocking * of the unskilful or incautious recipient. On these occasions a ring would be formed round the pair of antagonists, and whilst the attention of the spectators was engrossed by the exciting contest going on before their eyes, they would be suddenly startled by the warning sound of the bells, and find themselves attacked in the rear by other Whipping Toms, when they would scamper in all directions; sometimes, however, by surrounding the bellman, they would succeed in silencing "that awful bell," and thus, for a time, render the Whipping Tom powerless, until one of his companions, with his attendant bell, should rush to the rescue.

The "bounds," beyond which everyone was safe from attack, were the *Magazine* Gateway, the *Turret* Gateway, the lane leading to *Rupert's* Tower (part of the old town wall), and the passage between Trinity Hospital and St. Mary's Vicarage, leading to the pike-yard, which it seems was at one time "dignified by the name of Little London." †

It was formerly the custom on this day for the lads and lasses to meet in the spacious gallery of the women's ward in Trinity Hospital, and to play at "Thread-the-Needle," and other similar games. This, however, from its annoying the aged inmates, was discontinued a few years before the *sport* of Whipping Toms was finally abolished. All attempts to put a stop to the practice of this ancient custom (which certainly was one "more honoured in

* See Mr. W. Gardiner's "Music and Friends," vol. i., p. 366.

† As stated in a communication to Hone's "Year Book" (p. 539) on this subject.

the breach than the observance") had proved futile; until, at length, the aid of an Act of Parliament was called in to abolish it, a clause with that object being embodied in the "Leicester Improvement Act," which received the Royal Assent on the 18th June, 1846. As this clause (the 41st) clearly indicates the strong hold which this annual sport retained upon many of the people, even at that recent period, it is here given:— WHIPPING TOMS.

"Whereas a certain custom or practice called 'Whipping Toms' has for many years existed in a public place called the Newarke, in the said borough, on Shrove Tuesday, which has caused large numbers of people to assemble there, who, by the sport there carried on, occasion great noise and inconvenience, not only to persons residing in the Newarke, but to the inhabitants of the said borough generally, by preventing persons not engaged in the said sports from passing along the said place without subjecting themselves to the payment of money, which is demanded of them to escape being whipped: Be it therefore enacted, That from and after the passing of this Act the said custom or practice called Whipping Toms shall be and the same is hereby declared to be unlawful; and in case any person or persons shall, on Shrove Tuesday in any year after the passing of this Act, play at Whipping Toms, shindy, football, or any other game on any part of the said place called the Newarke, or stand, or be in the said place with any whip, stick, or other instrument for the purpose of playing thereat, he or they shall forfeit or pay for every such offence any sum not exceeding the sum of five pounds, to be recovered in like manner as other penalties created by this Act; and it shall be lawful for any police constable or peace officer of the said borough without any warrant whatsoever to seize and apprehend any person offending as aforesaid, and forthwith to convey him before any justice of the peace, in order to his conviction for the said offence."

On the Shrove Tuesday following the passing of this Act, although due notice had been given to the public of the consequences, great numbers of the "roughs" among the working-

WHIPPING TOMS.

classes, together with the old Whipping Toms, assembled in the Newarke, with the determination to have their sport as usual, and it was only after a serious collision between the police and the people, during which many heavy blows were given and returned, that the authorities at length succeeded in clearing the Newarke, several of the ringleaders in the affair being taken into custody.

Thus, by force of law, in the middle of the nineteenth century, was brought to an end the unique sport of Whipping Toms; a custom whose origin and meaning are lost in the mists of antiquity, for on these points all is conjecture, nor do we find any clear traces of a similar custom existing at any period in other parts of the kingdom.

One local tradition is, that it was instituted to commemorate the expulsion of the Danes from Leicester, on Hoke Day A.D. 1002, when nearly all the Danes in England were massacred.* Another, and, we think, a much more plausible theory, is, that it owes its origin to John of Gaunt, and that it was a tenure by which certain privileges granted by him to the inhabitants of the locality were maintained,† the Newarke—in which stood the collegiate church (the burial place of the House of Lancaster), the houses of the canons, and the hospital founded by Earl Henry in 1330—as well as "the Castle View," on the northward side of the castle—having been, until very recently, extra-parochial. We have already alluded to the still more barbarous custom of "Bull-running" at Tutbury, which, it seems probable, was instituted by John of Gaunt; and, from the very curious ceremonies which he prescribed to be observed as the tenure by which the land he conferred upon certain Ratby men was to be held, in commemoration of a romantic incident which is related at length by Throsby,‡ and which ceremonies are still, in part, kept up, we may conclude that this celebrated man had a considerable

* Thompson's "History of Leicester," p. 18 (note).

† Gardiner's "Music and Friends," vol. i., p. 366.

‡ "Leicestershire Views," vol. ii., pp. 83-86.

spice of eccentricity in his disposition, and that his great popularity in the neighbourhood was due, in some degree, to the freedom with which he occasionally mingled in the sports of the people. WHIPPING TOMS.

The only use of the term "Whipping Tom" we have met with elsewhere than in Leicester, is in a quotation from Aubrey, in Thoms' "Anecdotes and Traditions," * where mention is made of "A Whipping Tom in Kent, who disciplined the wandering maids and women till they were afraid to walk abroad." Upon this passage Mr. Thoms observes:—"'Whipping Tom's Rod for a Proud Lady' is the title of a satirical tract, published about the year 1744. Whipping Tom himself," adds the learned editor, "would appear to bear some resemblance to Mumbo Jumbo, 'who disciplined the wandering maids and women' of Africa."

The great antiquity, the unknown origin, and the unique character of this curious local sport, coupled with its being now entirely obsolete, have led to its being dilated upon at far greater length than its rude nature would otherwise have merited.

Kelly's "Notices of Leicester," pp. 174-180.

Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes" . . . omits giving a description of an ancient custom at Leicester, called the Whipping Toms. Within the precincts of the castle there is a large open space called the Newarke, where crowds of the lower orders resort on Shrove Tuesday for a holiday. In my father's time the sports were cock-throwing, single-stick, wrestling, &c.; and probably the practice we are about to speak of arose from a difficulty in clearing the square of the people in order to close the gates. On the ringing of the bell, crowds, chiefly young persons, begin to assemble, armed with long sticks, used only as weapons of defence. About three o'clock the Whipping Toms arrive; three stout fellows, furnished with cart-whips, and a man with a bell runs before them to give notice of their approach. The bell sounding, the floggers begin to strike in every direction, to drive the rabble out at the gates; but they are opposed and set at

* Printed for the Camden Society, p. 101.

WHIPPING TOMS.

defiance by hundreds of men and boys, who defend their legs with sticks. The mob so tease and provoke the flagellators that they lay about them unmercifully, often cutting through the stockings of the assailants at a stroke. This amusement, if so it can be called, is continued for several hours, the combatants being driven from one end of the garrison to the other, surrounded by crowds of idle women and spectators. Attempts have been made to get rid of this rude custom, but without effect, as some tenure is maintained by it.

Chambers' "Book of Days," vol. i., p. 365-6.

[*See also* Throsby "History of Leicester," 1791, p. 356. Dyer's "British Popular Customs" (Bohn), p. 79. "Leaflets from my Life," by Mary Kirby (an eye-witness) (London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1887), pp. 11-12. "Leicestershire N. and Q." vol. iii., p. 29. Hone's Year Book, 1838, pp. 536-7.

Aubrey's "Remaines of Gentilisme" (Folk-Lore Society, 1880), p. 59, as to Whipping Toms in Kent, and Note on p. 228.

Mrs. Gomme's "Traditional Games," vol. i., pp. 217-218. Ed.]

Whipping Toms.—The account is so very complete that I think it is a pity not to add one more particular, viz.: that the spot on which the mayor stood to address the mob is still marked in the pavement of the street.

Perhaps the stones will not always be there; would it not be well to record that they were existing in 1893?

From Miss H. Ellis.

PUBLIC PENANCE.

Between six and seven years ago, a man and a woman in this parish were presented by the churchwardens in the spiritual court for fornication; and they both did public penance by standing in the middle aisle, during the time of divine service, invested with white sheets.

Macaulay's "Claybrook," p. 132.

FOOTING.

A stranger looking on at workmen engaged in their work, will generally be asked to "pay his footing," or "stand his footale." A workman is also often expected to pay his footing on joining a gang.

Evans, p. 153.

[This happened at the last general election to a Parliamentary candidate who went to address some quarrymen at Enderby, and who was not allowed to depart without paying his footing. It was afterwards brought up against him by the other side as bribery and corruption. Ed.]

HORSE-SHOES AT OAKHAM.

The first time a peer of the realm comes within the precinct of the manor of Oakham, he forfeits a shoe from his horse, to be nailed on the castle gate; and; should he refuse it or a compensation in money, the bailiff is empowered to take it by force. This custom originated at the first erection of the castle in the reign of Henry II., as a token of the territorial power of its lord, Walthien de Ferrers, whose ancestor, who came over with William the Conqueror, bore for arms, *Argent, six horse shoes pierced sable*; designative of his office as Master of the Horse to the Dukes of Normandy. These shoes, or rather the shoes purchased with the compensation money, are now nailed within the walls of the castle, and some are of a very elaborate and historical character, each bearing the date and the name of the donor.

W. C.

"Leicestershire Notes and Queries," vol. i. p. 63.
[*See also ib.* ii., 185, "The Hall of Oakham."]

As a supplement to W. C.'s note on this subject, the following further particulars may be acceptable:—

"The walls are literally covered by memorials of princes and peers who have paid tribute to the custom of the country. Over the old oaken chair (occupied by the judge of assize when he attends to receive a pair of white gloves, as a token that the

HORSE-SHOES AT OAKHAM.

country cannot produce a delinquent for judicial censure), is an immense shoe, constructed of solid brass, erected in 1814, and bearing the name of the Prince Regent. Near it are the tokens of Queen Elizabeth and the Princess of Wales, the latter placed on the wall in 1881. Her Majesty the Queen also left a souvenir of her visit to the county nineteen years ago, which occupies a place adjoining those of the Princess of Wales, and the Duke of York. Lord Coleridge, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Lonsdale, Earl Dysart, the Marquis of Huntley, the Earl of Gainsborough, the Earl of Cardigan, the Duke of Norfolk, Bishop of Carlisle, Baron Raglan, and the romantic Earl of Exeter, have also paid the usual penalty for entering this peculiar county. In every instance but one the horseshoes are of fancy construction, the exception being afforded by that of Lord Willoughby, the shoe at present affixed being taken from the foot of a favourite horse, "Clinker," that earned for its owner considerable fame on the turf. The Iron Duke in his peaceful days was caught on the borders of the county, and the shoe with his name painted upon it betrays that he was unable to resist the advances of the impulsive Oakhamites. It will be difficult, from its very peculiarity, to discover in this land of castles a relic so astonishing."

"Leicestershire Notes and Queries, vol. i., pp. 106-107.

[*See* a Paper on "Horseshoe Customs at Oakham, Rutland," by Dr. J. Evans, P.S.A., read before the Society of Antiquaries of London on March 3rd, 1892, and published in "Leicestershire Notes and Queries," vol. iii., p. 15. Ed.]

CURFEW-BELL.

Curfew-bell is rung at Barrow-on-Soar; Belgrave (in winter); Bottesford (excepting during Whitsun-week); Burbage (in winter); Burton-Overy; Claybrook (discontinued); Glen Magna (discontinued); Hinckley (winter); Kegworth (winter); St. Martin's, Leicester; St. Mary's, Leicester (discontinued); Lockington (winter); All Saints, Loughborough; Lutterworth; Market Harborough (discontinued); Melton Mowbray (from Michaelmas

CURFEW-BELL.

to Lady Day); Rotherby (discontinued); Shepeshead (winter); Shepey Magna (winter, excepting during the interval between the death and burial of any parishioner); Sibstone (winter); Stoke Golding (formerly); Waltham-on-the-Wolds; Whetstone (discontinued).

From North's "Church Bells of Leicestershire," pp. 134-309.

Curfew-bell is rung at Langham; Luffenham (South); and Oakham.

From North's "Church Bells of Rutland," pp. 118-166.

GLEANING BELL.

Gleaning-bell is rung at Ashwell; Bisbrooke (discontinued); Braunstone; Great Casterton; Clipsham; Cottesmore; Egleton; Empingham; Greetham; Hambleton; Langham; Lyddington; Manton (discontinued); Market Overton; Morcot; Oakham; Seaton (discontinued); Tickencote (discontinued); Whissendine; Whitwell.

From North's "Church Bells of Rutland," pp. 118-166.

In several country parishes, as at Waltham-on-the-Wolds and Wymondham, a gleaning-bell is rung during harvest, both morning and evening, giving warning when gleaning may commence, and when it must close for the day.

North's "Church Bells of Leicestershire," p. 120.

HARVEST CUSTOM.

I am glad to see an ancient custom revived in this village of electing from amongst themselves a Queen of the Gleaners. When elected, she is borne in a chair to the first field that is to be gleaned; a crown, composed of wild flowers and a few ears of corn is placed upon her head, and she tells her laws to her subjects. They are informed that when there are fields to be gleaned, a horn or bell will summon them to the outskirts of the village, and that she will then conduct them to the field. The Queen then

HARVEST CUSTOM. stipulates for a sum to be paid to her attendants, who undertake to summon the gleaners.

She next impresses upon her people the necessity of obedience to her as their head, and of union among themselves. The infirmities of the aged are mentioned, and the cares of the cottage are not forgotten. The rustic sovereign then declares "her will and pleasure" to the effect that her people "shall not stray from the field" to which she "leads them"; and that any one who violates this law "shall forfeit her gathering, and her corn shall be bestrewed." Wishing for all a good harvest, and that they "may glean it in peace," the Queen is then borne from the field to the end of the village surrounded by her subjects, and conveyed home admidst mirth and song.

[From a letter from a native of Rempston, Loughborough, to the Editor of the "Leicester Guardian," October 17th, 1859.]

MARCHETA AND LEYRWIT. William de Moldestone held land in Keton, Rutland, of Hasculph de Whitewelle in villenage (5th Ed. III.) rendering (*inter alia*), "to the Lord five shillings for the *Marcheta*, if his (the tenant's) daughter should be married, and five shillings for *Leyrwit*, if she should commit fornication."

Blore's "Rutland," p. 229.

Waltham.—All the women in villanage paid him (Alan de Nevile) *Merchet* and *Lotherwit*.

Nichols, II., 380.

GUILDS. *Origin.*—A meeting of the Guild was originally known in the (Leicester) rolls by the name "morwen speche," which is traceable to the ancient term "morgen spaec," employed to designate the "morning speeches," or heathen festivals, of primæval Germany, from which the subsequent meetings of Anglo-Saxon England may be supposed to have been derived. As every consultation was connected with a convivial feast amongst the early Germans, and a common building was constructed in which the rude banquets and deliberations of the less wealthy freemen

GUILDS.

were held, the name of which (*domus conviviae*) implied thus much, so their descendants in this country appear to have introduced the "morwen speche" and the Guild-hall with their other customs. In Leicester, the entries on the Guild, introducing the matters recorded, sometimes commence in this style: "Haec est le morwen speche de la Gild," thus intermingling Latin, German, and French in the same sentence; the writer being unable to substitute for the words "morwen speche" and "Gild" any French or Latin equivalents, and thereby unconsciously proving their Teutonic origin.

Thompson's "English Municipal History," p. 49.

We learn from the rolls of the Guild Merchant of Leicester that usually once a year the members met in their hall to admit new members and to transact other business. At their head sat the alderman, or aldermen; for sometimes one person is mentioned, sometimes two are noticed. The custom was to require the initiate to take an oath of fealty to the Guild; to find two pledges or securities for the fulfilment of his obligations; to pay a fee on entrance; a contribution for the bull; a payment to the "hause," and smaller ones not specified. Having complied with these requirements, the new member was called a brother of the Guild, was entitled to enjoy all its advantages, was liable to discharge all its corresponding responsibilities, and was eligible to fill its offices.

ib. p. 50.

The payment for the bull will be well understood when it is remembered that many of the members of the Guild depastured cows on the common near the town; while the contribution to the "hause" seems only to relate to the periodical subscription to the Guild—the word "hause" and the word "Guild" being synonymous.

ib. p. 52.

When the son of a member of the Guild was admitted, it

GUILDS. was under favourable circumstances; he was said to have "the seat of his father," and no payments were required. Thus:—

> "Ralph, son of Jocelyn, has the seat of his father,
> Simon with the beard has the seat of his father."

In the case of the servants of members of the Guild, a similar freedom from fees appears to have been occasionally allowed, as is here exemplified:—

> "Geoffrey, the man of Osmond the Tailor, is quit of entrance fee."

The son of a priest was placed in a similar position—*Osmond filius sacerdotis* being admitted without payment of fees.

Finally, concerning the members of the Guild, it may be remembered that they constituted the "burgesses" of the town, and none other.

Thompson's "English Municipal History," pp. 52, 53.

BOROUGH-ENGLISH. A usage, called the law of Borough English, had long prevailed in Leicester, in accordance with which the youngest son succeeded to the property of his father. It was alleged that owing to a defect of heirs and their weakness, the town was falling into ruin and dishonour, and therefore a change in the established custom was necessary. The burgesses accordingly supplicated the Earl to grant them a charter, under the authority of which their eldest-born sons might succeed to the paternal inheritance and habitation—to what has been already legally designated "the burgage." The Earl listened to the prayer, and granted the charter requested, which was dated at Westminster, in the month of October, 1255.

Thompson's "English Municipal History," p. 62.

HAM-SOCKENS. The succeeding passages in the document of which these paragraphs form an abridgment (Agreement of 1281 A.D.),

HAM-SOCKENS.

relate to the compulsory expulsion from the town of Leicester of persons who were "bold to make bates, batteries, and ham-sockens" (which last word means the assaulting of men in their own houses—a very serious offence in the estimation of our ancestors).

Thompson's "English Municipal History," p. 67.

[*See* "House-Peace": read before the Incorporated Law Society at their Annual Meeting, 1893, and published in their Report.—Ed.]

HIGH CROSS FAIR.

At the end of this street (High Cross Street) the name of High Cross is still given to a plain Doric pillar, which, till the year 1773 (when it was in so ruinous a state as to be dangerous and an annoyance to the passage in the street it stood in), formed one of the supporters of a light temple-looking building of the same name . . . . which served as a shelter to the country people who here hold a small market on Wednesdays and Fridays for the sale of butter, eggs, &c.* Here the members of Parliament are proclaimed. Here also may be seen, on Michaelmas Day, the grotesque ceremony of the poor men of Trinity Hospital, arrayed like antient knights, having rusty helmets on their heads, and breast-plates fastened on thin black tabards, proclaiming the fair.

Nichols' Leicestershire, vol. I., p. 532.

MAYOR OF LEICESTER CHOSEN BY A SOW.

The story that the Mayor (of Leicester) is chosen by a sow. The candidates sit each with his hat full of beans in his lap, and he is the Mayor from whose hat the sow eats first.

Southey's "Commonplace Book," 4th Series 1851, p. 341, quoting "St. James's Magazine," 1762, vol. ii., p. 13.

See "Nicknames" [Beanbelly Leicestershire.]

* Removed a few years ago. Ed.

MOP FAIR AT SAPCOTE.

It is a custom in this parish once every year for certain of the young people to go out in the night through the whole village, after the inhabitants are gone to bed, and take all the mops, besoms, and brushes they can find carelessly left out of doors, and throw them into the horse-pit in the middle of the town. The next morning is called *Mop-fair*, and it is a ludicrous sight to see the old women and servant-maids from all parts of the town examining the pit for their scrubbing utensils, of which the best are generally taken first.

Nichols, IV., 898.

HIGH CROSS.

The youth of the adjoining counties of Leicester and Warwick used formerly to meet at this place (at the intersection of Fosse Road and Watling Street on the borders of Warwickshire, Ed.) for the purpose of performing the athletic exercises of wrestling, singlestick playing, &c.; but these games began to be discontinued about the year 1750, and the remembrance of them now is almost obliterated.

Nichols, IV., 915.

See also under Part I. (a) (b); Part II. (a) (b) (c).

Part III.

TRADITIONAL NARRATIVES.

(*a*) DROLLS.

HUMBLE-CUM-BUZZ.

A small boy was one day eating plum cake, when he said to his mother—

"Oi sa', moother, ha' plooms got legs?"

"Nooa, ma lad!"

"Then, moother, ah'v swallered a 'oomble-coom-booz!"

Evans, p. 175.

THE BOTTOMLESS WELL.

"The paason, ah suppose a wanted to mek a Epril fule on me; a says, 'John,' a says, 'ha' ye heerd what's 'appened Hinckley wee?' Soo ah says, 'Noo, ah een't heerd nothink,' ah says. 'Whoy,' a says, 'they wur a-diggin' a well ober by theer,' a says, 'an' the bottom fell out!' 'Hoo,' ah says, 'did it? An' wheer did it goo tow?' Soo a says, 'Ah dunna knoo, John,' a says. Soo ah says, 'Well,' ah says, 'if yo dunna knoo, yo may goo luke.'"

Evans, p. 93.

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

Gotham is a parish now containing seven or eight hundred inhabitants, and though in the county of Nottingham, is close on the borders of Leicestershire.

"Leicestershire N. and Q.," ii. 177.

THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM. The story of *the Hare that took the Rent* has some local colour.

[See Clouston's "Book of Noodles," p. 27. Ed.]

THE MONK OF LEICESTER. "A merry jest of Dane Hew, monk of Leicester, and how he was foure times slain and once hanged."

[*See* W. C. Hazlitt's "National Tales and Legends," p. 480.

Old English metrical version preserved in the Bodleian. (London: John Allder, M.D., no date, probably about 1450, Clouston. Nichols has the date 1596).

Clouston's "Popular Tales and Fictions," vol. ii., p. 353.

Nichols' "History of Leicestershire," vol. I., part 2, p. 287.

The story is the wide-spread tale of the Hunchback in the "Arabian Nights." "The localization of the story was a common expedient when old wares were served up again," Hazlitt. Clouston thinks the tale must have been directly derived from Jean le Chapelain's *fabliau* of "Le Sacristan de Cluni.' Ed.]

(*b*) PLACE LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS.

THE GIANT BEL. *The Giant Bel.*—"In Domesday Book Belgrave appears as Merdegrave, and the transformation which converted it into Belgrave, was, it is fair to infer, the work of a Norman owner. This change of name subsequent to the Conquest unfortunately precludes us from assigning any very high antiquity to the local legend with regard to a certain giant Bel, whose name, as might have been expected, has proved a snare to more than one topographical antiquary. Bel, we learn, vowed that he would

reach Leicester from Mountsorrel in three leaps. He accordingly mounted his sorrel steed at Mountsorrel. One leap carried him as far as Wanlip in safety, but on essaying a second he burst all —his harness, his horse, and himself—at Burstall. In spite of this misadventure Bel drove his spurs into his dying charger, and attempted the third leap. But the effort was too great. Steed and rider dropped dead together a mile and a half short of Leicester, and were buried together in one grave at Belgrave. This legend, the historic accuracy of which is of course placed beyond doubt by the still existing names of the various stages in the giant's inauspicious journey, is certainly more than two centuries old, and, whatever may be its value in other respects, proves that during that period, at least, the Leicestershire pronunciation of 'one' and 'leap' has remained unchanged." THE GIANT BEL.

Evans, p. 42-3.

See also under "Place Rhymes."

King Lear.—"After this unhappy fate of Bladud, Leir, his son, was advanced to the throne, and nobly governed his country sixty years. He built upon the river Sore a city, called in the British tongue, Kaerleir, in the Saxon, Leircestre. He was without male issue, but had three daughters, whose names were Gonorilla, Regan, and Cordeilla, of whom he was dotingly fond, but especially of his youngest Cordeilla." . . . . LEAR.

(Here follows the story of King Lear and his three daughters, quoted from Geoffrey in "Holinshed's Chronicles," and there read by Shakespeare. The story concludes thus):—

"Cordeille, obtaining the government of the kingdom, buried her father in a certain vault, which she ordered to be made for him under the river Sore, in Leicester, and which had been built originally under the ground to the honour of the god Janus. And here all the workmen of the city, upon the anniversary solemnity of that festival, used to begin their yearly labours."

Geoffrey of Monmouth's "British History," Book II. cp. xi.-xiv.

Bohn's Antiquarian Library, "Six Old English Chronicles," 1848, pp. 114-119.

LEAR. *King Lear.*—The tale of King Lear and his three Daughters as given by Holinshed in "An Historical Description of the Island of Bretayne," 1509, on the authority of Matthew of Westminster and Geoffrey of Monmouth, is connected with Leicester.

"Hee made the towne of Caerleir nowe called Leicester, which standeth upon ye River of Sore."

"His body was buried at Leicester in a vault under ye channel of the River of Sore beneath the towne."

Matthew of Westminster tells the story of Lear without mentioning Leicester except at the end of the narrative, where he writes:—

"Cordelia, the daughter of the king, succeeded to the helm of the kingdom, and buried her father in a subterraneous cave, which she had commanded to be made in Leicester beneath the river Sera."

Matthew of Westminster's Chronicle "Flowers of History" (Bohn, 1853), I. 49.
(*See* Nichols, I., pp. 2, 3.)

New Park.—There is in the Park a cave digged out of the rock, where it is said King Leyer did hide himself from his enemies.

Nichols, IV., 784.

See also under "Superstitions."

(*c*) FOLK-DRAMA.

Mummer's Play.

The Mummer's Play, as performed in some of the villages near Lutterworth, at Christmas, 1863.

Dramatis Personæ.

1. Captain Slasher, *in military costume, with sword and pistol.*
2. King of England, *in robes, wearing the crown.*

3. Prince George, *King's son, in robes, and sword by his side.*
4. Turkish Champion, *in military attire, with sword and pistol.*
5. A Noble Doctor.
6. Beelzebub.
7. A Clown.

Enter Captain Slasher.

I beg your pardon for being so bold,
I enter your house, the weather's so cold,
Room, a room! brave gallants! give us room to sport;
For in this house we do resort,—
Resort, resort, for many a day;
Step in, the King of England,
And boldly clear the way.

Enter King of England.

I am the King of England, that boldly does appear;
I come to seek my only son—my only son is here.

Enter Prince George.

I am Prince George, a worthy knight;
I'll spend my blood for England's right.
England's right I will maintain;
I'll fight for old England once again.

Enter Turkish Knight.

I am the Turkish Champion,
From Turkey's land I come;
I come to fight the King of England
And all his noble men.

Captain Slasher.

In comes Captain Slasher,
Captain Slasher is my name,
With sword and pistol by my side
I hope to win the game.

MUMMER'S PLAY.

KING OF ENGLAND.

I am the King of England,
As you may plainly see,
These are my soldiers standing by me;
They stand by me your life to end
On them doth my life depend.

PRINCE GEORGE.

I am Prince George, the champion bold,
And with my sword I won three crowns of gold
I slew the fiery dragon and brought him to the slaughter,
And won the King of Egypt's only daughter.

TURKISH CHAMPION

As I was going by St. Francis's School,
I heard a lady cry "A fool, a fool!"
"A fool," was every word,
"That man's a fool
Who wears a wooden sword."

PRINCE GEORGE.

A wooden sword, you dirty dog!
My sword is made of the best of metal free.
If you would like to taste of it,
I'll give it unto thee.
Stand off, stand off, you dirty dog!
Or by my sword you'll die.
I'll cut you down the middle
And make your blood to fly.

[*They fight; Prince George falls, mortally wounded.*

Enter KING OF ENGLAND.

Oh, horrible! terrible! what hast thou done?
Thou hast ruin'd me, ruin'd me,
By killing of my only son.

Oh! Is there ever a noble doctor to be found,
To cure this English champion
Of his deep and deadly wound.

Enter NOBLE DOCTOR.

Oh, yes; there is a noble doctor to be found,
To cure this English champion
Of his deep and deadly wound.

KING OF ENGLAND.

And pray what is your practice?

NOBLE DOCTOR.

I boast not of my practice, neither do I study
In the practice of physic.

KING OF ENGLAND.

What can you cure?

NOBLE DOCTOR.

All sorts of diseases.
Whatever you pleases:
I can cure the itch, the pitch,
The phthisic, the palsy, and the gout;
And if the devil's in the man,
I can fetch him out.
My wisdom lies in my wig,
I torture not my patients with excations,
Such as pills, boluses, solutions, and embrocations,
But by the word of command
I can make this mighty prince to stand.

KING.

What is your fee?

DOCTOR.

Ten pounds is true.

MUMMER'S PLAY.

KING.

Proceed, noble Doctor:
You shall have your due.

DOCTOR.

Arise, arise! most noble prince, arise,
And no more dormant lay;
And with thy sword
Make all thy foes obey.

[*The Prince arises.*

PRINCE GEORGE.

My head is made of iron,
My body is made of steel,
My legs are made of crooked bones
To force you all to yield

Enter BEELZEBUB.

In comes I, old Beelzebub,
Over my shoulder I carry my club,
And in my hand a frying-pan,
Pleased to get all the money I can.

Enter CLOWN.

In comes I, who's never been yet,
With my great head and little wit:
My head is great, my wit is small,
I'll do my best to please you all.

SONG (*all join*).

And now we are done and must be gone
No longer will we stay here;

MUMMER'S PLAY.

But if you please, before we go,
We'll taste your Christmas beer.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Several versions of the play of St. George, as represented at Chiswick and the neighbourhood, in Worcestershire, and in Hampshire, will be found in "Notes and Queries," 2nd Series, vols. x., xi., and xii. respectively; that acted in the West of England is printed in Sandy's "Christmas Tide," and that used at Whitehaven in Hone's "Year Book," vol. ii., 1646. All these, while agreeing in substance, vary in some respects from each other, both as regards the characters and words, whilst the Leicestershire version has an affinity to the whole of them, showing one common origin.

Kelly's "Notices of Leicester," pp. 53-57.

ROBIN HOOD'S PLAY.

Robin Hood's Play at Melton.—The following transcripts, from the original MSS. Accounts of the Churchwardens of Melton Mowbray (in the possession of William Latham, Esq.) are probably not surpassed by those of any town, as curious memorials of that popular amusement of the age to which they belong, whilst locally they possess the additional interest of appertaining to this county.

1546. Itm. receyvyd in money y^{t} y^{e} Lorde gathered in Wytson Hollidays - - - - xiij^{s} iii^{d}

Itm. p^{d} to Hugh Cotteril for mendyn of the Lordes harowe †- - - - - ij^{d}

1547. Itm. reseved of Dynis Shepard for the getheringe of the lord at Whitsonday - - xxvij^{s} ^{d}v

* I am indebted to my friend Frederick Goodyear, Esq., the highly esteemed chief constable of the county, for kindly instituting inquiries for me on the subject, and procuring for my use the copy of this curiosity of literature through the willing aid of Mr. Superintendent Deakins of Lutterworth.

† Harowes-Arrows (Halliwell's "Archaic Dictionary").

ROBIN HOOD'S PLAY.

1556. Charge—

Itm. J. Thom^{s} Postarn charge me R^{d} of John Feshpole and Thom^{s} Maye yt their children gathered in the towne at Whitsontyde and of Steven Thorneton y^{t} he gethred y^{e} same yere beyng lorde of mysse rule - - - - v^{li} xix^{s} viij^{d}

Itm. R^{d} of bertylmew schaw yt he getherd beying lorde at Est^{r} - - - - xx^{s}

Itm. I R^{d} of Steven Schaw y^{t} he getherd & hys company at Robin Hoods playe ij yeres - xxix^{s} viij^{d}

Itm. I R^{d} of John Hopkyns in p^{te} of Robyn Hoods money - - - - - v^{s}

Itm. I R^{d} of Robert Holynsworth in p^{te} of y^{e} money y^{t} hys son gethed at Whitsontide a^{o} 56 - xxvj^{s} viij^{d}

Itm. I R^{d} of Thom^{s} Richardson and Richard Myln^{r} that they gatherd - - - viij^{s} iij^{d}

Sin. xij^{li} ix^{s} xj^{d}

1557. Itm. R^{d} of Robert Hollyngwort of y^{e} lords money y^{t} was gathered att Wyssondery - xlvj^{s} viij^{d}

Itm. R^{d} at Wyssondery in oblasonnes - vij^{d} vj^{d} ob.

Itm. R^{d} of Robert Bocher for y^{e} lords money we Receved y^{tt} att Allhallowtyde - - ix^{s} ij^{d}

Itm. R^{d} in y^{e} overplusse of y^{e} offerings of the processions at Whitsonday - - - xiij^{d}

1558. Rec^{d} off y^{e} offrynge ffor Melto att Whytsontyde - - - - - viij^{s} iij^{d}

Rec^{d} off the lord offe myssrulle - - xv^{s}

1559. The Reckonyng and Accompt of me Xpor Why thed for money receavyd the xxij day of May A^{o} 1559 the lordes money at Easter and Whytsonday A^{o} ut supra as herewth more playnly apperythe—

I charge me reacevyd of the lords money at Easter & at Whitsontide A^{o} 1559 S^{m} lj^{s} ob^{d}

ROBIN HOOD'S PLAY.

Itm. R^d of M^r Payte for stone that he toke out of the ffyelde - - - - -	xij^d
To^ll of this my charge - - - -	lij^s ob^d

[The above money was expended in repairing the bridges and causeways of the town.]

1563. This is the Reckoning and Accompt of me Rob^t Odam Junior, being chosen and nomynated the Lorde at Melton at Whitsondaye A^o 1563 to gather the Devocyon of the Towne and Cuntrye w^ch is to be bestowed for the Repayring & mending the highe wayes, charge :—

Impmis R^d of Hawe [Holy] Thorsday at the chosinge of the Lorde and Ladye - -	xviij^s x^d
Itm. at the gatheringe of the malt and whete* - - - - - - -	xviij^s
Itm. of Whitson Mondaye - - -	xxv^s iij^d
Itm. of Tewsdaye - - - -	xxj^s v^d
Itm. of Wednesdaye - - - -	xliij^s
Itm. of Thorsdaye - - -	xj^d
To^ll charge - - - - -	y^ll x^s xj^d

Discharge (*inter alia*) :—

Itm. to the pip. (piper) † of hawe Thorsdaye	xij^d
Itm. for spyce for the cakes - - -	xxj^d
Itm. to the iiij foote men - - -	viij^s
Itm. to the ij buttlers - - -	xx^d
Itm. for neyles to the lordes hall - -	ij^d

* For the Whitsun Ales. See Brand's "Popular Antiquities," etc.

† "Tom the Piper" was a well-known character in the May games. He is thus mentioned by Drayton, in his third "Eclogue" :—

"Myself above Tom Piper to advance,
Who so bestirs him in the Morris Dance,
For penny wage."

In the woodcut on the title page of "Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder : Performed in a Morrice from London to Norwich" (1600), Will Kemp's attendant, Thomas Slye, is represented in this character, with pipe, tabor stick and tabour ; and the coloured frontispiece to the second volume of Knight's "Old England," copied from a painted window, represents this and the other figures in an ancient Morris-dance.

ROBIN HOOD'S PLAY.

Itm. to Thom^{s} Kenne for bylding the lordes hall * and mending a borde & vj. tressells - vij^{d}

Itm. to bartillmewe Allan for playing of thorsday in Whitson weeke - - - vj^{d}

Itm. a pottell of Wyne for my lady Attredde viij^{d}

Itm. in cakes for her - - - - iiij^{d}

Item. to Rayne browne for bringing the gowne from the launde † - - - vj^{d}

Itm. to Will^{m}. Madder for playing iij dayes - v^{s} iiij^{d}

Item. to Denys Shepard for pots - - j^{d}

Item. to Nycobys Swashe for dressing my lordes horse, for breyd, & for his paynes - xiiij^{d}

Item. to John Downes for iiij^{c} (cccc) lyveryes ‡ & the payntine of ij staves - - - ij^{s} iiij^{d}

Item. for vij chickens for my lady Perin - xviij^{d}

[The remainder of the account consists of numerous pay-

* In the account of the churchwardens of St. Helen's, Abingdon ("Archæologia," vol. i. p. 24), for the year 1556, there is an entry, "*For setting up* Robin Hood's Bower;" this, like the "lordes' hall" at Melton, was probably a wooden booth or framework, covered with green boughs. Philip Stubs, in his rare book, entitled "The Anatomie of Abuses" (London, 1585, f. 92 b.), gives a highly curious description of the "Lorde of Misserule" and his attendants. He says, "Aboute the churche they goe again and againe, and so forthe into the churcheyard, where they have commonly their *sommer haules, their Bowers, Arbours, and Banquettyng Houses set up*, wherein they feast, banquet, and daunce all that daie, and (peradventure) all that night too. And thus these terrestrial furies spend their Sabbaoth daie." The "lorde's hall" at Melton was doubtless of the same kind and for the same purpose.

† Launder, a laundress (Halliwell's "Archaic Dictionary").

‡ These "liveries" were badges formed of paper satin or other material, with some device thereon, which were distributed among the spectators. Thus, among the entries in the "Northumberland Household Book" (quoted by Ritson, vol. i. p. ciii.), we have the following :—

"15 C of leveres for Robin Hode - - - - - 0 5 0
For leveres, paper, and sateyn - - - - - 0 0 20."

ments for labour, stone, &c., for the repairs of highways and bridges] ROBIN HOOD'S PLAY.

Kelly's "Notices of Leicester," pp. 63-67.

See "Folk-Lore," vol. ii. p. 330.

See also Nichols' "Leicestershire," II., 248, quoting from the sermon of Latimer, who, going to preach at a certain town (probably Melton), was informed: "Sir, this is a holiday* with us; we cannot hear you; it is Robin Hood's Day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood." *See also* Nichols, III., 1008. Ed.

* In the original "busy day." *See also* Ritson's "Lytell Geste of Robin Hode" (ed. Gutch, 1847), p. 106. Ed.

Part IV

FOLK-SAYINGS.

(*a.*)—JINGLES, NURSERY RHYMES, RIDDLES, &c.

JINGLES. *Formulas.*—When goodies are distributed.

"One's none, Two's some,
Three's a many,
Four's a penny (or a plenty, a flush, or a mort),
Five's a little hundred."

Northall, p. 334.
Evans, p. 190.

"Chiffchaff, never change again,
As long as the world stands. Amen."

"Leicestershire and Shropshire schoolboy formula solemnly ratifying an exchange of property."

Northall, p. 335.
Evans, p. 120.

Street Cries.—See an article by Mr. F. T. Mott, in "Bygone Leicestershire," p. 244.

(*b*)—PROVERBS.

(1.)—Anthropological. PROVERBS.

"Different people have different 'pinions,
Some like apples, and some like inions."

Northall, p. 283.
Evans, p. 176.

"If all the waters was wan sea,
And all the trees was wan tree,
And this here tree was to fall into that there sea,
Moy, surs! what a splish-splosh there'd be!"

Northall, p. 285.

A common rhyme usually considered an effective rebuke to dealers in fanciful hypotheses.

Evans, p. 252.

"*Aw* makes Dun draw."

Evans, p. 94.

[Cf. Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 4: "If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire." *To draw dun out of the mire* was a Christmas gambol or rural pastime. Ed.]

"'A plenty's better nur a floosh,' as o'd Bendigo Bilson said, when the yoong masster gen 'im a chauge o' rabbit shot i' the leg."

Evans, p. 202.

"Soon crooks the tree, that good gambrel would be."

Evans, p. 157.

"I've jobbed that job, as the woman said when she jobbed her eye out."

Evans, p. 178.

PROVERBS.

"You thought a lig
Like Hudson's pig."

"If it is asked, 'And what did Hudson's pig think?' the correct answer is 'Whoy, a thowt as they was a-gooin' to kill 'un, an' they oon'y run a ring threw it nooze.'"

Evans, p. 185.
Northall, p. 297.

"Good ale is meat, drink, and lodging."

Ray, p. 1.
Evans, p. 299.

"He has gone over Asfordby Bridge backwards." Spoken of one that is past learning.

Ray, p. 317.
Evans, p. 299.

Grose, p. 76, has Ass fordby Bridge.

[Query, the Pons Asinorum? Ed.]

"A blot's no blot till it's hot." (*i.e.* hit.)

Ray, p. 103.
Evans, p. 300.

"What have I to do with Bradshaw's windmill?" (*i.e.* with other men's matters.)

Grose, p. 76.
Ray, p. 248.
Evans, p. 300.

"A man must hold a candle to the Devil at times."

Evans, p. 300.
Cf. Shakspeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, I., iv.

"'Do as I say an' not as I do,' says the paa'son, or, 'as the paa'son said when they whelt 'd 'im hum in a wheel-barra.'"

Evans, p. 300.

"Kaw me, and I'll kaw thee."

Evans, p. 302.

"He was hanged as spilt good liquor." PROVERBS.

Evans, p. 302.

Red Bull-calf.—"'He blushes like a red bull calf.' Ray has 'to blush like a black dog,' with the same significance. The phrase was once casually used in my hearing, and I was moved to ask when it was that the red bull-calf had blushed? 'A nivver blooshed but wanst,' said Sam, 'an' that wur laast Moonday wur a wile, when Kimbulin's mule called 'im bahsta'd.'"

Evans, p. 300.

"The same again, quoth Mark of Belgrave."

Ray, 248. Evans, p. 299. Grose, p. 76.
Scott, "Heart of Midlothian," ch. xxix.

Var. Mark of Makfield.

"Hobbadehoy, neither man nor boy."

Evans, p. 301.

"Kissing goes by favour."

Evans, p. 302.

"Last makes fast."

Evans, p. 302.

"Let them laf as lewses, for them as wins weell laf."

Evans, p. 302.

"One good turn deserves another."

Evans, p. 302.

"One yate for another, good fellow."

Evans, p. 302.

"An empty sack won't stand upright."

Evans, p. 303.

"Service is no inheritance."

Evans, p. 303.

"Never speak ill of the bridge that carries you."

Evans, p. 303.

"Speak of a man as you find him."

Evans, p. 303.

PROVERBS. "Tell-tale tit! your tongue shall be slit
And every dog in all the town shall have a little bit."

Evans, p. 303.

"A thump on the back with a stone."

Evans, pp. 273, 303.

"Him as looked at the staas fell i' the doyke, but him as looked at the graound foon' a poose."

Evans, p. 256.

"Yo' goo wum an' toy oop Oogly!"

Evans, p. 281.

"Ah would'nt call the king my ooncle."

Evans, p. 281.

"'Shay's as nasty as a devil unknobbed' (*i.e.* a devil who has either never had any knobs fastened on his horns or else has succeeded in getting rid of them). The phrase well illustrates the bovine character of the popular 'devil.'"

Evans, p. 282.

"Better have the Quane to yer aant nur the King to yer ooncle."

Evans, p. 282.

"Gin him the whetstun! If a doon't shaa'p his sen a bit, a woona git out a sooch another afoor Tewsd'y wik."

Evans, p. 288.

Simples.—"A'd ought to be coot for the simples," is a phrase implying that the person spoken of is a fool. The metaphor, probably incorrectly, regards folly as a curable disease, and suggests that the patient should be "cut," *i.e.* lanced, so as to allow the perilous stuff to escape.

Evans, p. 240.

"Thou art *like unto like*, as the devill said to the Collyar." Saying of a Leicestershire woman charged against her in a deposition before the Justices, dated 19th May, 1603.

"Hall Papers," vol. xxi.

(2) Physical Proverbs.

Mists.— PROVERBS.

"If Belvoir hath a cap
You churls of the vale look to that."

"When mist doth rise from Belvoir Hole,
O, thou be sure the weather's foul."

Northall, p. 39.
Evans, p. 300.
Burton, p. 2.
Grose, p. 75.
Inwards, p. 100.

"When Bardon Hill has a cap,
Hay and grass will suffer for that."

Leicestershire N. and Q., iii., 160.

Fishing.—

"When the wind's in the east
The fishes bite least,
When the wind's in the north
The fishes won't come forth,
When the wind's in the south
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth."

Northall, p. 279.
Evans, p. 301.

East Wind.—

"If the winds i' th' East of Easter Dee,
You'll ha' plenty o' grass but little good hee."

Northall, p. 451.
Evans, p. 169.

Rain.—

"Hark! I hear the asses bray,
We shall have some rain to-day."

(Rutland) Northall, p. 472.
Inwards, p. 127.

PROVERBS. *Christmas.*—

"A green Christmas brings a heavy harvest."

(Rutland) Inwards, p. 38.

Moon.—

"Saturday change and Sunday full
Niver did good and niver wull."

Evans, p. 293.

Bees.—

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay:
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon:
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly."

Evans, p. 299.

Seasons and Death.—

"March will sarch,
An' Epril troy,
But Mee will see,
If ye live or doy."

Evans, p. 230.

Shifting.—"'Thray shifts are as bad as a fire,' *i.e.* three removals from one house to another."

Evans, p. 237.

"When the ice before Martlemas bears a duck
Then look for a winter o' mire and muck."

Evans, p. 191.
Northall, p. 455.

"'To rain by planets,'—said of rain that comes down partially, wetting one field and leaving another close adjoining quite dry. 'But why by planets, my friend,' asked I. 'Why, don't you know,' said my informant, 'it's all along o' the planets.'"

Evans, p. 214 and 303.

"Snow at Candlemass
Stops to handle us."

(Rutland) "Folk-Lore Record," iv., p. 127.
Inwards, p. 14.

"If birds begin to whistle in January, frost's to come."

(Rutland) Inwards, p. 10.

(3) Historical Proverbs.

Sir John Talbot of Swannington.—A lane and wood near Whitwick are still called by this name, and the following couplet is a common proverb there:—

"Nought remains of Talbot's name
But Talbot Wood and Talbot Lane."

Potter, p. 155.

Among those whose names are fossilized in the local nomenclature, Sir John Talbot of Swannington may also claim a place—the gigantic knight who died in 1365, and lies under an equally gigantic effigy in Whitwick Church. A local distich, hardly to be called a rhyme, thus moralizes over his topographical celebrity:—

"Talbot wood and Talbot lane
Is all that's left of Talbot's name."

Evans, p. 43.
[*See* Nichols, III., 1122. Ed.]

Hastings.—"He is none of the Hastings." Spoken of a slow person. There is an equivoque in the word Hastings, which is the name of a great family in Leicestershire, which were Earls of Huntington. They had a fair house at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, now much ruined.

Ray, 196, quoted by Evans, p. 301.

[Grose, p. 92, has the proverb of Sussex, and says it is an allusion to the pea called hastings, because the earliest of its kind. Ed.]

(*c.*) NICKNAMES, PLACE RHYMES, &c.

NICK-NAMES.

Bean belly Leicestershire.— . . . . from the great plenty of that grain grown there. "Shake a Leicestershire man by the collar, and you shall hear the beans rattle in his belly."

Ray, p. 247. Evans, p. 299. Burton, p. 32. Nichols, IV., p. 518.

["But those yeomen smile at what is said to rattle in their bellies, whilst they know good silver ringeth in their pockets." Fuller. Ed.]

[*See* "Bygone Leicestershire," p. 106, where *Fuller* and *Drayton* are quoted. *Also* "Folk-Lore Journal" iii., pp. 83 and 85. Ed.]

Shake a Leicestershire woman by the petticoat, and the beans will rattle in her throat.

Southey's "Commonplace Book," 4th Series, 1851, p. 341, quoting "St. James' Magazine," 1762, vol. iii., p. 13.

See "Local Customs." Mayor of Leicester (Rex Fabarum).

Rutland Raddleman.

Drayton, Polyolbion, xxiii., 268. Grose, p. 88. Ray, p. 259.

Tin-hat Hinckley.—This is a common nickname, but its origin appears to be unknown.

See under "Festival Customs" [Whitsuntide Procession at Hinckley] for the germs of a possible explanation. Ed.

Groby Pool.—"Then I'll thatch Groby Pool with Pancakes" is given in Ray's book, but there is no explanation. It was intended as a reply to a braggart who was boasting of doing some wonderful thing. The leaf of the water-lily, of which there used to be many in the pool, bears, when in decay, a resemblance to a pancake. J.

"Leicestershire N. and Q.," vol. i., 280, and vol. ii., 15. Grose, p. 76.

Evans, p. 301.

NICK-NAMES.

[*See* Sir W. Scott, "Heart of Midlothian," chap. xxix., and Carlyle, "Past and Present," book iii., chap. i. It is used to denote the impossible. "I hope there's nae bad company on the road, sir?" asked Jeanie. "Why, when it's clean without them, I'll thatch Groby Pool with pancakes." Scott, l. c. Ed.]

Groby Pool.—"For his death there is many a wet eye in Groby Pool."

Ray. p. 248.
Grose, p. 77.

"When a doys thee'll ba wet oys i' Grewby Pule."

Evans, p. 301.

Old Saying.—Time was when those bare hills (of Charnwood Forest), as well as the valleys at their feet, were covered with majestic oaks—when, to use the words of an old tradition, "a squirrel might be hunted six miles without once touching the ground; and when a traveller might journey from Beaumanor to Bardon, on a clear summer's day, without seeing the sun."

"History and Antiquities of Charnwood Forest."
T. R. Potter, 1842, p. 5.

[*See* "Folk-Lore Handbook," p. 165. Ed.]

PLACE RHYMES.

"In and out,
Like Bellesdon, I wot."

Grose, p. 77.
Ray, p. 248.
Evans, p. 300.
Northall, p. 39.

"In and out,
Like Billsdon Brook."

Nichols, II., p. 436.

Loseby.—This name gave rise to a rustic proverb of the country: when a man sells a thing for less than he hoped to get for it he says, "I must e'en be content to go home by Loseby (it)."

Nichols, III., p. 337.

PLACE RHYMES.

"Brentingley pancheons
And Wyfordby pans,
Stapleford organs,
And Burton tingtangs."

"North Church Bells of Leicestershire," p. 284.
Northall, p. 40.

"Bread for borough men;
At Great Glenn
There are more great dogs than honest men."

Grose, p. 75.
Ray, p. 248.
Evans, pp. 300, 301.

"Go to Sketchley."

See under "Holy Wells."

"Higham on the Hill
Stoke in the Vale,
Wykin for buttermilk,
Hinckley for ale."

Northall, p. 40.
Nichols, IV., p. 677.

"Mountsorrel he mounted at
Rodely (Rothley) he rode by,
Onelip (Wanlip) he leaped o'er,
At Birstall he burst his gall,
At Belgrave he was buried at."

This relates to an exploit of the giant Bell and his wonderful sorrel horse.

Northall, p. 40.

There is a Leicestershire proverb:

"He leaps like a Bell giant or devil of Mount Sorrel."

Grose, p. 76.
Northall, p. 40.

See also under "Place Legends."

PLACE RHYMES.

"We must dew as the' dew at Quorn
What we don't dew to dee, we must dew i' the morn." *

Northall, p. 41.
Evans, p. 303.

"The last man as he killed
Keeps pigs in Hinckley field."

Grose, p. 76.

Said of a boaster. Quoted by Ray, as is also, "I'll throw you in Harborough field:" to which he appends the explanation, "A threat for children; Harborough having no field."

Ray, p. 248, *ibid.* p. 292. Evans, pp. 148 and 301. Northall, p. 292. Grose, p. 75.

[The proverb now runs "A goose will eat all the grass that grows in Harborough field," and it is so given by Burton, p. 128. Ed.]

"Thorpe Arnold, four people,
Leather bells, wooden steeple."

Hog's Norton.—"Hog's Norton, where Pigs play on the organ." The true name of the town, according to Peck, is Hock's Norton, and one Piggs, Ray's man so-called,† was the organist of the parish church. Possibly; but the name has a mythic air, and to say that a man comes from Hog's Norton is simply equivalent to saying that he snores. The distinctive name of the village was probably derived from a Danish ancestor of the good Leicestershire stock of "Hooke."

Grose, p. 76.
Evans, p. 301.

[*See* Sir T. Cave's explanation in Nichols, IV. 849*. Ed.]

* "We'll do as they do at *Quorn*.
What we do not to-day, we must do in the morn."
Ray's "Proverbs," fourth edition, 1768, p. 62.

† "Pigs play on the organs. A man so called at Hog's Norton in Leicestershire, or Hock's Norton."—*Ray.*

PLACE RHYMES, &c.

Hose and Long Clawson.—"There are more whores in Hose than honest women in Long Clawson." The pun is double-barrelled, the "honest women in Long Clawson" being a sufficiently near approximation to "honestwomen in long clothes" to satisfy the requirements of a local joke.

Evans, p. 302. Grose, p. 7[illegible]

Lockington Wake.—"Put up your pipes, and go to Lockington Wake."

Grose, p. 75. Ray, p. 248.

I suppose it is equivalent to "Go to Bath."

Evans, p. 302.

An Uppingham trencher. (*Rutland.*)

Grose, p. 88. Ray, p. 259. Evans, p. 303.

"A Leicester Plover, and that's a bag-pudding."

Scott, "Heart of Midlothian," chap. xxxii. Grose, p. 77. Evans, p. 302.

"Stretton i' th' street
Where shrews meet." (*Rutland.*)

Grose, p. 88. Ray, p. 259. Evans, p. 303.

Carlton Wharlers.—Camden tells us that "almost all the natives of this town (Carlton Curlieu) by a peculiarity of the soil or water, or some other unknown natural cause, speak in a dissonant, inarticulate, manner, drawing their words with great harshness out of their throats, and labouring under a kind of wharling." *

Nichols, II., p. 544. (He also quotes Burton, Fuller, Brome, and Bishop Gibson.)

Burton, p. 67-68. Grose, p. 75.

* *Rhotacismus.*—Gough's Camden, vol. ii., p. 193.

The "Carlton Wharlers" mentioned by Camden may perhaps have been immigrants from Cumberland or some other northern county, who formed a settlement at Carlton Curlieu. PLACE RHYMES, &c.

Evans, p. 1.

["The good folks of Berwick 'owing to some occult cause,' as funny old Fuller expresses it, 'have a wharling in their throats, so that they cannot pronounce the letter R.'" Denham Tracts. Folk-Lore Society. 1892. I., p. 288. Ed.

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